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C. P. W.

Afar the song-birds flit to sunuy climes ;
The chatter of the squirrel now is heard
Where glad the music of the mocking-bird
Told all the love of May's sweet times.
The whippoorwill his melancholy strain
Pipes to the gloomy sky above,
And from the distant sombre lane
There comes the cooing of the lonely dove.

The glittering oak bedecked in red,
As one by one her jewels touch the ground
And cluster round her roots a little mound,
Sings ever a sweet requiem o'er her dead.
The frost-sprite with its hoary fingers writes
Its name upon the meadows brown and sere,
And on the window-pane in language clear
Is writ the secrets of the land of sprites.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT.

E. B. FOWLER.

A knowledge of the leading characteristics of the Augustan or Classical Age is necessary to an appreciation of the wide difference in its literature and that of the Romantic period. In the rebound that followed the dissolute levity of the Restoration, Pope and his school, clinging to iron-bound rules and writing with studied exactness and intellectual precision, sought, above all things, elegance, polish, wit, catchy phrases and skilful epithets. A good example of this style is found in the "Rape of the Lock":

> "And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
> Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
> First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
> With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
> A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
> To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
> Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
> Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride."

With a servile devotion to the heroic couplet the age did not hesitate to sacrifice thought, beauty, spontaneity and naturalness in order to conform to the prevailing standard.

> "Thenceforth she but festooned the porch of things;
> Apt at life's lore, incurious what life meant.
> Dextrous of hand, she struck her lute's few strings;
> Ignobly perfect, barrenly content."

An important contrast in the two periods is that, while the one was self-conscious to a painful degree, the other was obviously unconscious, and its significance was unrecognized, even by those who did most to promote the new feeling.

The inevitable reaction against the stilted literary mannerisms of the day began with the eighteenth century.

> "The age grew sated with her sterile wit.
> Herself waxed weary on her loveless throne.
> Men felt life's tide, the sweep and surge of it,
> And craved a living voice, a natural tone."

While it is true the revolution was on, yet Classicism may be said not to have passed until the death of Johnson. Collins awoke a genuine republican note in his "Ode to Liberty" even while Pope was fawning upon statesmen with a toadyism as audacious as it was reprehensible. Faint rumblings of the approaching storm were heard in the writings of Allan Ramsay, the Scotch bard, who, as early as 1724, said that "the morning rises as she does in the Scottish horizon. We are not carried to Greece or Italy for a Shade, a Stream, or a Breeze." About the same time Samuel Croxall declared his aim as being "to set off the dry and insipid stuff" of the age by giving to the world a "whole piece of rich glowing scarlet." Then Thomson threw off the shackles that bound the rising life and cried from his soul:

> "Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
> And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
> While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
> Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend."

The spell was broken and thenceforward men felt that in pouring out their inward longings, and in singing of nature just as she was, they had a precedent which defied criticism according to the accepted literary canons.

A strong point in the revolt was the turning from the gay frivolity and fashion of the city to the free and fresh

beauty of the country. How true are the words of Cowper, uttered from the thoughtful seclusion of a retired life :

> "In cities vice is hidden with most ease,
> Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught
> By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
> Beyond the achievement of successful flight."

A new love for man was awakened. Poets dared to breathe their desire for freedom from the artificial restraint bred of a flippant view of the problems of the race and of humanity in general. Yet Johnson and the other critics closed their eyes and threw themselves in the breach in a futile effort to check the flood.

While the reviving life struggled for a foundation, there was a reversion to the early poets—to Spenser, the lover of nature and the poet of naive simplicity. The Classic Age did not take Spenser seriously, for most of the imitations were rude attempts at burlesque. But as the movement grew and poetic patterniug became the fashion, the jest was exchanged for serious study, and men learned to appreciate the good-natured singer and to love him for his own sake.

William Shenstone, a minor poet, wrote one of the most successful Spenserian imitations, called the "School-Mistress." He, like the others, would not own, even to himself, the emphatic impression made upon him by the liquid stanza of his master. The "Castle of Indoleuce," published in 1748, was the most sincere of the imitations. Thomson's affection for Spenser is well expressed in a passage in "The Seasons," where he says :

> "The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son,
> Who, like a copious river, poured his song
> O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground."

The accentuation given the oncoming reactiou by this revival was overlooked, and its real meaning was not understood, but the influence was potent nevertheless.

The increasing regard for Milton, though more vaguely and iudirectly felt, is worthy of notice. It came with a twofold weight, helping to restore blank verse aud opening up to poetic fancy the broad field of melancholic life and thought. We observe at once that the latter tendency was stronger, for it is true that Milton affected the movement more in thought than in form. The Warton brothers, both poets, were bold in their rebellion against Classicism, and in their love for solitude they but followed their teacher. In his fervor one of them pictures the scene

> "Where Maro and Musaeus sit
> Listening to Milton's loftier song,
> With sacred silent wonder smit,
> While, monarch of the tuneful throng,
> Homer in rapture throws his trumpet down,
> And to the Briton gives his amaranthine crown."

Gray's "Elegy" was the culmination of the literature of melancholy and pensive solitude.

The Gothic revival in architecture, paving the way for the advent of Gothicism and Chivalry in literature, was largely begun and fostered by Horace Walpole, who set the pace by erecting a mediaeval castle at Strawberry Hill and peopling it with the spirits of the terrible knights in armor who figure with rapid succession in his "Castle of Otranto." Hurd's "Letters on Chivalry and Romance," gave an impulse to the newborn love of freedom and admiration of the picturesque. Followiug the Warton School of Criticism, he dethroned Pope aud exalted imaginative poetry, defending without fear or favor the spirit of the Middle Ages.

The rebirth of ballad literature accelerated the progress of Romanticism. Several collections were published during the years from the dawn of the eighteenth century to 1765, when the movement reached a climax in the publication of Percy's "Reliques," a book which marks an epoch in the advancement of the awakened life, and which has made a lasting contribution to literature by preserving the songs of our ancestors. Collins' "Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands," written in 1749, touched a novel phase of the subject. Says Mr. Lowell: "The whole Romantic School, in its germ, no doubt, but yet unmistakably foreshadowed, lies already in the ode." Mallet's "Histoire de Dannemarck," translated by Percy in 1770, revealed the whole unrealized treasure of rich Norse mythology, filled with legends of their gods and heroes.

The influx of Ossianic poetry, coming with unexpected force and originalty, contributed not a little to the subjective side of Romanticism. It brought to the English mind, in its destitute, shrunken condition, and in its lack of resourcefulness and fertility, an invigorating freshness from the primitive life of old Scotland. There was the picture of Ossian, son of Fingal—last of the race—sitting under the great oak in the silent forest, brooding over the dead and lamenting the extinction of his noble line. English critics, Johnson in the lead, jumped upon the epic with both feet. This aroused Scotch pride and the Edinburgh scholars rose to defend their traditions. All this tendered to deepen the interest in the past, and to those who had eyes to see it betokened a great future for our literature; for, says Phelps, "Ossian points as directly to Byron as the chivalry and ballad revivals point to Scott."

Examining Gray's connection with the tide which was sweeping over England, we find a man who passed through all the stages from a thorough student and imitator of Dryden to a fearless devotee of Norse and Celtic poetry. An adequate idea of the evolution, or revolution, of Gray's poetic taste may be conveyed best by quoting from two of his poems which represent the extremes of Classicism and Romanticism. The following is taken from his "Ode to Spring" written in 1742:

> "To contemplation's sober eye
> Such is the race of man;
> And they that creep and they that fly,
> Shall end where they began."

Next we quote from the "Descent of Odin," written several years later:

> "In the caverns of the west,
> By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,
> A wond'rous Boy shall Rinda bear,
> Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
> Nor wash his visage in the stream,
> Nor see the Sun's departing beam;
> Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
> Flaming on the fun'ral pile."

What a leap from intellectual moralizings into the midst of flaming swords flashing through dim halls and cavernous dungeons. This man of quietude and seclusion actually led the age along from height to peak without noisy demonstration; we may say unconsciously, even as others did. The scholar, leaving his library at Cambridge, went forth to commune with nature and to pluck her choicest flowers first hand.

> "From dewy pastures, uplands sweet with thyme,
> A virgin breeze freshened the jaded day.
> It wafted Collins' lonely vesper chime,
> It breathed abroad the frugal note of Gray."

Thus man's longing, restless heart was brought from the gloomy shadows of ignominious neglect. Life's true story was told and men wept to hear. The sun of passion in its purer seuse, of grandeur in its sublimer sense, of beauty in its truer sense, surcharged with the repressed energy of years, dawned with the melancholy note of Gray, brightened with the homely melody of Burns, glided towards the zenith in the quiet, uufailing strain of Wordsworth, quivered high in the declining heavens with the wild, tumultuous cry of Shelly and Keats, and shot forth with consuming fury its parting meteoric flash with the shrill trumpet blast of Byron, as he thundered :

"Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! Ye!
With night, aud clouds, aud thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knell
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest."

THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

GEORGE E. KORNEGAY, JR.

During the troublesome times of '61 the inhabitants of the little town of K—— on the banks of the Neuse were not behind other Southern towns in patriotism, in fact the cannon smoke of Sumpter had hardly disappeared before a company was organized, composed of boys from twelve to fourteen, not yet too old to gather wild flowers from the banks of the Neuse or dig for mussels in its sandy bottom. This company was forty strong and officered by a captain, two lieutenants and an orderly sergeant. Their uniforms were flaming red shirts, black pantaloons with a gaudy red stripe running down each side, and gray caps, which had been cast off by a regiment of soldiers that had camped near the town. The captain was fortunate enough to find a pair of epauletts which he wore as proudly as a peacock. The company had but one weapon, a wooden sword, made by one of the boys and presented to the captain. On the occasion of its formal presentation the captain, warmed up by this show of patriotism, said:

"Fellow-countrymen, I feel no little honor in being presented with this magnificent sword as a token of your love and esteem, and I assure you that it shall never be drawn from its scabbard, save in defence of my country's honor. Should I ever be called upon to lay my life upon the altar of my country, the hand that in life so firmly grasps this sword, still in death shall fondly grasp it."

After this highly patriotic discourse the mighty question arose as to where were they to get a drum. Neces-

sity is the mother of invention, so little Bill, the pride of the compauy, suggested that the captain ask his mother to donate her cake-bucket for this purpose, and for his bright idea tbe company bestowed on him the honor of drummer. Now, they thought, with a bugle the company would be armed *cap-a-pie.* The camp grounds, however, had beeu searched in vain, and they were sorely perplexed over the matter when up jumped the little orderly and said: "Fellow Soldiers, I heard the preacher last Sunday read right out of the Bible where the soldiers blew down the walls of Jericho with a ram's horn, and old Uncle Joe has one that I can get and we will blow them Yanks off the face of the earth." However, a fatherly old man hearing of their need, presented them with a drum and a bugle, much to the joy of the company. The next thing in order was roll-call, at which every man answered to his name. The captain then gave the order for the company to be formed and was obeyed with promptness, for the sergeant was quite proud of his office as well as his gay clothes. The drummer boy began to beat his little tattoo and the company marched off to the tap of the drum through the old field.

At the appointed hour every day the boys assembled on the camp grounds to drill, and after practicing for a few weeks became as graceful as a regular soldiers.

One day the little orderly proposed to the captain that on the next day they should have dress parade and march down the principal streets. The company declared that it was the sentiment of "The Sons of Liberty," and so down the principal streets they marched. On every corner fair maidens had assembled to see the brave lads. They waved their handkerchiefs and threw the sweetest of kisses. This set the boys wild with enthusiasm, and

each felt that he could die for his country and the girls. The little orderly was so filled with enthusiasm that he declared that he was ready to fight, bleed and die for his country, to which his comrades replied "Amen." No Yankee should put his foot on Carolina's soil; they would protect and defend her until their last drop of blood was spilt on the battlefield.

The company decided that evening to join the army and fight until the country had gained her freedom, and the last bluejacket was driven from off the Southern soil.

The captain ordered them to be ready in three days and they would join a regiment at N——. So on the third day they assembled at the camp ground, the little orderly formed his company, and soon the order to "Forward, march!" was given. As they marched along the streets they were cheered by faithful mothers, loving sisters and sweethearts, who also cast many sweet glances at them from the corners of their tear-dimmed eyes.

They reached the depot just as the train stopped. Their loved ones, with many tears and kisses, bade them a fond farewell. "The Sons of Liberty" boarded the train and the little orderly, who was about twelve, remarked: "Boys, if you will follow me we will whip the whole Yankee army and make them fly like chaff before the wind." As the train moved away from the station they sang "Rally 'round the flag, boys."

When they reached N——, a regiment of soldiers was drawn up before the station to receive them. The captain of "The Sons of Liberty" ordered the sergeant to form his company, but the sergeant was frightened. His heart trembled and fluttered like the aspen leaf when he saw this great army, so he got behind an old woman who had cakes to sell and hollowed forth; "I'll be d— if I form

any company! Boys, lets go home." So "The Sons of Liberty" disbanded and returned home in shame and disgrace. Keenly the little orderly felt the sting of disgrace and sat side by side with black despair.

Were these noble "Sons of Liberty" conquered? No, for in '63, when the Federals were gaining ground and pushing our soldiers back and were fast destroying the beauties of our Southland, these boy soldiers volunteered. This time they did not falter. Their faces beamed with love of country, and their former failure only lent strength to their future endeavors. They were born of true Southern parents, and the fire of patriotism burned within their hearts.

The little orderly, Elmer we will call him, proved himself to be a real hero, as also did the other boys. They endured the hardships of war with the courage of men, and on the battlefield, when shot and shell fell thick around them, they fought nobly for their country's glory. "Hurrah for the 'Bonny Blue Flag'," cried Elmer as he charged the enemy at the head of his company.

At night as they gathered around the camp fire and sang the dear old song of "Home and Mother," the tears, like pearls, shone in little Elmer's eyes. He could not join in the song, for he was homeless and motherless. But well he remembered his mother; her eyes were as blue as the Summer sky and she was tall and stately, with tresses like the golden sunshine.

Strange to say, none of the company were killed or wounded. The good angels of childhood encamped around their camp, and not one scar did they carry in remembrance of the cruel war. They all fought nobly for the cause they thought was right and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. Only a few are now living: most

of them have "passed over the river and are resting under the shade of the trees" with Jackson. Those that are still on this side are men of families and are prominent in their towns. They have not forgotten their boyhood failure, and often joke the little orderly and tell him to form his company, but he always replies, "I'll be d— if I do."

THOMAS GRAY.

R. G. LEWIS.

Of Gray's ancestry little is known, except that he sprang on both sides from the lower middle classes. His paternal grandfather was a wealthy man and left Gray's father a fortune of 10,000 pounds. There was one aunt on his father's side, a Mrs. Oliffe, a woman of such violent temper that Gray in writing to a friend, calls her "the spawn of Cerberus upon the Dragon of Wantley." She had nothing to do with the poet in his earlier years, but towards the latter part of his life annoyed him a great deal.

His father, Philip Gray, was a man whom we should least suspect of being the sire of such a man as Thomas. His business was that of an exchange broker and scrivener. He was of a violent, selfish temper and treated his family with brutal severity and neglect. Many of his acts lead us to think that he was probably mentally unbalanced. The poet might with justice have likened him to something worse than Mrs. Oliffe, but it is a striking proof of his proud shrinking nature that, while he often mentioned his mother and her family, he nowhere mentions the Grays.

Gray's mother was a Miss Dorothy Antrobus when, at the trusting age of twenty, she unfortunatley married Philip Gray.

There were twelve children by this marriage, of whom Thomas was the only survivor.

Mrs. Gray, naturally a woman of refined nature, married Philip Gray at an age when she probably dreamed that the knight from whom she expected aid

and comfort would be an ideal hero. It is not strange that when she awoke to the sad reality and found this cherished dream shattered, found her knight on whom she expected to lean as far removed from that character as possible, and received blows where she expected love, her nature became shrinking, sad, and longing for sympathy.

Her whole ambition became centered in the boy whom she found all that heart could desire, and she worked for that boy's welfare as her only earthly hope.

On his mother's side Gray had two uncles, Robert and John Antrobus, and two aunts, Mrs. Jonathan Rogers and Miss Mary Antrobus. All of these persons play an important part in the poet's life. To them the world is indebted for the making of one who has made that world better through their unselfish efforts.

The poet was born in Cornhill, London, December 26th, 1716. There he lived until about the age of thirteen.

Fortunately for him, his uncle, Mr. Robert Antrobus, and assistant master at Eton, took Gray to his own house. Under his care the poet was brought up. Possibly he could have been thrown amid no better surroundings, for had he grown to manhood with his father it is likely that the unsullied, timid nature inherited from his beloved mother, would have been so warped and crushed that the world at large would never have known and received consolation from the poet, of whom Professor Gosse has declared that his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" "has exercised an influence on all the poetry of Europe." It is more than probable that under the influence just mentioned, Gray's poetic instincts would have never developed, or, at least, never produced anything of worth.

At the home of his uncle he studied botany and thus laid the foundation of that love of nature and the power of describing it which so distinguished him in later years.

About this time Gray's father, in one of his extravagant fits, had the poet's picture painted by one of the masters of that period. It was a costly work and is preserved in a museum at Cambridge. It represents him as having a broad, pale brow, sharp nose and chin, large eyes, and pert expression.

When the matter was brought up Mr. Gray, either being unable to appreciate an education, or selfishly perverse, absolutely refused to pay the expenses of his son's education. However, his mother furnished the necessary funds from the millinery shop kept by herself and sister Mary. Accordingly, about 1727, Gray, under the auspices of his uncles, was sent to Eton. Finishing at Eton he went to Peterhouse College, Cambridge, until 1738.

At Eton he met and formed a strong friendship for Horace Walpole and Richard West, two who bore important parts in the poet's future.

James Brown, master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, in writing to a friend concerning Gray, remarks that "he never spoke out." These four words contain the whole history of Gray, both as a man and a poet. Inheriting a shy, timid, melancholy nature from his gentle mother, his earliest impulses harshly suppressed by his father at the time when childhood is prone to vent its animal spirits; is it strange that "he never spoke out," and his nature was melancholy? Perhaps he at times brooded over what his life might have been, as he watched the exuberant joy of his companions, for really great men rarely appreciate themselves.

We can well believe Walpole when he writes that

"Gray never was a child." Even when a boy he was a scholar and a moralist, and thought and wrote far beyond his years. To the day of his death he was shy and studious, but thoroughly independent—shy when in public and with straugers, but the most charming of conversationalists when with congenial friends.

It is probably due to the fact that "he never spoke out" that he had so few enemies, and never became involved in the political intrigues then prevalent in England. His only recorded political sentiment is his hatred for the Stuarts.

The marked melancholy shown in his acts and writings developed in his undergraduate days, although it probably began earlier. Its increase was partly due to his taking no bodily exercise during the whole of his life, and his inherited disease. He calls melancholy his "true and faithful companion," and at no time does he fully cast it off, except when on the journey with Walpole on the continent.

But whatever is most admirable and lovable, whatever is most impressive and desirable in Gray's character, the one quality that commends itself to all students of his life, is his love for his mother. His devotion to that pure being who sacrificed everything for him, who loved him with a tenderness above earth, who gave him his power of endurance, his quiet rectitude, his capacity for suffering in silence, his singular tenacity of affection, and last, but not least, his opportunity to become a man, stand out as the great illuminating light of a lonely life. He loved her passionately, and remembered her with tender effusions to the day of his death. His epitaph on her tombstone is touching in the extreme. She died March 11, 1753.

Apparently with no definite plans regarding his future career Gray left Cambridge in September, 1738, and abode for six months in his father's house. No doubt they were months of misery except when relieved by his mother's presence. Having no definite aim, the young poet was in danger of falling into a state of inertia and becoming unfitted for any effort.

Just at this time an event occurred which was the means of influencing his whole life and preventing his life being unproductive. A letter was received from his friend Horace Walpole inviting him to accompany him on a continental tour, and offering to defray all expenses. This was most fortunate for Gray, and he accepted.

The two friends left Dover on the 29th of March, 1739, and crossed over to France. They travelled through Picardy and reached Paris September 9th. Through Walpole's relatives they were at once introduced to the best society of the gay French capital, and for two months Gray associated with the brightest minds and wits of the day. It is a matter of regret that he left little account of his impressions while in Paris. Perhaps he was ashamed that he had allowed himself to be carried out of his usual tenor of life by the mad excitement by which he was surrounded.

Leaving Paris, a few more weeks were spent in various other French cities, and then the two friends crossed the Alps and descended into the sunny plains of Italy on November 6th.

It would be well to note here the different views taken by the friends on their passage of the Alps.

The weather was severe, and Walpole, who had not yet developed, saw only the discomforts of the journey and busied himself with his own attempts at being com-

fortable. Gray, note-book in hand, was observing the gloomy, majestic snow-covered mountains and perhaps thinking of Hannibal and his swarthy warriors. The sheer precipices, dark chasms, mighty boulders, and "rattling crags," doubtless appealed to his sense of the awful beauty and power of nature. Perhaps he saw an avalanche rushing on its destroying way down the huge mountain sides.

In Italy Gray and Walpole visited Rome, Naples, and Florence and once more plunged into fashionable pleasures.

About May, 1741, they reached Reggio where occurred their famous quarrel. The two had for some time been on strained terms, and with two people of so entirely different tastes it is a matter for much wonder that they should ever have been intimate.

Walpole confessed that the fault was all his. They were reconciled three years later and remained friends to the end.

Meanwhile, Gray journeyed several months alone, returning to the Grand Chartreuse where he wrote his famous "Alcaic Ode," and then pursuing his way home, after an absence of nearly three years, resumed the study of law and association with Richard West in London.

Meanwhile, on November 6th, 1741, his father died and his mother removed to Stoke-Pogis in Buckinghamshire. Finding his income to be narrow Gray gave up the study of law, which had never been congenial, and settled himself in college at Cambridge.

In the same year Richard West died in the 26th year of his age. His loss was one of the keenest Gray ever suffered, and thirty years afterward he was visibly agitated when West's name was mentioned.

That loss deepened his poetry but did not check its flow. The poet's misfortunes were literature's gain. Adversity seemed to put him in that tenor of mind which caused him to produce his best poems.

He had just been estranged from one of his best friends, his father and West had died shortly after, and yet we find that not long after these occurrences he wrote the "Ode on the Prospect of Eton," "Hymn to Adversity," and the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

It is difficult to imagine what Gray would have become had he not taken the continental journey. The life of frivolity in France and Italy, while powerless to reach the deep wells of his nature, yet stirred the surface and made him human. He writes nothing of melancholy while on this journey. On the contrary, he wrote a friend that he had "grown as fat as a hog" and, in fact, was well and happy, perhaps for the only time in his life.

Gray was a great elegiac poet born out of his time; fallen upon an age that required powers of understanding and brilliancy, rather than the deepest powers of mind and soul. But as the forerunner of a great literary movement, no better could have been chosen. He was essentially fitted by his attainments to give the impetus to the great change that he did.

In 1742 when Gray began seriously to write, the considerable poets then alive in England might have been counted on the fingers of the two hands. Most of them were nearing the close of their careers. This was no advantage to him. His poetry pined away for want of movement in the literary atmosphere. Had he lived in the same period with Milton or Burns he would have been a different man.

It has been thought strange that Gray, with his rare ability, should have produced so little. The reasons lie in his inherited disease, and, as has been mentioned above, the age in which he lived. The age called for productions from the wit, and Gray wrote from the soul. Yet need he have written more? Had he not touched the chord of human sympathy when he wrote that elegy of which he thought of making the subject that beautiful line from Virgil—"*Sunt lachrymae rerum, et mentum mortalia tangunt*"—(The tears of the world are here, and mortal things touch the mind).

Is not the stanza beginning "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," the expression of all human life? Gray averred that the Elegy was not his best poem. Perhaps it was not, but it would be hard to force the busy world to believe it. Could anything better or more powerful be written than a poem which has a response in every human heart?

The Elegy made Gray's reputation. It was begun in October or November, 1742, at Stoke, and finished at Cambridge June, 1750. It is of a solemn and affecting nature applicable to all classes. It contains musical harmony, originality and a pathetic train of sentiment and feeling. In it the poet seemed to fully realize and sympathize with the puny insignificance of humanity.

General Wolfe, while sitting in a boat being rowed to some outposts on the night before the battle of Quebec, caused the Elegy to be read to him, and remarked: "I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French tomorrow." Could any higher compliment have been paid to it?

Four editions of the poem were sold in its first year.

The "Ode to Spring" was the first note of protest against

the hard versification which had reigned in England for more than sixty years. It is lighter in tone, more trivial in conception, and colder in sentiment, than any of his other odes. It begins with a quatrain of the common ballad, an octosyllabic couplet is added and the stanza closes gravely with a short line of six syllables.

The "Distant Prospect of Eton," written in 1742, is a sad little poem where the poet is recalling memories of his childhood.

The "Ode to Adversity," changed by some unknown person to "Hymn to Adversity," written in August, 1742, is remarkable as the first of Gray's poems in which he shows that stateliness of movement and pomp of allegorical illustration which give an individuality in his maturer style.

The first of the Pindaric Odes was the "Progress of Poesy," which marks a third and final stage in Gray's poetical developments. In his earlier odes he had written for his contemporaries; in the Elegy he had written for all the world; in the Pindaric Odes he was to write for poets.

"The Bard" was begun in 1755 and completed in 1757. Its regularity of form consists in the groups of stanzas in which the poem is divided.

It remained for at least a century almost without a rival, and is cherished by poetic people for its sublime qualities and pomp of vision. It is great in human sympathy, historical imagination and sustained dithyrambic dignity.

Professor Gosse says the Bard and the Elegy are Gray's greatest poems.

The Odes were published August 8th, 1757, and thirteen hundred copies were sold in the first two months.

They placed Gray at one leap at the head of the living English poets.

Gray was master of all human learning except mathematics. He read and annotated the Greek and Roman poets, philosophers, historians and orators, and from the study of Greek obtained his lucidness of style. He compiled tables of Greek chronology, added notes to Linnaeus and other naturalists, wrote geographical disquisitions on Strabo, and was familiar with French and Latin literature. He studied botany, painting, music, archaeology and architecture.

In his notes on all he saw in Italy of arts and antiquities, and his sketches of foreign manners, evince his admirable taste, learning and discrimination. Since Milton no such accomplished English traveller had visited those classic shores.

In a letter to his mother he dilates on the beauty of the crags and precipices of the Alps in a way that shows him to have been the first of the romantic lovers of nature. At a later time he said of the mountains: "None but these children of God know how to join so much beauty with so much horror." Could anything have been more admirably expressed? It is a matter of regret that he did not see fit to write of the ocean as he did of the mountains.

Gray did much to start in England the revival of Greek, which had almost fallen into disuse in the colleges. He also wrote in the language of the Northmen which, at that time, it was considered impossible to learn.

When the office of poet-laureate, fallen vacant in 1757, was offered without any conditions to Gray, he wisely refused it.

On the 29th of July, 1768, he accepted the chair of Modern Literature and Modern Languages at Cambridge.

There he spent the greater part of the three remaining years of his life. He remained single to the end, and died from gout of the stomach July 30, 1776, aged fifty-four years, seven months and four days.

He was buried beside his mother at Stoke-Pogis, near Slough, in Buckinghamshire, in the beautiful requestered churchyard that is supposed to have furnished the scene of his Elegy.

One of the suns of England had set.

HEARTS COURAGEOUS.

HENRY C. LANNEAU.

Attention! Shoulder, Arms!! Forward, March!!! Sharp and clear rang out the commands on that bright May morning.

War was declared. The call to arms had been sounded. Here was the answer. A thousand brave boys, mothers' joys, fathers' pride, volunteers these—hearts courageous!

The long line fell into position, swayed to and fro for a moment like a cobra before it strikes, then the steady tramp, tramp of the boys in blue beat time to the sound of drum and fife, while a thousand loyal hearts as one beat true as steel for the country they loved and the flag for which they fought.

Waving of flags, shouts, cries, throwing of hats, the blessings of mothers, the god-speed of fathers, hysterics of sweethearts—a grand melody of goodbyes through the whole scale and all the octave tones of the human voice divine, the ringing commands, eyes to the front, firm tread in their steps, an all-conquering love in their swelling breasts—and they were off.

O! There was music in the air, but music with an undertone of sadness.

How many a fond mother's heart yearned after her only son with an unspeakable tenderness. Her kiss was warm on his lips and in his soul; perhaps her last on earth, then she would kiss him first in heaven. He, too, was thinking of this.

And the proud father, how hard it was for him to keep back the hot tears when he saw his only hope set his face

to the front. How he longed to spare him, or, at least, to share his peril. But no, his was the harder battle; he must stay at home to guard and keep aud comfort, to be its strength and stay. His great heart sent the blood bounding and pulsing through his veins; a big lump rose in his throat, and despite all his efforts a reckless tear stole idly down his bronzed, stern-set face.

Here beside her mother stood Ruth, a blushing bride, scarce back from her tour North. She was watching for some one. Yes, there he was, her old man Dan! Dan was such a dear man. He would do anything in the wide world he could for you; he 'd never break his promise. Only last month he vowed he would die for her and she had laughed at him in high glee, only to make him vow the harder, you know. But now it was all different, quite different indeed. He was leaving her; she was losing him, though she had pleaded with him and done her very best to persuade him not to go. But what had he said?

"Ruth, I am simply doing my duty to my country and to you. I said I would die for you if need be. Now I won't break my word."

Loyal and patriotic words those! They had thrilled her with pride and devotion. Dan was a grand old man; in short, an old man eloqnent.

But after all, wasn't he a little foolish in tryiug to show his undying devotion by deserting her outright? The thought struck her like a thunderbolt, She saw through it all now. He was only laughing at her, the mean old thing! He didn't love her any more. O! O! O! what should she do, and only a month ago—she started forwarded. A restraining clutch at her arm—"Child! Child! you—" but she heeded not and strug-

gled loose. There he was, she knew what she would do. Ten thousand kisses when they had parted at their little home, but she was crazy for "just one more," and "when a woman will,"—a foolish notion filled her giddy brain. This was her hour of trial. One word and she would win him back ; she'd make him quit the whole bad business then and there. She'd tell him he had to, and of course he would. Dan always did when she looked at him with those big, tearful eyes. Dan was such a good man, a regular prince among men. What did she care what people would say or think. Here she was right at him.

"Dan !"

"Ruth !"

A kiss, then he whispered something in her ear and was gone.

My ! How suddenly the threatening storm had passed and the atmosphere had cleared.

She stood again beside her mother, flushed and trembling, like a lovely flower beaten by the rain that has raised its head again to the bright sunshine, swaying in the gentle breeze.

And the boys ! Who would have thought that so many darling sons would have been intrusted to the hardships of soldier life? True they were all boys, but here were mere lads of eighteen or thereabouts. Loyalty burns as bright in young hearts as in old.

They were nearing the station. The long line was passing from between the double row of loyal citizens who acted as a guard of honor to the brave boys in blue who were leaving their all to fight in distant lands for the honor of their flag and crush the power of a cruel, tyrant nation.

Near the end of the line marched manfully our Hero, scarce eighteen. The deeds of a noble father on many a hard-fought field spurred him on to deeds of valor and of daring. He had no mother. Yet he didn't feel so big after all. The cheering and the bouquets, and the great fuss made over them was all well enough. But the cheering had about died away, the bouquets had stopped coming, and things—well, things began to look a little different. Just then the strains of music floated out upon the air: "God be with you till we meet again."

He was leaving behind his dear, good father, friends, home and native land. Perhaps he was leaving them forever. He hadn't thought of that before. Things looked solemn now. War wasn't such a fine thing after all. He almost wished he hadn't enlisted. "God be with you till we meet again." The music died away. A big lump rose in his throat—his heart sank to the depths.

One step more and—the next minute his heart was in his mouth. Two big blue eyes and two little red lips were smiling at him. Such a look! He would carry it to the grave. Only three months—but then—. Another knew his secret; 'twas better so.

The cheering stopped, the music ceased, the bell rang and the train pulled out. Away it sped on its shining rails—on, on, on—on to the ends of the earth. Weariness claims her own; with drooping eyelids he thought of father, home and—, two bright stars in a dimpled blue sky were shining and a tiny crescent moon was smiling down upon him as he drifted off into the laud of dreams.

* * * * * * * * * *

"CAMP————

——189—

"DEAR FATHER :—So awfully tired of staying here. More than two weeks with nothing—"

The note was never finished. After weeks of weary waiting the longed for summons came. The men's spirits rose and they swarmed onto the transport like bees in a hive. With no time to lose, at full speed they sped across the fair waters of the Pacific to the Phillipine Islands, far-famed as the Garden of Eden.

One hot noon he began :

MANILA, July, 1898.

DEAR FATHER :—Arrived safely. No fighting as yet, but we expect to—" the sharp crack of musketry rang out on the air and the paper fell unheeded to the ground.

For the first time in his life Hero smelt more powder than he wished to, and heard the bullets whistle past him closer than was safe. His first impulse was to turn and run. Men were flying past him pell-mell and orderlies rushing to and fro. Who would see him anyway, he wondered, if he did turn back. They might think he was an orderly. Why not? At least he would make the experiment. But no! Two big reproachful eyes were looking at him. He couldn't stand it! He wouldn't be a coward!

He bounded forward like a tiger springing on its prey. On, on, on, into the thick of the fight he sped, with courage born of despair. Veterans were put to shame by this demon of war among them. The Insurgents were in force, and for a time it looked as if they would have the better of it. The engagement lasted till after dark when the rebels were scattered and driven back. Hero was the lion of the day.

For the life of his captain he had paid with a shattered arm. But he didn't mind the pain as he lay there looking up at the blue sky twinkling with a thousand eyes. He was thinking of father, home and—, while the saucy new moon with upturned horns, the shining ship of sleep on which he had paid the willing passage of a day's work well done, bore him on through starry space to regions of the blest.

Sleep! Sleep! Sleep! The kindliest gift of God to man.

Let the boy sleep and dream!

There wasn't much to be said of the passage back with a hundred other poor fellows down with the typhus. Most of them were so miserable it didn't make much difference to them whether they were alive or dead. They would have much preferred to have fallen among their brave comrades whom they left behind.

When the 'Frisco steamer landed, the following telegram was waiting for Hero:

"Unexpectedly called to the front.

YOUR FATHER."

But the poor boy was too low to know anything about it and was taken to the city hospital. No sooner had the transport landed and her passengers were taken care of than his name was on every lip. The people had intended making a big demonstration in his honor, but when they found he was so low with the fever they had to give it up. When it was learned that his father was away and would not be able to return for some time, he was at once taken to the home of the captain whom he had so heroically rescued. There he was tenderly cared for all through the long illness and his poor shattered arm nursed back to glowing health. For many a long

day the torch of life flickered low. But he was naturally strong and healthy, and at last he came to his own again.

* * * * * * * * * *

Where was he, anyway? What was the matter with him, and what had he been doing? For the life of him he couldn't tell. It did seem as if he had dimly seen people noiselessly gliding by from time to time. Once or twice he thought he had heard his name spoken in the very softest accents. Then some one had said: "Doctor do you think—?" And the answer was a gruff "Yes."

But always and forever two bright shining stars were looking at him and the little saucy corners of a tiny crescent moon, red as a poppy, set in a dimpled sky and lined with little pearls, were upturned in a curious smile upon him. Was he dreaming? Some one opened the window. A cool fresh breeze fanned his cheek and brought the odor of the woods to him. The songs of a thrush lent its charm to the voice of the day outside and called him back to the joy of the dayspring of life. He opened his eyes. It *was* a dream! There bending above him two dreamy blue eyes, a witching little mouth chasing dimples all over two cheeks blushing red as a poppy, a *real* vision!

He gasped. As plain as day the vision smiled—"You saved my father."

Then she stooped and kissed him. Heaven opened for two more hearts courageous, while the wind in the tree tops sang a song.

BARNYARD NEWS.

G. E. K., Jr.

De incubator's workin',
Aunt Polly am feelin' fine,
Fer she's jes so sho' an' certin'
Dat dey 'll hatch jes 49.

De rooster am er sighin',
Fer de time am drawin' nigh,
An de hens dey is er cryin',
Kaze dey knows he 's gwinter die.

De bitties am er playin'
An' er runnin' in de sun.
But fo' long dey 'll be er sayin'
Dat dey wish dey hadn't cum.

Miss Dominecker's cacklin'
An' feelin' mighty proud,
But she didn't do de hatchin',
An' she needn't git so loud.

Barnyard news am scarce an scasin'
An' dis poet 's gittin' tired ;
Twant be long fo' he 'll be racin'
Fer de egg-nog ez de prize.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

H. E. CRAVEN.

I

Since 1897, when the volume of poems containing the republished "Christ in Hades" and "Marpessa" appeared, Mr. Stephen Phillips has been pretty generally recognized by the critics as a young poet of marked promise and power. "Paola and Francesca," his first drama, saw the light in 1899; "Herod," his second, in 1900; and "Ulysses," the third and last, in 1901. Besides these volumes, Mr. Phillips has contributed several short poems from time to time to the magazines. In order to establish in our own minds his position as a poet and dramatist, let us discuss his poems in their chronological order, pointing out the poet's limitations and defects, and at the same time striving to give him the praise which we think his work deserves.

The London Academy which, in 1897, awarded Mr. Phillips the prize of 100 guineas for his "Christ in Hades," thereby ranking it as the most notable poetic achievement of the year, still regards that poem as superior to "Marpessa." It is indeed a beautiful poem, but we can not go so far in praising it as to say that it surpasses "Marpessa." Mr. William Watson, a poet with a very distinctive gift of interpreting the work of other poets, does not give "Christ in Hades" a place superior to "Marpessa." He praises both in an indiscrimately admiring tone, but seems to be rather partial to the latter. It makes but little difference, however, which is the better poem; a favorable criticism of both by a poet like Mr. Watson is sufficient to convince most of us that both contain the qualities of genuine poetry.

The "Christ in Hades" is written in unrhymed iambics, and shows that Mr. Phillips has become a master of the most expressive and difficult form of English poetry—blank verse. He started out several years ago with the determination in his mind to restore this great verse form to its old-time variety and dignity, his main model being Miltou. And uow he brings us this beautiful poem, exquisitely constructed in blank verse; so beautiful indeed that it is difficult to conceive of its being better. We feel that what Mr. Charles Forster Smith says of his verses in the *Sewanee Review* is true: "If Mr. Phillips's blank verse shall ever seem greater it will be because it is freighted with broader, deeper, richer ideas, the result of profounder observation and a wider knowledge of men and things." The following lines in Persephone's speech are full of the subtle charm and softened beauty characteristic of so many passages in "Hades."

> "It is the time of tender opening things,
> Above my head the fields murmur and wave;
> And the breezes are just moving the clear heat.
> O the midnoon is trembling on the corn,
> On cattle calm, and trees in perfect sleep,"

Most of us have looked upon Christ with a feeling something like the lines below picture him:

> "Around thee is the scent
> Of over-beautiful quick-fading things,
> The pang, the gap, the briefness, all the dew
> Tremble, and suddenness of earth: I must
> Remember young men dead in their hot bloom,
> The sweetness of the world edged like a sword,
> The melancholy knocking of those waves,
> The deep unhappiness of winds, of light
> That comes on things we nevermore shall see.
> Yet I am thrilled. Thou seemest the bourne
> Of all our music, of the hinting night,
> Of souls under the moonlighr opening."

It is in such lines as those we have quoted that we recognize the qualities claimed for Mr. Phillips by the Academy: "Seriousness of purpose," "interpretative sympathy," "singular instinct for the right word," "a heart attuned to the beauty and the meaning of things," "the perfect fusion of matter into form, which is that indefinable, inimitable, undeniable thing—style." The poem has a mythological or classic setting. The occurrence of such names as Persephone, Hermes, Prometheus, the Roman, and the Furies wrap the whole poem in an atmosphere of classic mythology, and we are conscious of walking in a "Hades" close akin to the Greek and Virgilian spirit world. When we come upon such lines as

> "Thou can'st not fetch
> Thy drooping, listless woman to the air,"

we think at once of the divine story of Orpheus and his "half-regained Eurydice." Mention might be made of other allusious such as the ones to Ixion's wheel, "the slow-feeding vulture" of Prometheus, or to Sisyphus, which carry us back to the charming land of antique mythology. In a single line sometimes Mr. Phillips shows a wonderful appreciation and appropriation of the Greek spirit. This line, "The beautiful ease of the untroubled gods," gives us a splendid illustration of how he reproduces the old austerity of a Greek's conception of the deities.

"Christ in Hades" is a strong and beautiful poem, but as Mr. Watson has said, "another poem can be finer than "Christ in Hades." Tennyson's definition of a good poem, that it should be sweet to the mouth and ear, and Mr. Watson's remark, that "the business of poetry is with beauty and life," give us the reasons for Mr. Phillips's "Marpessa" being more universally

admired than his "Hades." It may not be so strong as the latter but it is certainly sweeter, more beautiful, and more human. Like the "Christ in Hades," "Marpessa" is also based upon a legend from classic mythology. Mr. Phillips gives us the whole situation in two introductory lines: "Marpessa being given by Zeus her choice between the god Apollo and Idas a mortal, chose Idas." What could be more beautiful than the liues describing the beautiful summer day?

> "When the long day that glideth without cloud,
> The summer day, was at her blue deep hour
> Of lilies musical with busy bliss,
> When very light was trembling as with excess,
> And heat was frail, and every bush and flower
> Trembled in the glory overcome,
> They three together met."

When we read these lines we instiuctively think of a cloudless day in the clear atmosphere of Greece. The rest of the poem consists of the addresses of the god, and the mortal, who are suing for Marpessa, and Marpessa's response to each. Apollo's speech is a splendid piece of verse, worthy of the patron of music and poetry, but it is by no means the finest in the poem. He tells Marpessa that her

> "Life has been
> The history of a flower in the air,
> Liable but to breezes and to time,
> As rich and purposeless as is the rose
> Thy simple doom is to be beautiful."

Apollo promises Marpessa that if she will live with him, he will kiss warm immortality into her lips and allow her to share with him the ecstacy of flinging beams upon the world, or, if she prefers, simply to perform the more tender tasks of bringing on the deeper green, and shining on the sick, sorrowing, and fearful of the world.

After hearing Apollo's passionate plea, Idas is almost awed to silence by the presence of the god. He begins his pleading as if his were an almost hopeless chance, but at length breaks forth into one of the most impassioned poetic addresses in the language. He tells Marpessa he loves her not for her body "packed with sweet of all this world"—

> "Nor for that face that might indeed provoke
> Invasion of old cities . . . .
> . . . . . .
> Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
> So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell;
> Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
> What the still night suggesteth to the heart.
> Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
> Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;
> Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
> It has been died for, though I know not when,
> It has been sung of, though I know not where,
> It has the strangness of the luring West,
> And of sad sea-horizons."

Blackwood's critic must have had these lines in his mind when he said that "Marpessa" contains "passages that march with the footfalls of the Immortals." In her reply, Marpessa recognizes the bliss of the immortality offered her by Apollo, but the inherently human in her nature causes her to reject the love of a god and accept the love of a mortal. Her speech to Apollo, and her acceptance of Idas, are themes upon which Mr. Phillips has written with rare insight and beauty. Some have criticised this poem as being over-voluptuous. They say that its languorous sweetness cloys the taste. But if this defect be present, it is hardly too prominent to destroy the beauty and sweetness of the verse or its conception, nor is it anything more than we should expect to find in a poet as young as Mr. Phillips. This fault, as may be proved by his latest work, has, to a large extent, been outgrown.

In these two poems, "Christ in Hades" and "Marpessa," Mr. Phillips has proved to the world that old Greek and Roman mythology are still wonderful storehouses from which a genuine poet can draw material for beautiful and lofty verse.

The dramas and a few other typical poems (written by him), will be discussed in the next number of the magazine.

STORIETTE DEPARTMENT.

By CHARLES PRESTON WEAVER.

A MAN, A DREAM, AND A WOMAN.

The man looked in the mirror and sighed. Furrows were gathering on his brow, and little patches of gray appeared here and there in his raven hair. He sighed again.

"Growing old," he muttered, half aloud. The corridor took up the sound and carried it through the winding halls until it faded and died away on the evening air;—"growing old, growing old."

Outside the shadows were gathering. The wind blew shrill and the snow fell silently, banking itself in every nook and cranny about the old gray mansion.

He threw on another stick of wood, sending up a shower of sparks in the ample chimney, and arose for a taper to light the candle, but after a moment's hesitation, sat down again. No, he did not wish a light. He wished to meditate. It was like this in the dear old days when she used to sit with him beside the glowing hearth of a winter's evening and watch the fantastic shadows dance, flicker and vanish in the surrounding darkness. How many times had they sat thus and talked, and dreamed until far into the night, with only the glowing coals to remind them of the outside world. Ah, those were happy days. But she was gone now, and he sat alone by the fireside and pondered.

The door creaked and the gray-haired old butler broke his reverie with, "Master, shall I serve your supper now?"

"No, Dennis," he said softly, "I do not care for supper; no, not even a glass of wine. I only wish to think and not to be disturbed."

The door closed and he took up again his old train of thought. He recalled how the fire used to cast a halo of light about her golden head as it rested against his broad shoulder, and her little soft hand lay lost in his with now and then a responsive pressure which spoke so much. Such a dear little hand she had. He never saw one like it nowadays.

Why had she left him? Yes, why? He knew that she loved him, for she was an affectionate wife and told him so repeatedly.

Then why should a woman leave the man she loved, and the man who adored, yea, worshiped her? Yes, it was his despondent nature. He kept too much alone. He magnified his troubles, until from a blithe, happy, lovable, handsome young man he had grown into a morose, sad, disagreeable, ugly and prematurely aged old man. The flame of his love for her smouldered in his heart until he became unkind, even cruel. It was no wonder she had left him. She was so cheerful and happy herself she could not endure the change that had come over him. Ah, if he but had a chance to show her that he could be the happy chivalrous youth she had loved and married!

He gazed a moment out the window. The snow still fell. Now and then across the barren waste came the lonely howl of timber wolves. He shuddered, drew nearer the dying coals, and then began to dream again.

The baying of dogs aroused him. Some traveller, doubtless, overtaken by night, he thought, wanted shelter. Yes, he would give it to them, only he wished they would not disturb him about it.

Again the door opened and the chill atmosphere of the snowstorm swept into the room. He turned with harsh words half uttered on his lips, but as his eyes met the intruder, paused. It was a woman.

"Edward," a soft voice murmured. "Edward, don't you know me? I have come back to you."

"Why do you come to torment me with thoughts of the past? Is it not enough that my soul should be on the rack because I was so unkind to you? Begone, spirit, and leave me to my dreams."

"Edward,', the voice was nearer this time, "I am no shade. I love you and I have come back to you, and—and you are not—not glad to see me." And the little body shook with sobs.

"Edith, is it possible that you love Edward still? He has been so lonely without you. The night is dark, sweetheart, and everything seems so strange and unreal. Come, put your arms around me in the old way."

In the twilight two soft little hands stole about the man's neck and a sweet little face pressed against his.

"Now," said the man, "warm yourself, and we will have Dennis serve supper."

THE SHIRT WOMAN—A TALE OF THE TOILERS.

"Forty-nine, forty-nine, fifty—fifty." The night lamp spluttered and the woman's voice was low. The room was a stuffy tenement garret, and looked down from a dizzy height into a narrow, busy street. The little clock on the bare mantle struck one. The woman looked up in surprise, rubbing her dim eyes.

"One o'clock," she said, incredulously, "I think I shall quit for to-night. Fifty shirts ain't so bad for one day and part of a night. When Mr. Watkins pays me I am going to move into that big room on second floor. It's so hot and stuffy away up here on twelfth, and I git so tired of climbing stairs with all these shirts. I wouldn't mind it so bad if it wern't for Melissy. It pesters her so. She says it takes me fifteen minutes by the clock to come up from the street. It does take a master long time, 'cause I have to rest three times, once on every third floor; and then, too, I ain't as young as I uster be. I'll be sixty-one, come next 4th of November. Melissy will be sixty-five, let's see, why, it's tomorrow. Tomorrow 's her birthday. Who 'd er thought it? 'Pears like it rolls around oftener than it used to."

The woman paused. An idea seemed to strike her suddenly, and her face brightened up.

"I know what I'll do," she cried half hilariously. "I'll buy Melissy a birthday present. I can wait till next month to move down on second floor. It 'll be sich a surprise to her, too. I'll buy her one of them invalid chairs with wheels so she can roll herself 'round and see folks. She's so good that she never complains, but I know she gits tired of sitting by the window a-watching the crowds go by, and hearing the street cars a-clanging. It jest tears my nerves up, and my nerves is stronger than Melissy's. She can go over on the other side and talk to Miss Hawkins. Miss Hawkins never gits out either, and it 'll do 'em so much good to set and talk. And then, sometimes, Melissy can lend the chair to Miss Hawkins and she can visit too, and come over and talk with Melissy."

The woman smiled again and looked benignly at the pale, pinched face on the white pillow. "She's a-dreaming about that chair now, 'cause she's a-smiling"

Bright and early the woman awoke. Melissy was still sound asleep, and she stole out quietly so as not to disturb her.

"I'll git it before Melissy wakes, and then I can cook breakfast. Maybe it'll sorter give her an appetite. She ain't eating much here of late."

In a short while she returned with the chair. It was a second-hand one, but she got it at a bargain and Melissy wouldn't care. Melissy liked to save more than she did.

The woman hastily built a fire and cooked the scanty breakfast, using unusual care to see that the bacon was done to a turn, and the coffee, which was a luxury purchased with the chair, was well settled. The woman on the bed did not stir.

"It's a pitty to wake her. She's resting so easy, but I 'm anxious for her to see the chair." She went to the bedside and called softly in the ear of the slumberer: "Melissy, Melissy, wake up and see what a nice present I have bought for your birthday. It's er invalid chair. Melissy!"' She shook her but there was no response. "Melissy, what ails you, Melissy?"

She felt of Melissy's hands. They were cold and stiff. The woman gave a cry and sank in a chair. The tears which she had held back for years, for the invalid's sake, burst forth and fell abundantly in her gingham apron.

"Melissy has got the chair now," said the woman, "but the angels have given it to her stid of me."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

H. E. CRAVEN, Editor.

Wake Forest Men to the Front.

In looking over the Alumni Notes in another department of the magazine we are pleased to see that a large number of Wake Forest men, many of whom have been out of college for only a few years, are now occupying positions of honor and trust in this and other States. It used to be the opinion of people generally throughout the State, that Wake Forest was not much ahead of the ordinary preparatory school; that its main work was to turn out annually a few Baptist ministers, and that any other work done was inconsiderable. On account of this really ignorant and erroneous opinion the college is often called a Preacher Factory. Now, we are not ashamed of the word preacher. We rather rejoice that one of the objects for which this institution was established, namely, the preparation of young men for the ministry, has been emphasized to the extent that the college is looked upon as a place where the denomination may expect to get its leaders. Furthermore, we hope that interest in the ministerial purpose of Wake Forest College may never decrease; and that an even larger number of strong, intelligent, high-minded young men may continue to come here from year to year in order to prepare themselves for preaching the gospel.

What we want to emphasize now is the fact that Wake Forest is more than a school for ministers, and that its lawyers, doctors, journalists, teachers, and business men are just as much a product of the institution as are the ministers. The percentage of ministerial students in college is not much above ten or fifteen out of a hundred. It is evident, therefore, that the influence of the college is being felt to-day more through its lay graduates than through its young ministers. The recognition and prominence the former are receiving, especially in political and educational circles, the places where the largest number of strong men are most needed, is gratifying to all who love the old college, for such recognition is a direct proof of the excelleut work that is being done here.

To the Students and Alumni.

With this issue we begin the XXII Volume of the STUDENT. It is the desire of the editors to put the magazine on as high a plane as possible, but in order to do this we must have the cooperation of the Alumni and students. The Alumni can help us very much by subscribing to the magazine, and by giving us information about any of their number. Through the "Alumni Notes" the old students can keep up with one another, and we earnestly request them to inform us of their good fortune. We call upon the students to write for the magazine. It can not succeed unless the students give it their support. Take pride in the magazine which represents you, and, by your efforts, place it on a better footing. In past years it has enjoyed an enviable reputation among the college magazines of the South, and we must bend every energy to uphold its splendid record.

The Annual Debate.

The students of Wake Forest are surprised and disappointed at the action of the Literary Societies of Trinity, by which the Annual Thanksgiving Debate with us has been abolished, surprised at the reason they give for discontinuing the debate, and disappointed because we are not to have another opportunity of meeting them in an intellectual engagement. We can only say that, while Trinity has a perfect right to withdraw from the contest at any time she chooses, it does look rather bad in her to say that the reason she does so is because of the partiality of the judges. It is true that the college that selected the judges has always won the cup, but it is equally true that the judges have invariably been men of the highest standing in the State, and members of neither denomination. We are sure that, with possibly one exception (and then evidently in Trinity's favor), these men have always decided the debates to the best of their ability, and according to the rules of the contest. We have never complained to Trinity about the decision of the judges.

But, leaving all of that out of consideration, there are other ways of selecting judges, and if Trinity wanted to meet us this year, other arrangements for obtaining judges might be readily devised and agreed to. Besides, when Trinity debates with any other institution, such as Wofford, or Vanderbilt, or Randolph-Macon, she knows that there will be the same, if not more, chance for partiality that there was in the Trinity-Wake Forest contest.

The decision was not the greatest good that came from the debate to either college. These contests have been the means of training scores of young men to think and speak with accuracy and impressiveness before the

public; they have produced a spirit of generous rivalry between two institutions of learning; and we believe that they have also had an educational value to the State at large. We hope that Trinity will reconsider her action. Let us have the debate, no matter which college wins.

The Report of the Bureau of Labor and Printing.

The STUDENT acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of the Fifteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Labor and Printing, which Commissioner Varner so kindly sent a few days ago. This report is a credit to the commissioners, and throws a great deal of light on vital questions of the day in North Carolina. It is divided into eight chapters, giving statistics on agriculture, miscellaneous factories, cotton and woolen mills, trades, newspapers, organized labor, railway employes, and technical education. Besides these tabulated statistics are a large number of letters published on the several subjects, which are of unusual interest, because, being written by men of every profession and degree of intelligence, they give the public opinion of all classes of citizens on those questions which are of vital concern to all.

In answer to the question: "Do you favor a compulsory school law?" we find that 83 per cent of the farmers, 80 per cent of the managers of miscellaneous factories, 90 per cent of the representative men in the different trades, and 80 per cent of the editors, favor a rigid or modified form of compulsory education, and that the owners of cotton mills are generally opposed to such a law, though some are public-spirited enough to come out and say that it should be given a fair trial. From the above high percentages we see that there has been a remarkable growth of public sentiment in favor of a more rigid school law.

Another very notable fact, that even a cursory glance at the contents of the Report shows, is the rapidity with which North Carolina has passed from an agricultural to a manufacturing State. Twenty years ago we were a distinctively agricultural people, but today we are known more by our manufactured products than by our farm products. In 1901 there were in North Carolina 276 cotton and woolen mills alone, operating 1,680,483 spindles, 36,052 looms, and 3,905 machines. These mills furnished employment for 45,044 operatives, of whom 7,996 were children under fourteen years of age. In these mills 82 per cent of adults and only 66 per cent of the children read and write. This shows that there is something radically wrong with the parents, the school facilities, or with the mill owners. The returns from miscellaneous factories report 12,002 employes, 422 of whom are under fourteen years of age.

We can not go into any detailed examination of the volume before us, but we wish to commend it to the students of the College, and urge everyone who wishes to keep in touch with the conditions and needs of the people of North Carolina, not to pass this report by unnoticed. There is a copy in the library.

EXCHANGES.

ABNER C. GENTRY, Editor.

The Shamrock is one of the neatest and best edited of all our exchanges. The editorials and commencement exercises are excellent.

The Criterion is a credit to the young ladies of Columbia College. "Slang" and "A College Woman as a Leader in the World" are essays worthy of special mention; while "That Live Ghost" and "The Confessions of the Gypsy Leader" are by no means below the standard. The editorials and locals are varied and very readable.

"Initiation of a Green Hand at a Michigan Lumber Camp," in *The Buff and Blue*, is really a well conceived and interesting story. It reminds us of a freshman's life—his careless walking under the window and catching the water, and the sensations he receives during his initiation into college life. The two orations written for Presentation Day Exercises are short but well written.

The Washington Irving number of *The Journal* is one of the best of our exchanges. It is especially to be commended on the variety of its articles. It contains some excellent poems which evince the ability of the writers to accomplish more serious work. "The Trial of Christ" is an essay of much interest, but too long for a college journal. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is an interesting short story.

Both the June and July numbers of the *College of Charleston Magazine* are before us. Both are very short, each containing only three articles and the several editorial departments. With the exception of a short translation in the June issue, both are wanting in poetry, an important factor in the make-up of a college magazine. We hope the muse will appear and inspire someone at the College of Charleston in the near future.

The May issue of the *Davidson College Magazine* contains a number of good articles. "Henry Timrod" is an essay well worth reading. It shows that the writer has got an insight into the life and poetry of Timrod. "The Influence of Reading" is well written and contains some good argument. Of the two pieces of fiction, "Judge Lynch" and "Hulda," the former is by far the better; in fact, it would be an excellent article if the ending were not so tragical. The poetry and editorials are of a high standard.

It is with pleasure that we review the *Vanderbilt Observer*. It comes to us replete with good reading matter, both in fiction and essays. "Australia and New Zealand—The Laboratory of Modern Politics" is an interesting essay, and by far the leading article. "The Cheek of a Freshman" pictures, in good language, the ambitions of many a freshman who never succeeded as well as "Tommie." "Prometheus Unbound" is a mere outline of Shelley's poem. It is a long way behind the standard of college essays.

As a result of the Baylor-Southwestern Debate and the State Oratorical Contest, the May number of *The Baylor Literary* is indeed an oratorical one. However, it contains some excellent stories and essays. "A Plea for the Public Library," in which the writer shows that education was necessary for the colonies in early years, and more necessary for the State at present, in order that it may have good government, and that the only way to interest and educate a large per cent of the people was through well-conducted public libraries, is by far the best article of the number. It is well written and worthy of copying by papers urging better education.

With this issue we begin our pleasant duty of reading and reviewing college journals, and as we come to our table we find quite a number of well-edited and neatly bound college magazines, all of which are commencement numbers and contain many creditable orations and addresses. Much praise must be given to the editors of many of them for the cuts of fraternities, senior classes, faculties and other groups which add beauty and

attraction to magazines. May we say, it is our ambition that when this year shall have closed we, too, may look back over our career as an Exchange Editor with as much pleasure as those of our elder brothers and sisters who, with last commencement, severed their connection with college journals.

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: *The Vassar Miscellany*, *The Polytechnian*, *Blue and Gold*, *The College Message*, *The Hendrix College Mirror*, *The Trinity Archive*, *Hampton-Sidney Magazine*, *The Philomathean Monthly*, *State Normal Magazine*.

CLIPPINGS.

TRANSMISSUM AD LYGIAM.

Go, little verse, and speak the part
Of him whose fancy's child thou art;
Soften the beautiful maiden's heart.

Tell her her cheek's more pure and fair
Than any rose of color rare
That was ever kissed by the summer air.

Tell her I find in her dreamy eyes
Clearer than sunny Italian skies—
A well of the deepest mysteries.

Tell her there's many a hidden snare
In the silken sheen of her golden hair,
And tell her—*my heart is a captive there.*—*Ex.*

Some girls are born for great things,
  Some girls are born for small;
But it is not recorded
  Why some girls are born at all.—*Ex.*

"THE WORLD'S NEED."

The world don't need your theory,
  However grand or great;
It needs no long diversions
  On "irony of fate."

The world needs men who do things
  With zest, and power, and might,
Who place no price on virtue,
  In the contest for the right.

The world needs cheerful-hearted men—
  That optimistic class
Who meet the world's repining
  By bringing things to pass.

The world needs men of talent,
  And preparation, too,
Who in the fiercest conflict
  Can plan, and then can do.

The world has many thousand needs;
  But foremost of the van,
And chiefest of the thousands
  Is, a good, industrious man.—*Ex.*

Never blame a maid for changing,
  Trying all the men she can,
She but seeks, in all her ranging,
  A constant man.—*Ex.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDWIN J. SHERWOOD, Editor.

'02. Mr. B. F. Stafford is teaching in Blue Ridge Institute, in North Wilkesboro.

'02. Mr. O. M. Mull is Principal of a high school in Hayesville, Clay County.

'02. Mr. F. G. Hamrick is now a tutor in the family of Mr. Thos. Dixon, Jr., of Dixondale, Va.

'02. The Dell High School is prospering under the management of Mr. C. M. Beach with five assistants.

'02. Mr. G. T. Stephenson, who graduated at the head of his class, is Principal of Pendleton High School.

'02. Mr. M. B. Sawyer is in the real-estate business with his father, Mr. M. M. Sawyer, of Elizabeth City.

'77. Mr. E. B. Jones, of Winston, is nominated for Superior Court Judge in the Eleventh Judicial District.

Mr. Fred D. Hamrick (Law '02) is junior partner of the firm of Gibbs & Hamrick in Ada, Indian Territory.

'90. Mr. E. S. Coffey, of Boone, is nominated by acclamation for Solicitor in the Thirteenth Judicial District.

'94. Mr. Rowland Beasley, editor of the *Monroe Journal*, is nominated for the State Senate from Union County.

'02. Mr. W. E. Woodruff is doing very able ministerial work in and around Pittsboro. He will leave for Chicago University in October.

'78. Mr. W. E. Daniel, a prominent lawyer of Weldon, is nominated to succeed himself as Solicitor from the Second Judicial District.

'01. Mr. G. A. Foote, after taking a special course in English at the University of Chicago, accepts a position in Shorter College, Rome, Ga.

'93. Senator E. Y. Webb is nominated for Congress in the Ninth District over two other Wake Forest Alumni, W. C. Dowd and T. M. Hufham.

'90. Mr. George W. Ward, who has a large and lucrative law practice in Elizabeth City, is renominated Solicitor from the First Judicial District.

'02. Mr. P. R. Alderman, former editor of the STUDENT, is one of the sons in the firm of D. W. Alderman & Sons' Lumber Company, Alcalu, S. C.

'01. Mr. T. R. Taylor has a position with J. R. Reynolds & Sons, Winston, N. C. Mr. Taylor was for two years manager of the Wake Forest ball team.

'87. Mr. E. J. Justice, a very able lawyer of Marion, N. C., was one of the three State representatives in the American Bar Association at Saratoga Springs.

'02. Among the law students preparing for their license before the Supreme Court, August, 1903, are: Messrs. W. A. Dunn, J. C. Sikes, Jr., and Walter Keener.

'02. Mr. H. V. Scarborough is Professor of Latin and English in the Chowan Baptist Female Institute, of which his father, Mr. J. C. Scarborough ('69) is President.

'00. Mr. E. J. Britt, one of the successful applicants for law license at the August term of Court, is nominated for the Legislature to represent his home county, Robeson.

'01. Mr. Frank O. Huffman, after finishing a course in the Gallaudet College at Washington, D. C., leaves to accept a position in the Iowa Dumb School, Council Bluff, Iowa.

'97. Rev. H. H. Mashburn, formerly pastor of Walnut Street Church, Owensboro, Ky., is now pastor at Louisburg, N. C., having taken charge September 7. He graduated from the Seminary in May.

'02. Mr. C. E. McBrayer, one of the "*Immortal Seven*," has cast his lot in the West and is Principal of a very flourishing school in Sherman, Texas, which is known as the "Athens of North Texas."

'87. Mr. Fred H. Manning, Superintendent of the Alabama Institute for the Blind, attended the Raleigh Convention of Instructors of the Blind and made a visit to his old home in Gates County.

'02. Mr. W. L. Vaughan, who was Chief Editor of the STUDENT, succeeds Mr. J. Q. Adams, Jr., as assistant instructor in the Raleigh Male Academy. Mr. Adams ('01) leaves for the University of Chicago in October.

'02. Mr. D. W. Sorrell has been elected to succeed Mr. W. F. Powell as Principal of Fruitland Institute, Henderson County. Mr. Powell ('99) has decided to enter the ministry, and leaves for Louisville Seminary in October.

'84. Cong. W. W. Kitchin, of Halifax, is renominated for Congress, representing the Fifth District. Mr. Kitchin was appointed this summer by the National Democratic Committee to champion the cause of Democracy in the State of Maine.

'02. Mr. T. E. Brown, who was on the editorial staff of the STUDENT last year, is Professor of Latin and English in the Atlantic Collegiate Institute. Mr. P. S. Carlton ('99), who for three years has filled that position with credit, is studying law at Wake Forest.

'94. Mr. T. J. Pence is the very efficient Washington correspondent of the *Raleigh Morning Post*. Senator Proctor recently paid him a very high compliment in these words: "Mr. Pence is unquestionably the most reliable reporter at the National Capital, and had won his reputation by the fairness with which he has reported his interviews with the lawmakers."

'99. The STUDENT acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to the marriage of Mr. W. R. Rickman to Miss Gladys Hall, at the residence of the bride's parents, Caldwell Institute, N. C., on August 6. The STUDENT extends congratulations. After October 1st the happy couple (one) will take their leave for Stevensville, Montana, where Mr. Rickman goes to resume his work as pastor.

'98. The many friends of Mr. O. E. Sams will note with pleasure the following from the *Biblical Recorder*, September 3, 1902: "In July Rev. O. E. Sams, of Flag Pond, Tenn., was ordained by the Mars Hill School. Bro. Sams is a graduate of Wake Forest College and the Rochester Theological Seminary last May. With this excellent training is coupled a life of purity, godliness and graciousness of spirit. It is hoped that a North Carolina field may secure his services."

'75. Rev. J. A. White, who has presided so successfully over the Associational School for the last eight years, has declined to teach longer in the Taylorsville Collegiate Institute, and has accepted the Principalship of the Lenoir Academy, the Baptist school of Caldwell County, which will open September 9th with fine prospects of a large attendance. He is placing over each department thoroughly trained teachers, and with the excellent building and dormitory facilities he is determined to give rates and advantages second to none in Western North Carolina.—*N. C. Baptist.*

'02. Mr. E. R. Harris is doing a good work in the Flat River Association. He has the honor of being the first member of his class to heed the pleadings of Hymen. The following is from the *Raleigh News and Observer* of June 28, 1902: "The marriage of Rev. Edwin R. Harris, of Scott, Va., and Miss Sallie Rogers, will take place at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. W. C. Rogers, near Rogers' Store, in Wake County, on Wednesday, 30th. Miss Rogers is a charming young lady with many friends. The groom-elect, after graduating at Wake Forest College last spring, entered the ministry. Mr. W. C. Rogers, father of the bride, is one of the most prominent men in his part of the county, where he is a most successful farmer.

'02. The following is a correspondence from Henderson to the *Raleigh Morning Post*, August 18: "It seems that the Rev. R. P. Walker, of Wake Forest, has been peculiarly successful in the ministrations of the gospel the present season. At Island Creek church, near Williamsboro, he received in the church and baptized thirty-five persons as a result of a meeting held there during the month of July, assisted by Rev. W. F. Fry, of East Durham. It was the most successful meeting that has been held at that church in twenty years. Last night at the Harriett Mills an organization known as South Henderson Baptist Church was perfected with a membership of seventeen. At 5 o'clock in the evening, in the presence of a large assembly of people, he administered the ordinance of baptism by immersion to six persons who professed conversion at protracted services held at the Harriet Mills."

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

RAYMOND C. DUNN, Editor.

ENROLLMENT! 275.

SAY, HOW ABOUT that new stairway in the reading-room for Anniversary and Commencement tête-à-tête?

MISS DOZIER SCOTT, of Arkansas, is visiting the family of her uncle, Mr. George Gill.

YES, THE LABORATORY "NEWISH" has returned, but, alas, time has dealt harshly with him,—he is now an "old" man.

MR. AND MRS. HARVEY SEWARD, of Petersburg, Va., were the guests of Mrs. Seward's uncle, Dr. W. B. Royall, during September.

DR. G. W. PASCHAL has returned from Chicago, where he has been engaged during the summer as Instructor in Greek in the University of Chicago.

MR. E. W. TIMBERLAKE, JR., spent a few days on the Hill at the opening of the session, before going to Oak Ridge, where he resumes his duties as professor.

MR. AND MRS. W. C. POWELL and Mr. Louis Powell, of Savannah, Ga., have been on the Hill during September, the guests of Mrs. Powell's brother, Mr. Robert Royall.

MISS JANEY TAYLOR accompanied her sisters, Misses Agnes and Edith, to Oxford, where she entered them in the Oxford Seminary for Girls at the opening, September 4th.

MR. TOM BROWNE, OR PROF. BROWNE, as we shall now have to call him, was with us a few days at the opening, looking after his *private interests* before entering upon his *public duties* in the Eastern Institute of Elizabeth City.

AND ANOTHER OF last year's STUDENT editors has also decided that he is called to the fate and fortune of the pedagog. Mr. Roy Vaughan is now installed as professor in the Raleigh Male Academy. We wish much success to our predecessors in their new line.

MISSES PETTIE, JESSIE AND ROSA POWELL, of Savannah, Ga., spent the month of September on the Hill, the guests of their aunt, Mrs. T. E. Holding. Social life at Wake Forest is always at its height when these young ladies are here, and their popularity among the students never wanes.

AMONG OTHER illustrious alumni, who in the midst of their success found time to pay their yearly visit to the shrine of their alma mater, may be mentioned: Messrs. George Foote, Tom Taylor, Jim Royster, Walter Cohoon, Rob Powell, Charlie Alston, T. Neill Johnson, Tom Briggs, H. H. Mashburn, W. F. Fry, Frank Huffman and Paul Alderman.

AT A RECENT meeting of the Senior Class, Mr. David A. Covington was elected President; Mr. Earl B. Fowler, Vice-President; Mr. William H. Pace, Secretary; and Mr. E. M. Britt, Treasurer. Mr. Covington well deserves the honor which his class has thus conferred upon him, and with his equally able assistant officers there need be felt no fear for the future of the class of '03.

YOU WILL EITHER "have to hurry" about your dinner now, or else take it with you in a basket and eat at

"recess," for by the last catalogue some recitations extend into the afternoon even unto the seventh and eighth hours. Of course this is rather hard on the old students, but the new ones will feel that it is the same old "recess" which they so heartily enjoyed "in the little red schoolhouse by the road."

MISS HATTIE PUREFOY, only child of Mr. Bonus Purefoy, died at her home in Wake Forest, Sunday, August 31st. The funeral exercises were conducted by Drs. W. B. Royall and J. W. Lynch. Miss Purefoy was a student at the Baptist Female University last year, and was specially gifted with musical accomplishments. The STUDENT extends to the family its deepest sympathy in their great bereavement.

THE JUNIOR CLASS has elected the following officers for the coming year: Mr. Gaston S. Foote, President; Mr. Robert M. Dowd, Vice-President; Mr. Chas. P. Weaver, Secretary; and Mr. William C. Bivens, Treasurer. It is *rumored* that the Juniors are going to adopt automobiles as their class insignia, but we would suggest that they leave this for the Sophomores to do. It would be more like them.

OWING TO THE failure of Mr. R. H. Burns to return this fall, Mr. Eugene S. Greene has been elected Business Manager of the STUDENT for the coming year. Mr. Burns takes a position as Principal of an academy at Castalia, N. C. The STUDENT is fortunate in having such an efficient and capable business man as Mr. Greene at its head, and we bespeak for it unusual success along financial lines under his able management.

DR. J. W. LYNCH, who resigned the pastorate of the Wake Forest Church last Fall to accept a call from the

Baptist Church of Roanoke, Va., has been recalled here, and has resumed his duties as pastor. The congregation here was determined not to let Dr. Lynch go from among us, and was fortunate in again securing him for their church. On the part of the College and the STUDENT, we extend to Dr. Lynch and family a warm and most cordial welcome back into our midst.

NO, WE REALLY are not trying to leg, but we would just like to make our best bow to that same Library Committee we mentioned above. We are now up-to-date in all things pertaining to the library and reading-room, since now by the new arrangement the above "institutions" are running at full blast the entire day. This is indeed a great improvement on the old method of keeping open only a few hours in the afternoon, and such an arrangement is fully appreciated by the student body.

YES, WE CAN safely promise you a winning ball team this year. Hobgood, Sams, Dowd, Harris, Pace and Dunn, of last year's team, are back, and with a host of new men, who are showing up exceedingly well in practice, to draw from to fill the remaining positions, we need not worry about the outcome next seasou. Mr. John C. Sikes, Jr., manager, with the co-operation of Mr. James D. Proctor, assistant manager, will be sure to arrange a good schedule. However, we would suggest that "Dureems" be left off the list.

THREE CHEERS for the Library Committee, or whatever person or persons, powers or authorities, Trustees or Faculty, or whoever it may be, who has made such wonderful and needed improvements in the conveniences of the library and reading-room. In ye olden times, in order to get from the reading-room to the library, it was

necessary for us to go via the Society Hall steps; whereas, now there is a handsome stairway leading from the center of the reading-room to the library above. Then, too, in the library, a wide shelf running all around the railing of the *well*, affords the student a convenient place for consulting books and taking notes. We thank the committee for their thoughtfulness.

UNDER THE AUSPICES of the Y. M. C. A., a reception was given the new students on Saturday night, August 31st. After on address of welcome on the part of the Association by its President, Mr. H. E. Craven, Rev. J. W. Gough, of Manning, N. C., conducted the devotional exercises. Prof. Poteat made a short talk on the importance of Bible study, followed by Prof. Carlyle, who welcomed the students on behalf of the faculty and their wives. Dr. J. W. Lynch greeted them on behalf of the church, after which an informal reception was held in the Society Halls. In this manner the new men readily became acquainted, not only with one another and with the old students, but with the faculty and the citizens of the Hill as well.

WAKE FOREST HAS received quite an acquisition to its educational facilities in the Academy, which had its formal opening on Monday, September 15. The Academy is simply a consolidation of the several white public schools of the neighborhood, to be turned into a graded school in the near future. In fact, it begins work with three grades, its faculty representing the leading educational institutions of our State. At its head is Mrs. Chloe Blalock, a graduate of Chowan Baptist Female Institute, of Murfreesboro. Miss Sophie Lanneau, of the Baptist Female University, has charge of the Inter-

mediate Department, while Miss Eugenia May Harris, of the State Normal and Peace Institute, is in charge of the Primary Department. The School Committee, of which Prof. Sledd is Chairman, is to be commended for its tireless efforts on behalf of the children of the township, and to be congratulated on the success which they have attained.

FOURTEEN OUT OF SIXTEEN! What a glorious record! Yet these are the figures showing what the Law Class sent up from Wake Forest did at the Supreme Court in August. Out of fifty-four who applied to the Court for license, only thirty-two passed. Of these fourteen were Wake Forest men, leaving only eighteen successful applicants from the other law schools of the State. These figures are the best evidence of the great work that is being done in the Department of Law at Wake Forest, under the charge of Prof. N. Y. Gully, and assistant, Prof. S. F. Mordecai. The unusually large class is but another proof of the popularity of the law school. Prof. Gully states that the present class is the largest in the history of the Department, and expresses himself as well pleased with the work that is being done. At a recent meeting of the class a Moot Court was organized and the following officers elected: Mr. William W. Rogers, Judge; Mr. Pritchard A. Carlton, Clerk; Mr. W. Albion Dunn, Solicitor; Mr. John C. Sikes, Jr., Sheriff; and Mr. Walter Keener, Constable. "High-handed justice" finds no place in this Court, for these gentlemen are "learned in the law," and justice, pure and unadulterated, will be received at its hands.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXII. NOVEMBER, 1902. NO. 2.

LEFT ALONE.

G. W. PASCHAL.

Forty years ago this place was all alive,
A hundred negroes homespun clad were runniug here,
The yard and air were full of fowl, and from the hive
Swarmed bees; and squeals and bleats and lows and neighs made cheer.

And through this house my husband's welcome step was heard,
And children nine sat circled round the big log fire,
Or made our table glad with merry laugh and word,—
What joyous life, when hope and love the heart inspire!

Now all is hushed; the negro's song is heard no more,
No more the cackling geese, no more the cattle's low,
My good man long has trod upon a happier shore;
The world and duty called, I bade my children go.

In tumbling ivied ruins all the cabins stand;
A single negro drives a solitary plow
Across the field below, to turn the weedy land.
The days agone, the days agone, and now, and now!

The autumn sun is slanting on the vacant floor;
A woman old I sit alone, with scarce a friend
Except the little birds which flit close by my door,
And this dear Book, whose consolations never end.

ZOLA.

BY J. H. GORRELL.

By the recent death of Emile Zola there has disappeared from the literary world of France the last and, in many respects, the greatest representative of the Naturalistic school.

To give a sufficiently clear idea of naturalism it will be necessary to go back to the third and fourth decades of the last century, when, with the characteristic French manner of grouping literary activities, the so-called Romantic School was inaugurated under the guidance of Hugo, Mérimée, Gautier, and their colleagues. The object of this literary coterie was to counteract the dry, rationalistic, and colorless style and matter of the eighteenth century literature (always with the exception of Rousseau), and the lack of liberty and life in the ultra-classical productions. The broadest freedom in the choice and grammatical use of words, in verse-structure and in subject-matter; the full play of the imagination, and the use of all the resources of the language in attaining power of description,—such were the main efforts of the Romantic leaders. But with many of their followers liberty became license, imagination ran riot, and vague, pompous, highly colored attempts at descriptive force took the place of simple narration. Musset and Sainte-Beuve withdrew their allegiance to the school, and though Hugo kept up his devotion to its principles till his death in 1885, yet the influence of Romanticism as a distinct literary force was almost extinct about the middle of the century.

As a natural result, the writers who now came into popularity proceeded to the opposite extreme, declaring

that in place of vague, imaginative, highly colored descriptions there should be substituted the clear, exact, photographic representation of real life; the intensely subjective character of the Romantic works was to give way to unadorned, objective narration. It must not be assumed that there was absolute dearth of warmth and color in these writings, for the works of both Flaubert and Daudet would give the lie to such an assertion, but the fact is that there was a distinct preponderance of cold, analytical description.

Of this school of Realism, or more exactly, Naturalism (an exaggerated form of Realism), Zola was the universally acknowledged leader, and he became perhaps the most popular writer in France during the 80's, the epoch of special naturalistic activity.

Emile Zola was born in 1840, of an Italian family. For a number of years he wrote for various journals with slight success, and like failure attended his efforts at dramatic composition. He then turned to fiction. A few novels and short stories attained some degree of favor, but Zola's fame as a novelist begins with and will probably ultimately rest upon that series of twenty or more realistic romances called *Les Rougon-Macquart*, projected about 1870 and brought to a conclusion in 1893. These novels, giving a faithful description of certain phases of French life anterior to and contemporary with the fall of the Empire, are concerned mainly with the histories of the Rougon family, a coarse race of upstarts who by means of wealth and political favor attain extensive influence under the corrupt régime of Napoleon III., and of the Macquarts, a family of competent artisans, who by the disastrous effects of inherited weaknesses and evil tendencies come to ruin and degradation.

Among these novels perhaps the most popular are *L'Assommoir* and *La Débacle.* In *L'Assommoir* the reader finds a most cruel and pathetic contrast between the simple, affectionate life of a young family and the awful effects of drink in ruining the father and hurling the wife and daughter into poverty, degradation, and death. No more effective temperance story has ever been written. *La Débacle* ("the collapse") deals principally with the Sedan campaign. In its intensity and vivid realistic power, and tremendous epic sweep, it is scarcely surpassed by any other work of its kind in any literature. The Rougon-Macquart series attained almost unprecedented popularity in France, the average circulation varying between 80,000 and 110,000.

A later series of novels by Zola, *Lourdes*, *Rome* and *Paris* (1893–1898) is rather psychological in its main features, detailing the superiority of good works over formal observance or implicit faith.

Critical estimates of Zola's works are numerous and various. At the one extreme is Anatole France, who declares: "Never was there a man who has made such an effort to degrade humanity, to insult every image of beauty and love, to deny all that is good. Never has a man so misconstrued the ideal of men." On the other hand, the great impressionist critic, Jules Lemaitre, observes: "If the paintings of M. Zola are systematic and excessive, it is by that very reason that they are imposing, and if they are often horrible they are so with a high degree of power, grandeur and poetry, for M. Zola is an epic poet, a pessimistic poet."

Zola's chief literary faults are an almost entire lack of humor, the presence of a dark and morbid pessimism, a want of the highest artistic style and finish, and a seem-

ing tendency to place into prominence that which is earthly, sensual, devilish. But, on the contrary, it must be remembered that he wrote with all the zeal and tremendous fervor of a would-be reformer, that he makes up for his failure in point of stylistic beauty by the mad and swift rush of sonorous words and ponderous phrases, and by his almost unsurpassed facility in dealing with large masses of men, things, and events; and that, with all the prominence of the low and horrible, he never panders to an evil taste, he never makes vice attractive.

It is scarcely necessary in this article to call attention to that recent act of sublime heroism, when, in the face of universal opposition, of governmental displeasure, and threats of violence and imprisonment, Emile Zola stood forth as the champion of an oppressed race and lashed, with all the fury of a past-master in denunciation, those vile creatures of a debauched civil and military power who condemned the innocent Dreyfus.

What may be the final judgment of posterity it will be difficult to predict. There is, however, little doubt that at least a half-dozen of his best works have already achieved immortality, and that their author will stand forth as one of those Titanic natures who, by sheer force of will, impressed his character indelibly upon modern French literature, and by means of thorough exposure of evils did his part in cleaning out the Augean stables of French life, and crowned his work by a generous and daring deed worthy of being extolled by all generations to come.

THE WAVERFORD-TRENTON GAME.

BY RAYMOND C. DUNN.

"No, sir, I will not play to-morrow if James Carter is chosen as catcher. I know you fellows think I'm awfully bull-headed, but I don't like the fellow and I just vow I won't pitch to him," said Eugene Haywood in a decisive tone.

"Well, Haywood, you know that the whole game depends upon you, and if you shake us in this manner, what else can we expect but a repetition of the walloping we received last year? And as for me, I had almost rather die than have those Trenton fellows crowing over us again this year. How can you stay out of the game? Won't you play just for the sake of the old college and the love you have for the orange and crimson? Come on, old boy, if Carter makes the team, throw aside your hatred of him and be with us to-morrow," pleaded Bob Craige, the captain of the team.

It was the night before the first of April. On the next day Waverford and Trenton were to meet in Ralston for the first game of the season. Last year Trenton's team had beaten the supporters of the orange and crimson, evening up their own defeat of the year before. This was the third and last game of the series, and both sides were exerting every possible effort to win.

Eugene Haywood's room was crowded with his friends. Chairs, bed, boxes, and even the table, were loaded down by excited boys of all descriptions, eagerly looking forward to the decision of the Athletic Committee, which was holding a meeting in the new gymnasium for the purpose of selecting the members of the Waverford ball

team. All of them had put their whole souls into the practice and training, and each hoped to be rewarded by seeing his name appear on the list which was to be posted early the next morning.

Last year the only weak place on the team was catcher's position, which was held by Ralph Donald, Haywood's room-mate, and, because of their friendship, Haywood wished Donald to be chosen again this year. However, James Carter had made considerable improvement since last year, and was thought by many to be much the better catcher.

Early the following morning, with quick and eager step boys were seen coming from all parts of the campus, making their way towards the bulletin board. Breakfasts were left untouched or half-eaten, collars and neckties discarded, and coats thrown across the arm, in the mad rush for a good place near the "old tree," where the names were to be posted. Soon a cry was heard from some straggling students, "Atz is coming! Atz is coming! Make way for Atz!" and the crowd at the tree took up the cry as a large athletic figure was seen coming up one of the walks. With a pleasant smile to all, he made his way through the excited crowd, and began tacking a large strip of paper on the "old tree." Hardly had the last tack been placed when those nearest the tree began shouting, 'Carter gets catch!" "Sorry for Donald!" "Bully for Carter!" and such like exclamations.

"Well, that decides me," said Haywood, who was on the outskirts of the crowd, talking to Craige. "Sawyer will have to pitch the game. I vow I won't do it."

"You will, at least, go over to Ralston to see the game, won't you?" asked Craige.

"Of course. I shall be at the game, and if anyone gets hurt, I'll be glad to take his place. Makes me sorry

for Donald, though, to be beaten out of his place that way," answered Haywood, as they walked on towards chapel.

All Ralston turned out to see the first game of the season. For years these two colleges had met in this Southern city in friendly rivalry for athletic and literary honors. At the last Thanksgiving Waverford had scored a brilliant triumph over Trenton in a hard-fought debaters' struggle for the handsome silver cup, and her supporters in athletics looked for a further victory on the diamond this afternoon, and, consequently, orange and crimson occupied a prominent place in the grandstand. Nor was Trenton without her supporters, for besides the delegation which accompanied the team, and her Ralston "rooters," the Beta Gamma Deltas from the Baylor Female University wore a big "T" side by side with their fraternity badge, and the "blue" floated freely from parasols, canes and improvised flagstaffs.

Waverford was in the field with Sawyer in the box. "Play Ball!" shouted the umpire, and Sawyer shot the first ball squarely across the plate. Trenton's man stepped forward and met it fairly. Swiftly it sailed high above third base and over the head of the left-fielder. On and on around the bases ran the man in blue. Second was passed and third was near at hand, and yet the ball had not been fielded. "Home it! Home it!" cried the Trenton coach, and putting forth every effort Stevens started for the coveted plate. The ball had left the hands of the fielder and was spinning through the air towards the catcher's hands. "Slide!" cried the coach, and Stevens threw himself full-face upon the ground and reached for the base. At the same instant the ball struck the catcher's mit. "Safe!" shouted the umpire. The grandstand

broke into tumultuous shouts. Trenton had made a home run!

Seated on the players' bench, Eugene Haywood witnessed the game as run by run Trenton added to her score, and yet the first inning was just over and Waverford was at the bat. He began to think what a fool he was acting; how mean it was; what an injury he was doing both himself and his college by refusing to pitch. "And, too, what has Carter done to me? He has always treated me like a gentleman, but I— why, come to think of it, I don't believe I've ever spoken to the fellow, and all because he is working his way through college, and doesn't wear as good clothes as I do. What would father think if he knew how I am acting? What would Dr. Norcum think? Wonder if Craige would let me go in next inning? But would Carter catch for me after I have treated him so? I don't believe he has any hard feeling towards me, though. I owe him an apology, and, by Jove, I'll make it, too, and then ask Craige to let me play," and jumping to his feet he ran over to where Carter was standing, and throwing his arm around him and extending his hand, said, "Carter, I have come to apologize. I've always treated you like a cur, but, by Jove, you are more of a gentleman than I by a thousand times. Will you shake hands and be friends? And will you catch for me if Craige will let me go in next inning!"

"Of course, I will gladly do both, Haywood," responded Carter, as he took the extended hand and gave it a warm, friendly clasp.

"Say, there, have you fellows made up? Why, I'll be dogged if I care how many runs Trenton has made so long as you two are all right with each other. Throw

off your sweater, Haywood, and go in the box," continued Craige, as the scorer called "Side out!" "We must get a hustle on us to even up that score. Five to nothing! Whew! That'll never do. Do your best, Haywood; we need all the speed you have; so let out."

"One strike!" "Two strikes!" "Three strikes! Man's out!" cried the umpire, as Haywood shot three balls across the plate in quick succession. Haywood was at his best and the side was retired without a run.

The boys of the "orauge and crimson" took courage, and the end of the eighth inning found them only one run behind Trenton. The boys in "blue" were out in one, two, three order, and Waverford faced the bat for the last time.

"Here's where we must win out, boys. Hit hard, and run fast," was Craige's encouraging advice as Sams took his place at the bat.

"A hit! a hit!" yelled the rooters, as the ball went skimming over short-stop's head and "Knotty" went speeding to first.

"Safe on second! Out at first!" shouted the umpire as, a moment later, the ball went boundiug to third base. It was too late for a double, and the ball went to first.

"One strike!" Ball one!" Strike two!" "Strike three! Man's out!" came in loud tones from the umpire, and Carter threw down his bat.

"You're up, Haywood, and a hit means a run aud a tie," yelled Craige from the scorer's bench.

There was a look of determination on Haywood's face to atone for his faults in the beginning, as he took his place at the bat. The first ball came too high and he let it pass. The second was called a strike. The next was too low, but he made a sweep at it and missed.

Advancing his body slightly he caught the next nearly on the end of his bat. Out and upward it went, tearing through the air far above center-fielder's head. It looked as if it had suddenly taken new force and was making its way to the very sky. "Come in, Sams!" "Home it, Knotty!" "Make third, Haywood!" came the cries from the crowd as the boys speeded around the bases. "A tie! a tie!" they shout, as Sams crosses the plate. But no—the ball has not yet been fielded. Haywood is on third and starts for home. The fielder picks up the ball, balances himself for the throw; the ball leaves his hands. Haywood is nearly home. The ball reaches second. Caswell turns and sends it home like lightning—but, a desperate plunge, a phenomenal slide, and Haywood has touched the plate. "Safe!" shouts the umpire, and the game of '02 is won.

FATHER RYAN.

BY T. W. BREWER.

The exact date and place of Father Ryan's birth are not yet definitely settled. It is very probable that he was born in Ireland about 1835. From the most reliable information that can be obtained, it is learned that Father Ryan went to St. Louis with his parents when a lad of some seven or eight years. There, under the tutorship of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, he advanced rapidly. His thoughtful mien and modest look soon won for him the respect and friendship of his teachers and the esteem of his companions. Discerning eyes soon recognized in the mild youth the germ of a future calling to the priesthood. The youth himself bent all his energies toward acquiring the necessary education to fit him for entering upon the exalted vocation to which he aspired and, at a very early age, entered the ecclesiastical seminary at Niagara, New York. The heart of the youth, as he started for his future home, was all aglow with the fervor that animated him in the pursuit of his high and holy purpose. He entered the seminary leaving no regrets or attachments behind him. One thing only did he appear to regret—separation from home and the loved ones to whom he had bid so affectionate an adieu.

Having passed through the usual course of studies in the seminary with distinction, Father Ryan was duly ordained priest, and soon afterward entered upon the duties of active missionary life. But little was heard of him until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he entered the Confederate Army as a chaplain. He was

then stationed at Nashville, afterwards at Clarksville, Tennessee, and still later at Augusta, Georgia, where he founded the "Banner of the South," which exercised great influence over the people of that section, and continued about five years, when Father Ryan was obliged to suspend its publication. He then moved to Mobile, Alabama; he was appointed pastor of St. Mary's Church of that city in 1870, and continued in that position until 1883, when he obtained leave of absence to make an extended lecture tour of the country to further a praiseworthy and charitable undertaking of great interest to the South. It was while engaged in this mission that Father Ryan received his death summons.

During all these changes and journeyings, the busy brain of Father Ryan was incessantly employed, expending itself in composing those immortal poems, which have won their way to the hearts of all men. Like all true poets, Father Ryan touched the tenderest chords of the human heart, and made them respond to his own lofty feelings and sublime inspirations.

Of his priestly character but little need be said. Doubtless he had his faults, and perhaps not a few, for "the best of men are only the least sinful." But as far as is known he had no serious defects or blemishes that would mar the beauty or disturb the harmonious grandeur of his character in its entirety.

Father Ryan's was of an open, manly personality, in which there was no dissimulation. His generous nature and warm heart were ever moved by kind impulses and influenced by charitable feelings, as became his priestly calling. We may readily believe him when he tells us he never wrote a line for hate's sake. He was a man of deep conviction and a strict adherent to principle, or

what he conceived to be principle, for we find him long after the war still clinging to its memories and slow to accept its results, which he believed were fraught with disaster to the people of his section. A Southerner of the most pronounced kind, he was unwilling to make any concessions to his victorious opponents of the North which could be withheld from them. Nor did he become reconciled until the oppressed people of the South were restored to their rights, and the great heart of the North went out in sympathy towards them in their dire affliction during the awful visitation of yellow fever in Memphis and elsewhere. Then it was that he took down his harp, which for years had hung on the weeping willows of his much-loved South, and, with renewed vigor and strength of heart, again touched its chords and drew forth in rich tones his grand poem, "Reunited"—

"Yet o'er the Southland crept the spell,
That e'en from out its brightness spread;
And prostrate, powerless, she fell,
Rachel-like, amid her dead.
Her bravest, fairest, purest, best,
The waiting grave would welcome as its guest.

"The Northland, strong in love, and great,
Forgot the stormy days of strife;
Forgot that souls with dreams of hate
Or unforgiveness e'er were rife.
Forgotten was each thought and hushed;
Save—she was generous and her foe was crushed.

"Thou givest back my sons again,
The Southland to the Northland cries;
For all my dead, on battle plain,
Thou biddest my dying now uprise:
I still my sobs, I cease my tears,
And thou hast recompensed my anguished years."

From Catholics and Southerners, Father Ryan's poems have received praise unstinted, and criticism without dis-

crimination. The literary cliques, which rule the English-speaking realm of books, will not notice them, but it is surely a favorable sign when the people take up a poet's cause against neglectful or incompetent critics, as they are now beginning to do. We would like to hear from the critics, although it is almost certain he would fare ill at their hands, not being one of the lucky poets whose name will resound in human society a thousand years hence. He himself called his poems "verses," and was satisfied to think they might be "true in tone," though "written at random—off and on, here, there, anywhere—just when the mood came, with little of study and less of art, and always in a hurry." Poetry written in this fashion will necessarily make no claim to superlatives in description and criticism. Father Ryan never made poetry his vocation, he remained from first to last the priest of his mission.

The essential gifts of the true poet were innate in him. The indications are that had he exercised his powers to their utmost, another American poet would have shared the laurels of Poe. His poems, as a whole, show rather what he was capable of than any particular excellence. The chief merits of his poems would seem to be the simple sublimity of his verses; the rare and chaste beauty of his conceptions; the richness and grandeur of his thoughts; and their easy, natural flow. For illustration, it might not be amiss to quote a few verses right here:

"I saw night
Digging the grave of Day;
And Day took off her golden crown,
And flung it sorrowfully down."

"The brook that down the valley
So musically drips,
Flowed never half so brightly
As the light laugh from her lips."

"The surest way to God
Is up the lonely stream of tears."

"And many a flower was blooming there
In beauty, yet without a name,
Like humble hearts that often bear
The gifts, but not the palm of fame."

"Life is a burden—bear it;
Life is a duty—dare it;
Life is a thorny crown—wear it."

"Better a day of strife than a century of sleep."

These quotations are taken at random from his poems and could be multiplied at pleasure. They prove his genius. Such poems as the "Song of the Mystic," "De Profundis," "The March of the Deathless Dead," "Sentinel Songs," "Tears," and "The Prince Imperial" indicate the possession of that half-prophetic spirit which is never denied to the true poet. In addition to those mentioned above, his most perfect poems are—"The Conquered Banuer," "The Sword of Robert Lee," "Erin's Flag," "Nocturne," and "Their Story Runneth Thus."

Father Ryan's poems do not possess the majestic grandeur and elaborate finish of the great masters, his style is not that of Milton, nor is it that of Shakespeare, nor, least of all, that of Dante, neither is his style like that of any one of the several leading American poets, though some have said that it resembles that of the highly-gifted Poe. It is impossible to say what place he will occupy in the "Temple of Fame," though we believe that an enlightened public sentiment will accord to him a high position. He must stand as a singer by himself not for comparison; any attempt to give him a pedestal

with other poets would be fruitless. This he understood himself.

"I sing with a voice too low
To be heard beyond to-day,
In minor keys of my people's woes,
But my songs pass away.

Tomorrow hears them not—
Tomorrow belongs to fame;
My songs, like the birds, will be forgot,
And forgotten shall be my name."

Though the South may claim Father Ryan as her son of genius, whose heart beat in sympathy with her hopes and her aspirations, and of whose productions she may well feel proud, yet no section owns him, since he belongs to our common country, and in a certain sense to mankind. All sections will unite in doing honor to his memory, which is associated with grand intellectual triumphs, won by the union of the highest gifts of the Creator—the union of religion and poetic genius, the former the source and inspiration of the latter.

Father Ryan also won distinction as an orator, a lecturer, and an essayist, having contributed to several of the leading journals and magazines of the country. His oratory was not of the cold and unimpassioned kind which falls upon the ears, but fails to make an impressiou on the heart. It is not claimed that all his discourses were up to the highest standard of literary excellence, or above the test of exact criticism. Some of his efforts did not dear evidence of deep thought or careful and exhaustive preparation, but all exhibited warmth of soul and earnestuess of pnrpose.

His health for many years before his death was such that it would not permit of his engaging in laborious

mental work. And yet he labored much and spoke often; for his zeal and mental activity were greatly in excess of his strength. Had his physical powers corresponded to his rare mental endowments, the value of his productions, great as it now is, would have been enhanced.

On 23rd of April, 1886, the final moment came, and Abram J. Ryan, priest and poet, beloved of all who knew him, passed quietly away.

A WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

BY GEORGE J. SPENCE.

It happened some twenty years ago, when I was reporter for the *Cincinnati Evening News*. A disastrous fire had destroyed one of the principal blocks of the city, and as I was tired out from my work of investigating I dropped into a restaurant to get a "snack" before reporting to the office.

I called for a full supper, and soon had a spread around me that a king might envy. Suddenly in tripped a ragged little newsboy and took a seat opposite me at the same table. From my experience with these little fellows, I was not surprised when he called for a plate of beans and a cup of water. My heart went out in sympathy for the poor little wanderer as I thought of the thousands in his condition roaming the streets.

The waiter came at my beck, and I whispered to him to duplicate my order for the lad. When the supper was brought in and placed before the little waif he acted as if he were in a trance. He gazed open-mouthed at the feast, then at me. His hunger soon overcame his bewilderment, however, and he ate as if he were famished.

As soon as he had finished eating he reached his hand in his pocket and pulling out a nickel pushed it across the table towards me.

"Take this, mister," he said, "it is all I got. This is the best spread I ever had in my life."

After paying the waiter, I placed the boy's nickel on a silver dollar and pushed it back across the table to him.

"Boy, here is enough to get you a place to sleep tonight and a breakfast in the morning. Good-by."

But the little fellow ran after me and overtook me a short distance down the street.

"Here, mister," said he, "you take both these pieces and when you see another little devil like me, nearly starved to death, you buy him a supper, and they tell me down at the Mission that 'God will pay you back some day.' Mister, what is your name?"

Pulling a card out of my pocket I handed it to him and passed on. Quick as a flash he turned on his heels and in a moment the noble, generous-hearted lad was lost in the crowd. In a few minutes I had forgotten all about the little occurrence.

Years rolled by and the paper for which I was working went the way of a great many others, and was no more. One day I found myself in New York without a cent. Friendless and hungry, I had walked the streets for many days hoping that I might get something to do. I had already been turned down by six papers with the simple answer that they had all the reporters needed. Suddenly my eye was attracted by a magnificent building with this sign suspended in front of it, "New York Daily News." "Here, said I, is my last chance. If I don't get work here I will die of starvation."

Feebly I hobbled up the steps and knocked at the door. "I would like to see the editor," I said. "Sorry," replied the office boy, "but the editor is out just now. The proprietor is in his office, you may see him if you wish. Knock at the third door to the left."

In response to my knock I was ushered into the presence of the best specimen of humanity I believe I have ever seen. Something seemed to tell me I had seen this person before, but when and where I knew not. Seating myself at his bidding, I told him my situation and explained my business. He asked me a few questions about my experience and then turning to his desk, he was busily engaged in writing for a few minutes. Tears

were trickling down his cheeks. "Here," said he, "is a check for five hundred dollars. This will furnish you a room and pay the rent for it. And here is another check for one hundred dollars, the amount of your first week's wages."

Amazed, is hardly the word to express my feelings. I looked at the name on the checks. It was James Hart. Surely I had never seen nor heard that name before. Then I looked at the man and tried in vain to recall his face.

Turning to me he said, in a broken voice: "John Kane, perhaps you have forgotten the time you gave a supper to a little dirty newsboy in Cincinnati, but I haven't. A merciful Providence has given me the opportunity to repay in part that act of kindness. I am that little newsboy."

Then, as my memory travelled backward through many years, I again sat opposite a little forsaken outcast in a Cincinnati restaurant, and saw that noble-hearted lad refuse to accept charity from me, with the simple request that "when you see another poor little half-starved devil like me, give him something to eat."

Another flight of years has taken place and the *New York Daily News* has steadily gained place and power until now it is the most powerful factor in the daily life of that great city. And what is still better, the name of the firm is "Hart and Kane."

Often, when working at my desk, I look across at my partner, Mr. James Hart, and see a wistful look steal across his furrowed cheek as he thinks of that little scene in the Cincinnati restaurant.

And I can go about my work with a stronger faith when I remember how true his words have come, "God will pay you back some day for your kindness."

ALEXANDER POPE AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ANTI-ROMANTIC MOVEMENT.

JAMES M. JUSTICE.

Pope, the foremost literary character of his day, was born of devout Roman Catholic parents, 1688, at a time when persecution against this sect was most bitter. His father was very poor, and about all the heritage that came to him was some books, pictures and medals from his aunt and godmother, Mrs. Cooper.

At an early age the family removed from London to Binfield, where most of the young poet's early life was spent. He inherited headaches from his mother and a crooked form from his father. The family tradition represents him as a sweet-tempered child, and says that he was called the "little nightingale" from the beauty of his voice. As the sickly, precocious lad of elderly parents, we may suppose that he was not a little spoilt.

He was not allowed to go to a Protestant school, but was placed under a priest and later sent to Twyford, where he got into trouble for writing a lampoon on his master. He was sent to another school in London where he soon showed signs of his coming strength as a writer, but by the age of twelve we find him back at home reading so eagerly things which delighted him that at seventeen he despaired of his health and wrote a farewell to his friends. However, his physician prescribed idleness and he soon recovered. His studies were taken up again but with no system, and we see him going wherever fancy led, "like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods." It is needless to say that he never became a scholar, strictly speaking. Voltaire declares that he could hardly speak or read a word of French. He read much

but only for style. Of nature, history, science, or anything except the town, he knew nothing nor cared to know.

One thing is noticeable in all his study—fixedness of purpose. He early decided to be a poet and we see him looking continually to this end. Walsh told him, when a mere child, that we had had great poets but never one great poet that was correct and, accordingly, advised him to make correctness his great aim. That these precepts were carefully followed may be seen in any of his lines. The sole path to eminence open to him was letters. He was cut off from the Bar, the Senate, and the Church. Physically contemptible, politically ostracised, and in a humble social position, he could yet win his way with his pen to the highest pinnacle of contemporary fame.

His life may be divided into three periods. During the first thirty years he wrote various kinds of verse like the "Essay on Criticism" and the "Rape of the Lock." The middle period of his life was marked by his translations of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. In his third period he wrote moral and didactic poems like the "Essay on Man," and satires like the "Dunciad."

He was a classicist, believing that the strict adherence to certain rules was more important than genius. What he wished to say counted for nothing, how he said it, all. His favorite way of writing is embodied in the rhyming couplet, of which these lines are an example:

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing,
> Drink deep or taste not of the Pierian spring."

His father often corrected his verses, and when not pleased with them he often sent them back with the phrase, "These are not good rhymes." He never ex-

pressed a thought as it first came to him, but reduced it to its simplest form by the most careful reflection and study. Condensation, terseness, neatness and finish were everything. To improve his mind or enlarge his views of the world were things unknown to him. Any idea or thought such as custom or chance might suggest were good enough, but each idea must be turned over and over until reduced to its neatest and most epigrammatic expression.

He had a creative mind, and when he wanted to give additional life to the "Rape of the Lock" we see him creating myriads of fairy-like sylphs and gnomes. His lines are characterized by artificiality and lack of animation. What they want is inspiration and soul of expression.

The "Essay on Criticism" is a good illustration of what Pope says himself about his inteutions in writing; that is, not to say some new thing but to express best what has been said oftenest. From this point of view the poem is a remarkable one, and no writer has, save Shakespeare, in an equal number of lines said so many things that have passed into current quotation. All of us are familiar with,

> "To err is human, to forgive divine,"

And,

> "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

The dominant figure in Pope's day was the Wit. The Wit—taken personally—was the man who represented what we now describe by culture or the spirit of the age,

> "True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

It is strange that the author who could pen such lines as Pope should be given to double dealing and stratagem,

but Leslie Stephen says of him "that he would instinctively snatch at a lie, when a moment's reflection would have shown him that the plain truth would be more convenient, and, therefore, he had to accumulate lie upon lie, each intended to patch up the other." In spite of such failings he had some admirable traits. He showed the world what careful workmanship and indomitable will could accomplish. His devotion to his aged mother makes us forgive him for many of his mistakes.

From a financial point of view his translations were the most successful, bringing him nine hundred pounds, but we read them very little to-day—while Homer abounds in concrete illustrations, Pope likes circumlocution and abstraction. When the former speaks of "herds of swine" and "skins," the latter denominates them as "bristly care" and "furry spoils." Horace in his epistles and satires was the patron saint of the classical school. Anything strange, emotional or improbable to the mind was very unpopular with them. This was due largely to French influence.

He liked to take subjects of national interest and clothe them in plain simple language. In the "Essay on Man" the chief merit consists in throwing into polished form many of the views current in the time. Before going very far we find such lines as,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

And,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

For a long time there was considerable dispute as to whether Pope's verse is genuine poetry. He has not a strong imagination, keen feeling or wide sympathy with man, but he is the poet who best expresses the classical spirit of the eighteenth century, and as such many think he will have a permanent place in literature.

"OLD BLACK JOE."

BY GASTON S. FOOTE.

Soon after the close of the Civil War many Southern people lived in the little Northern town of X. They had come to this little village, not through choice, but in the hope that here they might in some way find better advantages for making a livelihood than in their own devastated Southland. Although the war had left them homeless and penniless, although they were sick of the condition of affairs in the South, yet it was with sad and heavy hearts that they moved to their enemy's country. One of these dwellers in a strange land was Hamilton McRary. He was a bright young fellow, and he had a face that called for more than one look—frank and honest, and his dark, clear eyes betrayed at a glance a kind and sympathetic heart.

One morning as Hamilton was going to work, whistling merrily and thinking of his plans for the future, he saw an old negro man walking slowly up the street. He was a typical Dixie darkey, and seemed out of place in that busy little town. His whole person spoke of deep poverty. His clothes were so old and patched that it was difficult to tell their original color. A faded bandanna was tied around his neck, and his feet were protected only by the uppers of wornout shoes. His bald head was fringed with gray hair, and his face was partially covered by a thin grizzly beard. Notwithstanding his poor clothing, one could see attempts at tidiness; and he carried himself with an air that showed he was, or, rather, had been, the slave of some Southern master. He had no baggage except a bundle resembling very much a large frying pan

with a handle about two feet long. This was securely wrapped in an old faded curtain, and it seemed to be precious, for the old negro carried it carefully and every few minutes stroked it as one would a pet animal. Hamilton's heart at once went out to that old Southern relic, and with his Southern impulsiveness he led him to his home and gave him breakfast.

The old darkey was very quiet. He seemed to be looking for something all the time, and never to see the things close at hand. When spoken to he would give a reply almost unintelligible, but he never spoke unless first addressed. Hamilton soon discovered that the old man's mind was gone, and he then took more interest in him than ever.

After Joe, for that was the negro's name, had finished his breakfast, he placed his bundle across his lap and gently unwrapped it. It contained nothing more than an old banjo, and that old banjo was all the old man cared for. It was the only friend of which the war had not deprived him. He was free. No one cared for him; and to his banjo he told all his griefs and sorrows, and good friend it was, it never wearied of hearing them.

After watching him fondle the banjo Hamilton asked him for a tune. His only respone was "Sarvent, master," and then he began to play.

Joe had hardly finished playing when a bright idea suggested itself to Hamilton. "Why not," he thought, "make this old negro help himself. Here he is without a cent and not able to work, but he can evermore knock a banjo and that always draws a crowd. I know what I'm going to do. I will get the town hall, have Joe give a concert to-night, charge fifteen cents admission, and then send the old fellow on his way rejoicing because of the few dollars added to his pocket. Good; no sooner said

than done," and off Hamilton went, full of his original idea.

In consequence of Hamilton's advertisement the hall was filled at the appointed hour. At eight o'clock the curtain rose, and on the stage were seen Hamilton and an old negro man. Shouts of laughter arose from the audience, but Hamilton was not in the least disconcerted. He introduced the negro simply as Joe and begged for the kindest attention of the audience during the performance. He then stepped back with, "Joe will now play."

Everybody became quiet and all eyes were turned upon Joe, but no movement toward playing was made by him. He sat perfectly still, except for the caressing of his instrument. He seemed totally ignorant of the faces before him and of where he was. The people became amused, and when some one from the rear of the hall shouted out "What's the matter with Dixie," a roar of laughter came from the whole audience—"Pick a tune, old ash-cake," "Show him a blue coat and he'll play," and many more remarks of similar nature came from the audience, but Joe heeded them not. Poor old man, his mind was gone. He knew not what was wanted of him. Hamilton gently led him off the stage, and on returning announced that the performance was postponed until the next evening, and that the tickets would hold good until then. The crowd left the building laughing loudly at Hamilton and his "Southern partner."

Another night and the hall was again crowded with a mirth-loving people. As the curtain was drawn, old Joe, supported by Hamilton, walked feebly to a chair in the center of the stage. The people began to laugh and applaud as on the previous evening, but Joe heeded them

not. He placed his banjo across his lap and drew his fingers over the strings. A few more touches and a shuffling of feet began out in the audience. Perfect time was kept, and Joe seemed to think that he was playing for an old-time "break-down." The old man's eyes were now bright. There was not the far-away look of the night before, and a pleasant smile played over his face. After his first piece he was loudly applauded. He pulled out his red handkerchief and wiped the beads of sweat from his brow, not forgetting to give his banjo an affectionate stroke in the meanwhile.

Joe is playing again and the audience, as before, are keeping time with their feet and almost threaten to have an old-time "break-down," when suddenly he passes from the old jig pieces to the minor strains of the "Fandango." Without the least change of strings, he passes from the "Fandango" to the old banjo songs of the South, and here he floods the Southern element of his audience with happy recollections. His playing is nothing wonderful, but it is such as quickens the memory of these Southern people in this Northern town. He is by no means a master of melody, and his instrument is nothing more than an old twanging banjo, but at such a time his banjo playing suggests more to them than any trained musician with the aid of a fine instrument could suggest. Joe is playing the old familiar tunes of their childhood, and this is their tender spot. As they hear these old plantation songs their minds go back to the good old days. They hear the corn-shucking songs, and the negroes singing as they return successful from a "'possum" hunt; memories of their boyish nights spent at the quarters pass through their minds; they recall the stories of "Brer Fox" and "Brer Rabbit"; the witches that ride the horses at night, the telling of the

"hant" tales that made them afraid to go back to the "Great House" alone. Joe passes from one old banjo song to another, linking them together and forming as it were a pauorama of the happy days in Dixie. All at once a clear, sweet voice is heard—Joe is singing. His voice is the sweet tenor of the Southern negro. It is as true and clear as if it were the voice of some young person instead of a man seventy years old. The old negro seems to put his whole effort into the song, and in it he tells the grief of his weary old life. Of the first stanza an attentive listener could catch words something like these :

"'Round de meadows am a-ringin'
De darkies' mournful song,
While de mockin'-bird am singin',
Happy as de day am long—
Where de ivy am a-creepin'
O'er de grassy mound,
Dar old massa am a-sleepin',
Sleepin' in de cold, cold ground."

As he sang on his voice became weaker and weaker, but he made a great effort to finish. Not a sound was heard from the audience. They were touched by his plaintive song, and an intense silence was kept to the end of the lines

"I try to drive away my sorrow
Pickin' on de old banjo"—

when it was broken by the sharp snapping of one of the banjo's string. As the string snapped the banjo fell from Joe's lap; his arms dropped to the sides of his chair and his head fell over upon his breast. After some minutes Hamilton approached the old man, but it was too late. His mind now would never more be clouded. His life went out with the snapping of his beloved banjo's string, and he had driven away his sorrow "pickin' on de old banjo."

STORIETTE DEPARTMENT.

IN UTAH.

BY R. G. LEWIS.

The sun was dropping rapidly behind the range of mountains, far to the west, and a brooding silence hung over the wide surrounding plain.

The bridle had fallen from my listless hands and hung upon the neck of the sturdy mustang that bore me slowly toward the camp, miles away.

Visions of the past glided before me, and I saw the lordly bison once more grazing here in all his careless freedom, or the long, white immigrant train winding its silent way westward, or heard the defiant yell of the savage rushing on the war-path.

My reverie was broken by a dark shadow looming up before me, and with a start I found myself before a great pyramidal pile of rough, gray stone. There it stood, the only object in that vast solitude, gloomy and majestic, like its Egyptian counterparts. What could be the meaning of this solitary monument, so far from the haunts of men? An awesome feeling stole over me, and I scarcely dare breathe lest some fearful presence hidden in those stones might arise to confront me.

Drawing nearer, I perceived a tablet on which were chiseled the words, "Erected by the United States Government to the memory of one hundred and fifty immigrants murdered here in the year 1857 by John D. Lee and his Indian allies." I removed my hat and bowed my head, for the place was sacred. Here human beings, with all their joys and sorrows, had died to satisfy the merciless rapacity of fiends. I glanced around in nameless terror. Perspiration broke out all over me and I shook like a leaf. The spot was haunted. It seemed that I could hear the crack of the rifles, the twang of the bows, the groans of the mothers as they saw their babes torn away and brained, and themselves cleft to the chin by the cruel tomahawk. I saw gray-haired men die fighting to the last, and beautiful maidens lift tear-stained faces in prayer even as bloody hands stretched their

flowing hair and the dripping scalping-knife gashed their pure brows. Cries of mortal agony and demoniacal triumph rose on the air. Then the vision faded and all was still.

On the other side of the pile was another tablet with this inscription standing out in large, bold letters that seemed to glow with an angry gleam, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." Never before had I received such a shock. All the awful power of an offended Deity seemed concentrated in that one sentence. Never before had I realized so deeply the majesty and infinity of God as when there flashed on my startled view far out on the lonely prairie, that terrible promise of vengeance.

The silence grew more oppressive, a great fear possessed me, and with a gasp of horror I rushed madly away.

THE EIGHTH SENTINEL.

BY GEORGE R. KORNEGAY, JR.

It was awfully hot that first night in July, but Jones insisted on keeping the store open, trade or no trade. I passed the time away playing checkers absent-mindedly with a one-legged Confederate soldier, whom everybody called Uncle John.

"Pears ter me, sonny, like yer mind am er ramblin'."

"Not at all, Uncle John; it's absolutely stationary. What made you think so?"

"Well, yer eyes look mighty like er 'Yank's' I saw dying; they's jes ez glassy ez his'n wuz."

"'A Yankee dying.' When did you see any Yankee dying? The war's been over forty years."

"Now, sonny, it pears ter me I knows what I'se talkin' 'bout, an' if yer'll jes keep still an' not turn this checker-board over, I'll proceed ter tell yer.

"I b'lieves when er man starts er book he starts off with 'I wuz.' Well, I wuz campin' 'round Richmond; that is, I wuz fightin' all day, an' er standin' guard most of the nights. The company I wuz belongin' ter had lost seven of the best pickets it had, an' ev'y one wuz stabbed in the heart with er knife, an'

nobody knowed who done it. Now, that sounds mighty unreasonable, but it's so.

"One day, ez I wuz soakin' er piece of hard-tack, the cap'n comes up ter me an' sez:

"'John, I wants yer to mount guard ter night. I hates ter have ter send yer, but this camp am boun' ter be guarded. Yer's the best picket I'se got, an' I b'lieves yer'll git the fellow what has killed so many of my men.'

"Now, sonny, lemme tell yer somethin', yer Uncle John ain't no coward, but that's one time he wuz skeert. But I knowed I had ter go, an' there wuz no way ter git out of it. Well, that evening I found the door of an' old stove on a dump heap an' put it under my shirt, right over my chest. I wan't er very purty sight, but I jest knowed no man wuz gwinter cut yer Uncle's heart bone out with er knife while that stove door wuz there, an' that wuz mighty comfortin', I kin tell yer.

"That wuz the loneliest night I ever stood guard. The stars had done gone ter bed, an' the moon wuz mighty sleepy, fer she kept goin' out. I wuz gittin skeerd, I tell yer, an' wusser ev'y time the moon went out, an' when it did light up there wuz er grave-yard right close ter where I stood guard, an' the tombstones looked mighty ghost-like. Ev'y now an' then er dog would howl over the other side of the grave-yard, an' I could feel the cold chills er runnin' down my back.

"'Bout four o'clock the moon come out good an' full an' I sorter felt better. I looked over towards the graveyard, an', laws er massy, I saw somethin' movin' in the grass. My knees begin ter knock together, but I managed ter cock my old gun. Terreckly a great big Newfoundland dog came out. I wuz mighty lonesome, so I called him. He came trottin' up ter where I wuz. I noticed that he walked mighty funny, but I 'sposed he had been shot, er somethin' like that. I wuz pattin' him on the head when, all of er sudden, he jes' jumped at my throat an' struck me right over the heart with er knife. I jump'd back an' blazed away. In er few minutes the whole company wuz out there, an' when we 'zamined the dog it wuz er Yankee officer. He wuzn't dead, but mighty nigh it. He never said er word, but jes' kept lookin' at the moon, an' his eyes wuz glassy, jes' like your'n a while ago.

"That wuz the narrowest escape I'se had, an' if it hadn't been fer that stove door breakin' that knife, I'd er been the eighth sentinel he'd killed. Ain't yer glad I wuzen't?"

I certainly was glad, no doubt about that, and when I closed the store that night I went along home with Uncle John, for I was afraid to go by myself.

A MORMON BELIEF.

BY R. G. LEWIS.

I stood on the side of one of the mountains that formed the lofty snow-capped Wasatch range, stretching away behind me. In the valley the white buildings of Salt Lake City stood bathed in sunshine. On the right, and losing itself in the distance, lay the broken plain. Far to the left the blue water of the Great Salt Lake lapped the sandy shore.

A bent woman toiled slowly toward me up the steep, gathering roots as she came. I approached and recognized her as one noted among the Mormons for her piety. Just then the wind came moaning and sighing through the deep ravines. It had an eerie sound, and I shivered. The old woman, grasping my arm with one hand and placing the other behind her ear, stood listening. Slowly the wind rose again, seeming to come from the mountain fastness. At first it was a faint murmur, which grew louder until it became as the sound of mighty wings, and then rushed shrieking into the valley. The aged woman sank on her knees and silently moved her lips in prayer. "Ugh! mother," I said, "that wind sounds ominous; a storm must be brewing in the mountains." "Hush! and mock not, my son," she replied. "Hark! do you hear them? It is not the wind, but the poor, poor souls of the lost, doomed to wander without rest until the Judgment, when God will pardon them." Then pointing a skinny finger to the great white dome of the Mormon Temple below, "Every night they gather there in hopeless misery, and at midnight the priests go there to pray for them."

Again the wind rose moaning, and as I turned away the old Mormon resumed her prayers for those in torment.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

H. E. CRAVEN, Editor.

College Spirit.

There has recently been a good deal of declaiming against the lack of college spirit among the students of Wake Forest, and there is undoubtedly just ground for complaint. As a body we do not give a sufficiently united support to those things that are of common interest to the student body. But before we complain too much let us try to find out what are the causes of college spirit being at such a low ebb.

In the first place, the college has no mess hall and but one dormitory of limited capacity. As a result the majority of the students, being forced to board and room at private boarding houses in every part of the village, seldom come into any closer relations with one another than class-room association. We are broken up into as many gangs as there are boarding places. We become segregated into boarding house cliques and groups whose interests are allowed to become predominant and which have a tendency to prevent our uniting on an occasion when college spirit should be abundant. Now, it may be easy to exaggerate the effect of the boarding house on the student body; perhaps we have done so. But there

can be no doubt of the fact that the students of Wake Forest can never know one another as intimately as they should; that they can never develop a public opinion of a very high order, or, in a word, become a unit in their support of what is to the best interest of the college, and also a unit in their condemnation of what is injurious, until they eat in a common mess hall and sleep in dormitories on the campus. There is nothing that develops common interests so much as a uniform plane of living. We believe that one of the greatest needs of the college is a "Commons' Hall" and more dormitories.

Another reason why college spirit is not as live as it ought to be, is that some students allow society loyalty to come between themselves and their fellow-students. Their loyalty, especially at the beginning of the college term, degenerates into a kind of partisan rancour, which estranges students of different society affiliations, and prevents the formation of friendships. This is not true of all students, but it is true of some in both literary societies, and in proportion as this number is large or small will it be difficult for the members of the different societies to meet one another on common ground.

Society loyalty is a good thing in its place, but when it is not temperate and considerate of the feelings of others, it is destructive to a healthful college spirit.

There are still other things that might be mentioned as an explanation of the lack of enthusiasm and loyalty among the students. One is that we have nothing in the fall term to arouse college spirit except the annual debate. This event generally receives good support, but it alone is not sufficient for a whole college term, for only a few men can possibly participate in it. We need football and tennis and other athletic contests, where the

muscle that is manufactured by compulsion in the gymnasium may be utilized for increasing the reputation of Wake Forest men as men physically as well as mentally. The two things go hand in hand in all the higher institutions of learning. Leaving out the one cripples the other, and leaves little room for the development of college spirit in its best sense. We are not pleading for the unlimited license of inter-collegiate games, but for a reasonable reign of college athletics during the fall term.

We believe that if these three things could be accomplished, viz.: Bringing all the students into college dormitories and into a college dining hall; keeping loyalty to our literary societies in the bounds of common sense and fairness; and reviving college athletics, especially football, there would be plenty of college spirit the whole year round at Wake Forest. This place should be alive with enthusiasm.

On Reading. A great many new men who come to Wake Forest are ignorant of some of the best books in the library, and also of the best method of reading. When they go to the library, they wander aimlessly around until the title of some book, or perhaps its attractive binding, catches their eye. They may take the book out and read it, or try to, but nine times out of ten it is not a book that they can get much out of, even if they read it thoughtfully, because there is nothing in their minds already to which the new knowledge can attach itself and thus become a permanent possession of the mind. All of us should read about things in which we are interested and at first tolerably familiar with, gradually extending our knowledge from the known to the unknown, and we should also keep in

mind always that the most profitable method of reading is the topical, that is, when we become interested in any subject, a noted man, or a particular period in history, for instance, we should read everything authoritative that we can find about them. Read all about and all around one subject and approach it from as many points of view as possible. This little advice may be unnecessary to most students, and may seem commonplace to others, but the habit of discussive, aimless, desultory reading is so common among young men that if through the editorial columns of THE STUDENT we can check this tendency in some, we shall be justified in mentioning it. The librarian, the older students, and the professors will be glad to suggest interesting and instructive books to those who need direction in their reading.

The Educational Movement and Mr. Walter Page's Book.

If there is one movement in the South, and especially in North Carolina, that every young man, no matter what his future profession may be, should keep up and get in line with, it is the tidal-wave revival of interest in education that is sweeping over us. The very fact that we are living in the midst of the movement, and that politicians have talked us nearly to death about it, may cause some of us to doubt the significance of it, and yet when we look at the sacrifices hundreds of young college graduates are making every year by going as teachers into destitute and ignorant portions of the State; when we see our leading educators spending their vacations attending educational conferences and addressing large public audiences on the needs of our people and the methods for improving on present conditions; and finally, when we see the attention this movement is re-

ceiving in the large magazines of the North, we can no longer doubt that the recent revival of education in the South is the most significant, widespread, and vital subject that has ever stirred the hearts of the people.

It is well for us to realize, however, that in order for this movement to be abiding, and not superficial in its results, every college-bred man, whether he be a teacher or not, must become an apostle of education. The quiet, pervasive influence of the individual, in whom the community has confidence, will be far more effective in creating a public sentiment in favor of education than the loud-mouthed harangue of the self-interested politician. We need now not so much talking about education as illustrations of what good schools and efficient teachers can do for society. And in order to have these, it is not necessary for every private school and academy to be inserted into a public school system, nor, as Mr. Walter Page would have it, for the denominational colleges to unite and form one university supported by all the people. There are many good things in Mr. Page's book, "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths," but his advocating the uniting of Wake Forest, Trinity, and Davidson into one institution, will not be considered seriously by many persons. Such a fusion is hardly practicable, for against it are the difficulties of combining the property interests, the traditions, and the endowments of the three institutions, besides the almost insurmountable difficulty of overcoming denominational friction. Few of us will agree with him that the denominational colleges have served their day, nor do we believe that the spirit of our leading denominational colleges is so narrow that our professors fear to expose the names of their books on religious questions. As for the one he men-

tions, "Literature and Dogma," that has been in the library at Wake Forest a decade or more.

Mr. Page utters a great truth in his address on the "Forgotten Man," when he says that the greatest undeveloped resources of the South are its uneducated men and women. The remedy for the illiteracy of our State he wisely puts in the following words: "A public school system generously supported by public sentiment, and generously maintained by both State and local taxation is the only effective means to develop the forgotten man, and even more surely to develop the forgotten woman." We would say "one of the most effective" instead of "the only effective means."

THE STUDENT exists for the good of the students and alumni of the college, and whenever the editors come across a book or a thought that all of us should get, we expect to call attention to it. We recommend this month, therefore, that every one read Mr. Page's, "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths," not for accepting every statement it contains without reserve, but for the light that it will throw on our educational problem.

EXCHANGES.

ABNER C. GENTRY, Editor.

It is with pleasure that we review the *Red and White*, of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. We wish to congratulate our friends on the decided improvements over last year; yet we do not wish them to think they have reached perfection: for by adding a few essays, stories, and verses still greater improvement may be made. With from three to five hundred boys to write, the *Red and White* can and should become one of the leading college journals of the South.

The Pine and Thistle, with its twenty-four pages of reading matter, shows no discredit to the young ladies of Red Springs Seminary, although its standard is not any higher than it was last year. The opening piece, "The Mistake of Her Life," is excellently written, and is a quite interesting story of an unmatched marriage. In "Sea Island Folk-lore," the writer certainly accomplished her task; for no one will say that she did not add one point of interest to her subject. The life of the negro, his habits and speech, when they have not been changed by the white people, are interesting to a Southerner, especially when described in such a readable way. The poetry and editorials, though short, are on a high plane of excellence.

The *Baylor Literary*, coming from the "Lone Star" State, was the first of our exchanges to reach us. One would judge from reading it that the editor, in getting out his magazine on time, had to publish some things that were not strictly up to the standard in this, his first issue. However, the *Literary* is far from being the weakest of our visitors. It contains two essays, "American Song" and "William Ewart Gladstone," of great merit. Of these, "American Song," replete with valuable thought, ornamented with beautiful language, and displaying a study which is seldom equalled in the contributions to college

magazines, is the best and, by far, the leading article of the issue. The author describes the sources from which American song-singers draw their material, and prophesies an exceedingly bright future for American verse in an interesting and attractive way. "Aim High," the only piece of verse, is very good, but not up to the usual merit.

It is with a feeling of interest that we peruse the *University of North Carolina Magazine*. While there are many commendable features about the magazine, we must say that it is not what the representative of a State University should be. However, the work is admirably divided and nicely arranged. The prospectus for the coming year is very promising; but no one, who has ever tried it, can realize the task of getting up a college journal and publishing only such matter as will stand the test of usefulness. The two essays, "Morgan's Death" and "The Influence of Lyly and Greene upon the Pastoral Comedy of Shakespeare," show decided work on the part of the writers. They contain points of merit, and the latter is of great value to students of literature. "The Wreck" is a short story unworthy of publication in a college journal, and especially in one which has the standing of the *University Magazine*.

From the West comes the *Central Collegian*. Its green-colored cover especially invites our attention, and when we look through its pages we find many points of humor which are splendid in arousing drooping spirits and breaking the monotony of extended dry essays. The several departments are well gotten up and show that they have live, energetic men at their head. However, under the head of Literary, much improvement can be made. The essay on "John Milton" is far below the standard. The writer surely was not familiar with this great blind poet. "Held Up," the only story of the number, is well written and interesting. Its most commendable feature, however, is that it is out of the usual run of stories for college magazines. In the realm of poetry there is not a single contribution. For a College magazine to live and prosper and be a great ornament to the institution which it represents, it must contain a proportional amount of poetry, fiction, and essay.

The October number of the *Emory and Henry Era* contains some interesting and readable stories, as well as some good attempts at poetry. The verse, however, on the whole, is not so good as the prose. "Miss Browne's Love Affair" is highly entertaining. It is a true picture of life and is beautifully conceived and set forth by the writer. "Home, the foundation of Republican Government," is a splendid oration, excellent both in thought and diction, burning with eloquence and overflowing with feeling. "A Post-Matrimonial Flirtation" is an intensely interesting story, well conceived and well written. We pronounce it best; but "The Search for a Long-lost Angel" is far from being a discreditable attempt at fiction writing. In fact, in some points it surpasses either of the other stories. Editorial Department is without interest. It pertains exclusively to Emory and Henry College.

CLIPPINGS.

PAID FOR IT.

One time I met a little maid
Who didn't seem one bit afraid;
We took a walk into the glade
Where sunbeams all about us played.
The meadows, rich with stalk and blade,
Bade us their winding paths invade
And gather flowers, e'er they fade;
The stalwart pine trees moaned and prayed,
As summer breezes through them played,
And 'neath them moved the faithful shade,
Which we, in truth, did not evade.
We talked, we laughed, we merry made;
Her smiles, it seemed, would never fade.
I said, "will you?"—and she obeyed—
I kissed her, kissed that saucy maid—
That fair, light-hearted, jolly maid.
But list! the kissing never paid,
For don't you know the little jade
Into my bank account did wade,
And with a scheming lawyer's aid,
Laid thirty thousand in the shade.
Ah! friend, there's danger in a maid
Who doesn't seem one bit afraid!

—*B. P. in The Emory and Henry Era.*

TENNIS SONG.

Sing ho! for the twanging racket,
Sing ho! for the summer breeze,
For the well served cut and the quick return
In the game of all grace and ease.

Sing ho! for the merry laughter,
Sing ho! for the man at the net,
For the Lawford stroke and the strong swift drive
In the struggle to gain the set.

Sing ho! for the agile body,
Sing ho! for the movement free,
For the curving ball and the steady nerves
In the struggle for victory.

Sing ho! for the cheeks of maidens,
Sing ho! for the ruddy glow,
For their hurrying feet and their eager eyes,
In the game of the long ago.

—*Exchange.*

Three are a crowd, and there were three
The girl, the parlor lamp and he.
Two are company, and, no doubt,
That's why the parlor lamp went out.

—*Exchange.*

THE FRESHMAN'S LETTER.

Dear Pa, down here in K. S. C.
I'm busy all the day
A working so and drilling—
It's worse than mowing hay.
Just now we're wearing Khaki suits,
But soon we'll dress in gray
With braid of black and lettered cap,
Indeed I'll look most gay.

I've joined 'bout six Societies
To learn to speak and such,
I'm also learning how to dance,
That helps you oh so much,
I'm playing foot-ball every day,
It makes me well and strong,
And lots of good I'm getting too
From shows that come along.

I go to Sunday School, Dear Pa,
To hear the teacher teach—
A mighty pretty girl goes there,
She's sweeter than a peach;
I'm reading books most all the time,
A law you often laid,
I'm reading 'bout a robber band
That stole a lovely maid.

I'm getting 'long just fine at school,
Can easy skip a class,
I study so and learn it all
I know I'm sure to pass;
Oh, my dear Pa, I love you so,
I hope you're well and strong,
I think of you 'most all the time,
For you I always long.

Dear Pa, I'm awful short on funds,
I owe a bill or two,
Please write a check to your dear son,
I beg, dear Pa, of you.
Dear Pa, I love, I love you so,
Please write to me real soon.
And please, oh please send me a check,
Dear Pa, do grant this boon.

—*Exchange.*

LAND OF THE ROSE.

Do you know of the land where the red rose is blooming,
The land of pomegranate and vine,
The land of the myrtle,
The blue-berried whortle,
The land where the jessamines twine?

Do you know of the land where the red rose is blooming,
The land of fig and agave,
The land of the ringing
Sweet voices and singing
Of seas by the Gulf's azure wave?

If you know of that land where the red rose is blooming,
You'll haste away early in spring,
You'll find its green mountains,
Brown streams, and clear fountains,
And care to the wind you will fling.

Then down in that land where the red rose is blooming,
You'll look in a maiden's blue eye,
And you'll love as you never
Did dream to love ever,
Then you'll bid all your wanderings good-bye.

—*Exchange.*

At the opposite end of the sofa
They sat, with vain regrets;
She had been eating onions
And he smoking cigarettes.

—*Exchange.*

LITERARY COMMENT.

ABNER C. GENTRY.

"A History of the American People" is the title of Woodrow Wilson's book, which is to make its appearance this fall. Special interest will be taken in this work because Mr. Wilson has recently been elected President of Princeton University. His book, in five volumes, is to be a complete history of our nation, including our political life from earliest time until the inauguration of President Roosevelt. Mr. Wilson's work will be all the more valuable because we have never yet had an all-embracing, logical and complete history of our land and people. It is said to contain a wealth of illustrations, autographs, and charts. We can think of no one more capable of writing such a book than this learned American scholar, and no doubt his book will take a higher stand in literature than any American history ever yet published.

"Gabriel Tallwer," the first long novel produced by Joel Chandler Harris, is a story woven about the reconstruction period in Georgia. In his sketches and delightful verse Mr. Harris has charmed many readers, in fact, he has quite an extended list of subscribers who read his work with much interest. Only a few years ago his volume of stories, "On the Wings of Occasion," which were taken from experiences in the Civil War, appeared and ranked next to "Uncle Remus" in interest. And now, since he has offered this longer story to the public, what else could be expected than for it to add many others to his already extended list of admirers.

The second paper, entitled "Mankind in the Making," by Herbert George Wells, appears in the October *Cosmopolitan*. This paper is a discussion of the Problem of the Birth-supply; and, as some critic has said, it is very graphically presented. This is indeed the most serious story yet undertaken by Mr. Wells. He has given to the world a great deal of scientific knowledge by letting his imagination take part in the facts

which he wished to tell. However, the plain way in which he deals with the problems of the world in these papers is not calculated to draw new readers to him, but those who have learned to follow him with interest in such stories as "The War of the Worlds" and "The First Men in the Moon" will give him the more earnest attention. He is a philosopher and scientist who conveys his philosophical teachings to the public through his stories.

Perhaps two of the most popular books announced for this fall are Paul Kruger's "Memoirs," and "The History of the South African War" by General De Wet. Kruger's book, being based on his personal experiences and giving the most interesting details, will no doubt be more fascinating and be read more than General De Wet's; but the latter's book will be by far the most useful. It gives a full description of all the campaigns of the war, together with the important facts connected with them.

One of the interesting features connected with the crowning of Edward VII. was the Coronation Odes. Last Christmas prizes of £50, £15 and £10 were offered for the three best odes, and in response 1,084 competitors sent in productions. It is interesting to note that they come from almost every section of the British Empire. The success of this experiment has caused similar prizes to be offered for the three best songs of the empire, to be adjudged next Christmas.

"Confessions of a Wife," running serially in *The Century*, and soon to be published in book form, is a story which in dramatic intensity, in uniqueness, in ingenuous passion is not excelled by any piece of fiction we have seen in recent years. The author is unknown, but in writing this chapter from married life she is evidently speaking from the depths of experience.

It is interesting to notice the change in the standing of American literature now and fifty years ago. It was about this time that a noted English author asked the question: "In the four

quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to see an American play?" To-day his interrogation might be changed to "Who in the four quarters of the globe does *not* read an American book?" As a magazine writer has pointed out, all the noted American books are republished in England. Some of the literary clubs there read exclusively American authors, such as Irving, Hawthorne, and Poe. Longfellow is, without doubt, one of the most popular poets read in England to-day. All Europe is carried away with "Ben Hur." "Captain Mahan," together with Mr. George Kenan's "Siberia and Exiles," is read in Germany, France, and Japan, as well as in England, and one of Mr. Aldrich's books is an officially authorized reading book in French schools. American authors have reached the place in fame that it is only necessary to publish a good well-written story and its sale in Europe, as well as in America, is assured.

Among the fall announcements of books is a good list of biographies, several of which are of distinguished men. Among them are "Daniel Webster" by John McMaster, John Morley's "Life of Gladstone," "Personal Reminiscences of Bismarck" by Sidney Whitman, and "Nathaniel Hawthorne" by George E. Woodberry. Perhaps the best of these will be Morley's "Life of Gladstone," for Morley has already made himself famous by writing biographies of great men. He is a profound thinker, and he has the faculty of describing his subjects in such a way that they seem to live again. Morley is better fitted to write the life of Gladstone than any other living man, not only because he is so well skilled in such work, but because he was entrusted with the confidence of Gladstone more than any one else. He has for a long time been at work preparing his book, and the mind of England may now look with eagerness for the early completion of the biography of one of her greatest statesmen.

Perhaps the realm of literature has not suffered a greater loss in several years than it has in the recent deaths of Edward Eggleston and George Douglas Browne. Dr. Eggleston is best

known, perhaps, by his first successful novel, "*The Hoosier Schoolmaster.*" He, however, has written a great deal of history, in which he shows himself to be acquainted with the history of this country both early and late, and it is by this phase of his work, no doubt, that he would prefer to be known. Mr. Browne has died in the prime of his manhood. He has written only one novel, "The House with Green Shutters," but this has made him famous, both in America and England. The loss sustained by his death is hard to be estimated.

About half of the great flood of novels published yearly is the production of the English- and German-speaking people. Of the nearly four thousand titles of fiction issued by these people, a little less than one thousand are of American authorship.

The Boston museum, one of the oldest and most famous play-houses in the country, is soon to be torn down and replaced by an office building.

One of the ambitions of Stephen Philips is to write an epic in which he may shape the great picture of the city of London, its glory and its tragedy.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDWIN J. SHERWOOD, Editor.

'02. Mr. W. H. Tyler is the very able Principal of the Goldston Academy,

'95. Mr. C. T. Pearson is nominated for the Legislature by the Independents of Durham County.

'86. Mr. O. F. Thompson is nominated for the Legislature by the Citizens' Movement of Buncombe County.

'93. Rev. John O. Gough, of Manning, S. C., has come to the front as a minister in that State.

'92. Rev. M. A. Adams of Auburn, has a prosperous school at Mt. Moriah. Through his instrumentality two new rooms have been added.

'90. Rev. J. A. White, who has for many years been Principal of the Taylorsville school, has resigned, and will take charge of the Caldwell Association school at Lenoir.

'92. Rev. J. S. Corpening recently served his first year at Timmonsville, and Lake Swamp churches, S. C. As a result of his work, fifty-five members have been added to his churches.

Rev. W. J. Ward ('88 Law) changes his address from Shelbina, Mo., to DeSoto, Mo., where he enters upon his work as pastor of the First Baptist church.

'90. Pastor Josiah Crudup, of Washington, N.C., has been offered a chaplaincy in the United States Army. Should he accept, North Carolina would lose a very able minister.

'89. Rev. G. P. Harrell has resigned his work as pastor of the church at Murfreesboro, to take effect January 1st.

'92. Mr. W. B. Daniel, Wake Forest, has taken the Chair of Latin in Baylor University. North Carolina has not given a better man to Texas in a long time. In his department he is one of the most thoroughly versed men in the South, having taken the Doctor's Degree at Johns Hopkins. In the period

of his connection with Wake Forest, Dr. Daniel proved himself a strong teacher as well as a thorough scholar. We congratulate Baylor upon engaging him. It is but another evidence of the forward-moving spirit of that great institution.—*Biblical Recorder.*

'01. Mr. W. D. Adams, a former editor of the STUDENT, has resumed his work as Principal of the Matthews High School, having more than double the number of students over last year's roll. All who know of his career while in college have no fears whatever for his success as a teacher.

'85. Rev. Frank Dixon has resigned the pastorate of the South Baptist Church, of Hartford, Conn., on account of his many lecture engagements. His church, however, has requested him to remain its pastor.

'00. The many friends of Mr. Charlie Heck will note with pleasure the following from the *Biblical Recorder* of August 6: "Mr. Charles M. Heck, of Raleigh, son of Col. J. M. Heck, whose interest in the work of the Baptist State Convention counted so greatly in his lifetime, has received a Fellowship in Physics in the University of Nebraska. Mr. Heck graduated from Wake Forest in 1901, and last year he finished his studies in the Columbia University. He is an excellent Christian young man, and as a man and scholar is very promising. His work in connection with our Raleigh First Baptist church has been marked by both zeal and ability. His friends take pleasure in the recognition, and in the opportunity involved in the Nebraska Fellowship."

'98. Mr. Toy D. Savage served with great merit as editor of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT while in college. Since graduating here he entered the University of Virginia, where he achieved marked success as editor-in-chief of the *University Magazine*, and won the orator's medal in the Jeffersonian Society in 1901. He has recently located for the practice of law in Norfolk, Va.

'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman has retired from the *Baptist Advance* and Rev. E. J. A. McKinney succeeds him. We regret that Bro. Pittman has retired. He is a capable newspaper man and was making the right sort of paper for the Arkansas Baptists. Success to editor McKinney, and may the forces of reason and progress and religion prevail in Arkansas.—*Biblical Recorder.*

'84. In a recent letter to the *Biblical Recorder* from Bonham, Texas, Mr. W. S. Splawn has these kind words to say in behalf of his State and *Alma Mater:* "Though away from North Carolina since graduating at Wake Forest, I have never ceased to love my native land, and feel proud to tell on the plains of Texas that I was born and reared in the mountains of North Carolina, and that Wake Forest is the best college betwixt the seas."

'92. Rev. Edwin S. Reaves has resigned his work in Statesville to accept a call to the Murfreesboro Church, Tennessee. He has done a great work at Statesville, one result of which is the Second Church there. The following is from a correspondent of Sherman, Texas, to the *Baptist and Reflector* of October 2: "Permit me to say a word to the Baptists of Tennessee about Bro. Edward S. Reaves, who has recently been called to the Murfreesboro Church. It was my good pleasure to be intimately associated with Bro. Reaves for three years while we were students in our Seminary at Louisville, and later on to hold a meeting for him in his church at Statesville, N. C., while we were both pastors in that grand old State. Bro. Reaves is a native South Carolinian. He graduated with high honor at both Wake Forest College, N. C., and the Seminary in Louisville. He brings to the Murfreesboro Church a mind and heart well trained. He is a scholar and preacher of real ability. He is young, and strong in body, sound in faith, pure in life, missionary and evangelical through and through. He is a real addition to the organized, aggressive Baptist forces of Tennessee. If the Murfreesboro Church will be true and loyal to him, I predict for that grand old church another period of great prosperity and growth. I trust the Baptists in all that section will treat him well, for he is a brother indeed."

'97. Mr. W. Harry Heck is again in North Carolina, having completed his course in Columbia University. He will represent the General Education Board in an important capacity in North Carolina. Our State is to be congratulated on the accession of a man of his spirit, capacity and education to the educational ranks within her borders.

'93. We learn from the *Word and Way* that Rev. Rufus W. Weaver, Th.D., of Middletown, Ohio, is likely to be called to

the pastorate of the Bales Chapel Baptist Church of Kansas City, Mo. If he should listen to such a call, Missouri would make great gain; but we cannot think that he will for a moment listen to it. He is delightfully settled at Middletown, and we know of no reason why he should leave a field in which he has been so greatly blessed, and where he is so highly esteemed and so admirably supported.—*Journal and Messenger.*

'97. On October 7th Mr. Robert B. Powell, of Savannah, and Miss Alice Robinson Seward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Seward, of Petersburg, Va., were united in marriage. While in college Mr. Powell made many friends who, together with his many relatives on the Hill, offer our friend and his bride best wishes.

'98. Mr. Richard J. Biggs, Jr., who, after graduating, taught one year in the graded school at Durham and afterwards took a course at Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, has accepted an appointment to teach in Puerto Rico.

'92. Rev. John A. Wray, formerly of Shelby, N. C., after taking degrees at Wake Forest College, Harvard University and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, was ordained at the First Baptist Church, of Knoxville, Tenn. His first pastorate was in Winston, N. C., and for the last six years he has been pastor in Milledgeville, Ga. In addition to his pastorate he is chaplain of the State Sanitarium, and also does considerable evangelistic work in which he has been greatly blessed. The associate editor of the *McDuffie Journal* has this kind thing to say of Bro. Wray: "The churches, of which there are several, are quite up to the standard, both in appearance and comfort. It was the writer's pleasure on Sunday forenoon to attend the Baptist church and again hear Rev. John A. Wray in one of his characteristic discourses. Boyish in stature and appearance, profound in wisdom, and with an earnestness of devotion to his noble station rarely witnessed, with talent and zeal happily blending, he is to-day one of the most unique figures of the Georgia pulpit. Though young in years, he is an evangelist of extraordinary power and marvelous success. Milledgeville is justly proud of this gifted young preacher, and sees well to his stay."

The *Baptist Argus*, of August 21, reserves one page for photographs and sketches of six of "The Folk Brothers," of Haywood County, Tenn. Four of these were students of Wake Forest, of whom we give condensed sketches:

'77. Rev. Edgar E. Folk graduated with the degree of A.M., and was valedictorian of his class, after which he entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, where he took the full course and afterwards a post-graduate course. After leaving the Seminary he became pastor at Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he remained three and a half years, meeting with much success. In 1888 he bought out the *Baptist Reflector* at Chattanooga, and was later one of the editors of the *Baptist and Reflector*, of Nashville, Tenn. In 1895 the degree of D.D. was conferred upon Mr. Folk by Wake Forest College. He is now President of the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, President of the Anti-Saloon League of Tennessee, and Secretary of the Southern Baptist Press Association, of which he was originator.

'83. Mr. Henry B. Folk, Jr., graduated at the age of 19 and was valedictorian of the class. The next fall he taught school in New Orleans, being Principal of a large school with 15 teachers and 640 pupils. Afterwards he was Exposition editor of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. In September, 1885, he accepted a position on the *St. Louis Republic*. Rheumatism, however, cut him off in the prime of life.

'81-3. Mr. Rean Estes Folk studied law two yeare, but before the completion of his course he was attracted to journalism, and became a reporter on the *Nashville American*. In 1887 he went to Memphis as city editor of the *Evening Sciniter*, and in 1893 he was elected Chief Clerk of the Tennessee House of Representatives over two former clerks. Journalism again attracted his attention: but in 1901 he was elected Treasurer of the State of Tennessee, which position he now holds.

'97. Mr. Humphrey B. Folk, since leaving the College has been a student at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary for the past two years, during which he has been one of the editors of the *Seminary Magazine*. He is a hard student and gives promise of great usefulness.

'02. Mr. A. J. Bethea, Jr., who is well remembered by his excellent oration last anniversary, is at the head of the Downer Institute of Augusta, Ga. It is an endowed school, with large buildings, and well fitted up with a library and observatory, biological, physical, and chemical laboratories, all these being surrounded by a twelve-acre campus.

'99. Mr. Clyde Turner, who graduated as valedictorian of his class, and was also one of the anniversary orators, has since been teaching in Durham and Oxford. He has recently yielded to a conviction that he is called to preach, and he has been ordained.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

RAYMOND C. DUNN, Editor.

FAIR!

WHOOP the "Annual" up, boys. Let's have one.

WASN'T that a grand meeting of the Athletic Association? One hundred members, and more to join!

DR. AND MRS. C. E. TAYLOR spent a week in New York during the first part of October.

SPECIAL editions of the "Howler" have been the order of the day recently, and the all-knowing (?) Freshman, the silly Soph., the indifferent Junior, and the stately Senior have alike been the objects of its ridicule.

MISS MARGARET ETHEREDGE, of Selma, has been visiting Miss Mattie Gill for a few weeks.

MR. AND MRS. ROY POWELL, of Savannah, Ga., are visiting Mrs. Powell's parents, Professor and Mrs. J. F. Lanneau.

MRS. E. Y. WEBB, of Shelby, is on the Hill visiting her mother, Mrs. Mary Simmons.

MISS MARY PUREFOY is now in Laurens, S. C., where she has a position as milliner.

MR. JOHN M. BREWER has given up his job with the First National Bank of Weldon and is now associated with his father in business here.

RUMORS of a bank to be established at Wake Forest in the near future are frequently heard on the "streets." Such an enterprise is surely needed here, and we hope the plans on foot will be successfully carried out.

WHY WAS it that a certain Senior of courting fame renown, being asked on the Psychology class what the immediate object in (his) perception was, answered, "Twiddle-de-Bits."

THE CLOTHING drummers have come and gone, and if you didn't see new suits and hear rumors of new suits at the Fair, it was only because they had been put aside for a "better and more auspicious day"—say Thanksgiving.

AT A RECENT meeting of the Missionary Society Dr. E. W. Sikes was elected President; Mr. W. M. Dickson, Vice-President; Mr. W. W. Barnes, Secretary, and Mr. S. A. Ives, Treasurer.

THE STUDENTS were fortunate in having as the first lecturer of the session Prof. Collier Cobb, of the University of North Carolina. His subject, "The National Yellowstone Park," was both interesting and instructive, being illustrated by means of the new magic lantern recently purchased by the College. We all wish a second visit from "the SPORTY English parson."

HENRY BLOUNT, "the Apostle of Humor," delivered his lectures on "Rip Van Winkle" and "Solon Shingle" on Saturday night, October 11th, under the auspices of the Athletic Association. The latter was very good indeed, but, "by gravy," the former was not so much.

THE FOLLOWING anniversary marshals have been elected by the societies: From the Phi., Benjamin Parham, chief; J. R. Teague, second; A. F. Ward, third; from the Eu., J. W. Whisnant, chief; J. W. Price, second, and G. D. Moore, third.

THE ATHLETIC Association surely did the proper thing when they instituted that "college sweater" system. To be more explicit, henceforth and forever, the aforesaid Athletic Association is going to give, free, gratis, and for nothing, to each man whom it shall elect to represent it in athletics, one sweater with an appropriate monogram placed thereon, "to hold in fee simple to him, his heirs and assigns forever, and to the exclusion of all other persons whatsoever." No one else will be allowed to have one of these sweaters, making them all the more to be desired by the fortunate few on whom they will be conferred.

MISSES ELIZABETH BRIGGS, of Raleigh, Ada Lee Timberlake, of Louisburg, and Alice Elizabeth Watkins, of Winston-Salem, were the guests of Misses Mary and Janey Taylor during the first of October. Ping-Pong and "Twiddle-de-Bits" were the order of the day, and admirers of both—and of others, of course—lingered even unto the striking of the clock or the ringing of the bell on the night thereof.

SAY, HAVE any of you ever seen so many "crazy" fellows wandering about on the campus as were in evidence during October? Now, of course, we don't mean to say that these gentlemen were *non compos mentis*, but then they "just wan't raal bright," were fascinated, you know. Surely Gray must have had some such subject as this in mind when he wrote those lines:

> "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
> Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
> Now drooping, woful-wan; like one forlorn,
> Or craz'd with care, or crossed in *hopeless love.*"

THE FOLLOWING Senior speakers have been elected: Messrs. Covington, Falls, Garrison, Huff, Harris, E. M.,

and Pace, from the Eu., and Messrs. Craven, Sherwood, Ayscue, Britt, Pierce, and Singletary from the Phi. The first speaking will take place on the fifth of December, while the next will not be until March the 13th.

ARRANGEMENTS for the debate with Richmond College, in Raleigh on Thanksgiving, have all been completed. The Chamber of Commerce will have charge of the debate, and the cup which is now in the possession of Wake Forest will be given the winner. The question to be discussed is: "Resolved, That American honor demands the granting of independence to the Phillipines." The first preliminary for the selection of the Wake Forest representatives took place Saturday night, October 31st. By the rules, as agreed upon, each college is allowed only two speakers, which is a departure from the three speaker system in vogue here heretofore.

THE SOCIAL event of October was the Observation Party, given by Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Dickson in honor of their sisters, Misses Elva and Annie Dickson. "Their beautiful home was tastefully decorated with pink roses and ferns, the color scheme being pink and green. The guests were received in the hall by Mr. and Mrs. Dickson and shown into the parlor by the Misses Dickson, where the young men were requested to draw a card with a young lady's name written on it. They were to talk to the young lady for ten minutes and then write a complete description of her. Many and varied were the comments, and the young men struggled hard with such words as mousseline de soie, crepe de chine, etc. Mr. C. E. Gill won the first prize, while the consolation was given to Mr. Eugene Greene. Dr. Lynch delivered the prizes in a most appropriate manner, after which the

guests were invited to the dining-room where a rare treat awaited them."

ALL HAIL the advent of a new athletic spirit at Wake Forest! At a recent meeting of the Association one hundred members were enrolled, and the following officers elected: W. H. Pace, President; R. G. Camp, Vice President; E. J. Sherwood, Secretary and Treasurer, and J. A. McMillan, Reporter. A new constitution was submitted by the Advisory Committee, and unanimously adopted by the Association. The most important parts of this constitution provided that no one playing for or on the ball team would be allowed to smoke or drink; that ten sweaters should be purchased by the Association and given to the members of the ball team as chosen by the Manager, Coach, and Captain; that no one else should be allowed to have a like sweater; and that the management of the ball team be under the supervision and control of the Association. The Advisory Committee is to be congratulated on the excellent constitution drawn up by them, and on the general interest manifested by them in pure athletics. The sweater is already guaranteed to the ball-players; there is every probability that the suits will also be given them; and even now comes the rumor of a training table and great improvements to be made on the ball-field.

WAKE FOREST was jubilant! Most of the boys had received invitations to attend a reception to be given by the young ladies of the Baptist University, of Raleigh, on Tuesday evening, October 28th. Yet in the very midst of their joyful anticipation and their visions of good times, a "schedule" was posted declaring that examinations were to be held the following Friday. Although this announcement came like a death blow to a

majority of the "joyful anticipators," still quite a number, braving the wrath of irate professors for the sake of visions of bright eyes and rosy cheeks, boarded the train for Raleigh and the reception, and, even if we do say it, never did a crowd of boys feel so well repaid for having "skipped" their books. The reception itself was undoubtedly the best ever given at the University, and that is saying a great deal. First, there was a tête-à-tête period, then a recital, and then a continuation of the tête-à-tête and a "good-bye-I-certainly-have-had-a-splendid-time-Hope-I'll-see-you-Thanksgiving" period. We all came away loud in our praises of reception, faculty and girls—but principally girls. On behalf of the Wake Forest students who were invited, we desire to extend our thanks to the young ladies of the University for the royal treatment accorded us, and to the faculty we make our best bow. Why, honestly, it didn't even seem as if *last Thanksgiving* had ever been. They have forgiven and forgotten, and we assure them that we remember it no more.

AT THE second preliminary debate, which was held in the large chapel on the night of the 13th, Mr. Edwin J. Sherwood and Mr. James B. Royall, Jr., were chosen by the judges to represent the College in the debate with Richmond College, and every one feels sure that the former high reputation of Wake Forest men as debaters will even be enhanced by the gentlemen selected. Every speech in the preliminary was strong, and we regret that there is but one debate, for it is evident to most of us that, with the splendid material in our preliminaries, we could win a half dozen trophies this year.

ON THE night of October 17th, little Miriam Sledd, the ten-year-old daughter of Prof. and Mrs. B. F. Sledd,

went to join her sister and companion, Margaret, who died only a year ago. The funeral services were conducted at the grave by the pastor and Dr. W. B. Royall. The many beautiful wreaths placed on the grave attested the love of her little friends, who have lost another companion of their joys; and the Societies, the English classes, and the College in their floral offerings, showed the high respect and love which all of us have for our Professor, and the deep sympathy which we feel for him and his bereaved family in their great loss.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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WORDSWORTH AND NATURE.

C. P. WEAVER.

No word-mosaic artificer, he sang
A lofty song of lowly weal and dole,
Right from the heart, right to the heart it sprang,
Or from the soul leapt instant to the soul.
—*William Watson's Wordsworth's Grave.*

Cumberland, the country of Wordsworth's birth, is one of singular beauty. Shut in by mountain and lake from the activities of the bustling world, it proved a tender nurse for the young poet. The constant sight of nature's beauties awoke love and reverence in him, which, growing as the lad grew, became the prime necessity of his being. The healthy out-door life he led as a child, gave him a sturdy frame; even in his sports he felt the wooings of nature, and in such moments he felt:

"Gleams like the flashing of a shield, the earth
And common face of nature spake to him
Rememberable things."

And in such lapses of solitude he says:

" * * * the calm
And dead still water lay upon my mind
Even with a might of pleasure, and the sky,
Never before so beautiful, sank down
Into my heart, and held me like a dream."

At the age of fourteen Wordsworth felt the call of nature to be her interpreter and he answered it in no

uncertain words. In his preface, fifty years later, to "An Evening Walk," written about this time, he tells us: "I recollect distinctly the very spot where this first struck me. It was on the way between Hawkshead and Ambleside, and it gave me extreme pleasure. The moment was important in my poetical history, for I date from it my consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances, which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country, so far as I was acquainted with them, and I made a resolution to supply in some degree the deficiency."

Not only has Wordsworth kept his resolution, but he has become nature's inspired high priest, and has led the appreciative few into the inner sanctuary of nature's temple. He looked beyond mere external nature and communed with "Nature's Self which is the Breath of God." He beheld the daisy enjoying the very air it breathes, and gazing on the tiny bluebell he could say:

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Who but Wordsworth could have painted such a beautiful picture of animal life as this:

> "The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the moors
> The hare is running races in her mirth;
> And with her feet she from the plashy earth
> Raises a mist, that glittering in the sun,
> Runs with her all the way wherever she doth run."

Or this of the solitude of a mountain gorge:

> "There sometimes doth a leaping fish
> Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
> The crags repeat the raven's croak
> In symphony austere."

Unlike Milton who, from his lofty casement, described imaginary nature in beautiful word exercises, Words-

worth wrote in nature's deepest solitudes. Thousands of verses were composed by the side of a brook in Easdale. Another favorite resort was a tall firwood on the hillside above the old road leading from Grasmere to Rydal. It was perhaps reclining against this tree that he wrote this beautiful description of nutting:

"O'er pathless rocks
Through beds of matted fern and tangled thickets,
Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
Unvisited, where not a broken bough
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
Of devastation; but the hazels rose
Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung,
A virgin scene! A little while I stood,
Breathing with such suppression of the heart
As joy delights in; and with wise restraint
Voluptious, fearless of a rival, eyed
The banquet; or beneath the trees I sate
Among the flowers and with the flowers played."

Oft at nightfall when the simple country-folk who lived around him were going to bed his somber figure could be seen, sometimes with his sister, but often alone, setting out to walk to Dunmail Raise or climbing the outlying ridge of Fairfield which overhangs the forest side of Grasmere, there to remain until dawn. Doubtless it was at such a place and such a time, with the gentle murmur of the mountain brook in his ears, and communing with the silent stars above, his fancy wove such a fabric as this:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

Among the best of Wordsworth's nature poetry is his "Lines," composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the banks of the Wye during a tour. In the preface the poet says: "No poem of mine was composed under circumstances more pleasant to me to remember than this. I began it upon leaving Tintern, after crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of four or five days with my sister. Not a line was altered, and not any part of it written down until I reached Bristol." Gazing across the river the poet thus beautifully describes his prospect:

"The day is come when I again repose
Here under this dark sycamore and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive woods run wild; these pastoral farms
Green to the very door; and wreathes of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees."

Since the poet's first visit his attitude toward nature has changed and he says:

"For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-times
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, tho' of ample power
To chasten and subdue."

If there is preeminence in Wordsworth's nature poetry it is his interpretation of mountain scenery. No other mountains have ever had their souls so perfectly portrayed. It is the dream of philosophers that nature and the human soul are the two limbs of a double-clefted tree, springing from and united in one root; that nature is unconscious soul, and the soul is nature become con-

scious of itself. Such a view as this may account for Wordsworth's marvelous sympathy and the spirit of his mountains. What mountain is painted with fewer strokes than this:

"The immeasurable height
Of words decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black, drizzling crags that spake by the wayside
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and regions of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms on one tree."

Wordsworth has taught the world that nature and the deep joy in nature is, or should be, the great formative influence in the life of man. He believed that it was by persistent fellowship with nature that this precious communion of our high emotions could best be accomplished. To him nature possessed a soul, a conscious existence and a power to feel joy and love. The service that he has rendered humanity is incalculable.

"He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;
He spoke and loosed our soul in tears,
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth,
Smiles broke from us as we had ease;
The hills were round us and the breeze
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth returned, for then was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
The freshness of the early world."

A PECULIAR RACE.

BY WILLIAM H. PACE.

I don't know why it was, but Sam Goodwin and I never did get along well when we were at college. In athletics we were the warmest sort of rivals, in classes we vied with each other for the highest marks, in speaking we were always on opposite sides, and in love—well, somehow we always loved the same girl. The last year we were there together we divided honors in athletics, as he was captain of the baseball team and I of the football. In marks I don't know who led, but they gave Sam the valedictory and me the salutatory, for no other reason than general principles. In speaking he just beat me fair and square, as we both spoke for the senior medal and he won it. I never will forget that speech. It was on the subject: "Naturalness, Selfishness, Self-sacrifice and Self-realization," and a pretty speech it was. In love the outcome was brought about in rather a funny manner, and if you care to listen to it, I will tell you how it all happened.

Sam and myself had both been loving a girl ever since we were at the old field school together. When we went to college of course we both corresponded regularly with her. I did and I suppose he did—dreamed, longed and craved for her from morn' till night and from night till morn'. We were just at that age where a girl is just as necessary as food, and where two-thirds the thinking a fellow does in one day is given unreluctantly to girls. I laugh now as I think of the way both of us would go to the post-office every time the mail came and would watch each other like hawks to see if the other received

a letter. I remember one day I got a letter and he didn't. Of course I was particular to let him see me reading it, and then I would watch his expression. Oh, how it vexed him. Of course I was tickled nearly to death.

Neither of us knew who led in our fair lady's affections, and she, general that she was, was cruelly careful not to let us know. I believed that she thought more of him, and he believed the same about me. I accused her of showing partiality to him once, and only once, for I was immediately punished by the cutting remark that she "didn't care enough for either of us to show partiality." If she had a fuss with one, she was sure to have one with the other; if she made up with one, she was sure to make up with the other. This was not at all to our liking, and gradually we began to show it in our actions. Not towards her, oh no, for we both were too afraid of making her angry, but we took it out in our actions toward one another. That is where most of our trouble came in, our willingness to do as she said do. I expect if we had showed a little more independence it would have gone easier for all three of us.

So it had been through four long years of college, and on the day we were to receive our sheepskins, as we called them, she was there, as impartial as ever. Both of us spoke, of course, as we were the two highest men of the glass, and I watched her to see if she applauded one speech more than she did the other, but to save my life I couldn't see a speck of difference. I was growing uneasy by that time, for I knew if Sam should win her I was sure to go raving crazy. After considering a long time and spending a restless night or two, I decided to see Sam and see if we could not come to

some sort of understanding. I hunted everywhere for him, went to his room, the society halls, library, reading room, post-office, and just as I was about to give up the search, I spied him on a bench in the campus all by himself, his head between his hands and digging up the ground with his heels. I had my suspicion as to what he was thinking about, but of course I said nothing about it. Approaching, I said :

"Sam, I want to have a little talk with you about something that greatly interests us both."

"Spurt it out," said he, rather crossly. I couldn't think of anything to say to save my life, for I knew well that the mention of a certain name would make us both eye each other anyway but sweetly. Knowing the subject had to come, however, I braced myself and started :

"It is about Miss Gaston. You know how things have been going on ever since we were mere boys, and it seems as if they are going to continue so. I am willing to try peacefully to settle the matter and see which of us shall get out of the way so as to give the other a clear road. Suppose we try our hand at some game or the like, and the one who gets defeated, vow never to visit Miss Gaston again. I am willing, what say you?"

"As you say, Jake; it seems as if this confound business is going to keep up until the Lord only knows when, and I am so tired of being held off, I will agree to your plan."

Then followed a long argument as to what we should play to settle it. Cards were useless, as neither of us could play ; checkers were ruled out, as that required much thinking, and we were in no condition to think ; dice were suggested but passed by, as it was against the

law to shoot dice ; carroms were not liked by either of us, and therefore neither of us could move a banked man; jackstraws were too childish ; and ping-pong was too womanish. Despairing of games of that sort, we concluded to try athletics. Running was out of the question, as I was by far the faster ; throwing would be unfair, as Sam was a baseball man ; kicking the football would be one-sided, as I was a football player ; jumping would be useless, as we had tried that before ; boxing was passed hurriedly by, as that would surely end in a fight ; wrestling was unequal, as I was considered a good wrestler and Sam was not ; climbing, ah, I had the idea ! Just on either side of the main entrance to the dormitory were lightning rods, with notches cut in them, which the faculty had put there to keep the boys from climbing up and going into the recitation rooms. The third story window was easily reached from the rod, and thus an entrance into the main portion of the dormitory could be obtained. My plan was that Sam should climb one lightning rod and I the other. The one that reached the third story window first, got into the main part by means of the window, run down the two flights of stairs and came out of the main door first, should be the winner.

Sam tried to make it appear that he was not much in favor of such a test, but I could plainly see that he was tickled to death. After some humming and hawing on the part of both of us, it was decided to climb the rods in our stocking feet at twelve that night, and that two friends of each were to be judges and see that neither "bugged" the other. We chose that late hour, because we didn't care for many inquisitive students as spectators, and besides the bright moonlight would give us plenty of light to see by.

Now climbing a lightning rod to a third story window is not what it is cracked up to be. So I racked my brain in the effort to think of some plan which would enable me to win the luscious prize for which we were contesting. I finally hit upon the idea of putting tar on the bottom of my feet, so that in climbing I could catch hold of the rod with my hands and walk up as it were, on the bricks of the building. The tar would keep my feet from slipping.

Having previously procured the tar and placed it at the bottom of my rod, which, by-the-way, was the one to the right of the entrance, I, along with my two friends, went to the appointed place at twelve, prompt. There was Sam and his faithfuls. We eyed each other a bit and then began preparing ourselves for the contest. Of course we ridded ourselves of our coats, collars, cuffs, and lastly, our shoes. Having completed our arrangements, we shook hands like prize fighters just before the tap of the gong, and marched to our places. The front part of the building stuck out so that I could not see Sam and his rod, neither could he see me. Stepping up to my rod, I naturally covered my feet in that tar, and then stretching myself took a grim hold of the rod.

"Ready, Jake? Ready, Sam? Well, go!" and with that I started. Up, up, I went, passed the first, then the second, and then I reached the third story. I couldn't climb fast enough. It seemed like that window was on the thirtieth story instead of the third, and all the time I could see, or imagined I could see, Sam way ahead of me. Having reached the window, I made three attempts to get in, but so nervous was I that I couldn't pull myself up. Despair was creeping over me, for I was sure I heard Sam running down the stairs. I made

one more effort, and you can bet I put forth all the strength I had left. That time I made the trip, and when I hit the floor inside, I hit it running. Reaching the stairs, I naturally fell down them, for I was in such a hurry my legs would not move fast enough. All the time I was looking for signs of Sam, but none could I see, and seeing none, thought sure that he had beat me. Picking myself up at the bottom of the first flight of steps, I ran to the next. Again losing balance, I rolled to the bottom and nearly rolled out of the door, where, to my amazement, I saw—

"Jake?"

"Yes, dear!"

"I am going to mother's a minute; only a very short minute though, as dinner will soon be ready."

"Helen, oh Helen! Before you go come here and let me show my friend what a prize I won by my ability as a rod climber. Mr. Samuel Goodwin, Jr., allow me to introduce you to my (prize) wife."

CONCERIN' BRER RABBIT.

G. E. K., Jr.

Ole Uncle Moses am er loadin' up he gun,
An er fixin' ter have er powful heap er fun,
Fer ole Brer Rabbit am layin' in de greens,
An er showin' his tracks but not bein' seen.

An'ole Uncle Moses have ter look mighty close
Fo' he kin gin Brer Rabbit de needful dose;
For ole Brer Rabbit am er feelin' mighty fine,
Dancin' wid Miss Meadows an' cuttin' quite er shine.

But ole Uncle Moses foun' him one sunny day,
W'en ole Brer Rabbit wuz totin' in de hay,
Den he up wid he gun an shot 'im mighty hard,
An now ole Brer Rabbit am er soakin' in de lard.

Ole Aunt Sally, she am Uncle Moses' wife,
An kin cook de best Rabbit yer ever eat in yer life;
Now de preacher he am 'vited ter come ter de stew,
And dis am de reason yer can't come, too.

THE VISION OF SUBRUSTICUS.

BY C. G. KEEBLE.

It is hardly necessary to say that the editor was short on material for the next number of the Inglewood College *Scholar* when he applied to Subrusticus for an article. The usual number of contributions had come in from members of the Senior Class, those intellectual monstrosities who disdain to write upon a subject less dignified than the "History of Faust," "Shakespeare's Psychology," "Milton's Cosmography," "The Subjective Tendency in Modern Poetry," etc. But the editor, realizing the fact that a journal like the one under his management should be diversified as to its contents, in order to meet the demands of the most unsophisticated as well as the most cultured reader, was compelled to reject many of the profound expositions of these savants, and to look about for articles of a more trivial though popular character. Thus was the editor-in-chief circumstanced when he asked Subrusticus to write a story for the magazine. Subrusticus was a Freshman, and before coming to college had resided in the country. Hence the editor inferred that, his mind being uncorrupted by that chimerical idealism incident to college students, he could produce a first-rate story—or at least a vivid account of some fishing or hunting experience. His opinion of Subrusticus was the more favorable from the fact that the latter had made a good reputation at the academy he attended previously to his coming to Inglewood, and because he had escaped a coat of blacking and a compulsory midnight constitutional stroll since he had been in college.

But he did not know Subrusticus, who was a very

sentimental youth, and given over much to reverie. However, as he was very ambitious, he accepted the editor's request for a contribution, and set resolutely to work.

Alas! Subrusticus, little did'st thou reckon, in thy ardent zeal, on the difficulties in the attainment of literary distinction; little did'st thou imagine, when thou pouredest out thy soul in "uncouth rhymes" of "glowing sunsets," "eyes like stars," "snowy clouds," and "nightingales"—where they were not—to some rustic lassie, what a wide "unfathomable gulf" lay between such crude effusions and literature fit for publication; little did'st thou conceive, when thou writedest up the news of thy neighborhood for the *Coontown Advertiser*, that thou had'st not mastered every detail of the writer's technique; little did'st thou realize, when thou shookest off thy brogans and cottonade for shiney shoes, sure-enough store clothes, and a standing collar, and left thy happy home for college; little did'st thou dream, in thy sanguine enthusiasm, of "the losses, the crosses, that active man engage."

The first trial of this youthful votary of the muses was in rhyme. He wished to picture a maiden pining from grief at the loss of her lover; and after the most excruciating mental agony succeeded in composing the following:

> Why that deep sigh? the maid was asked;
> Who on the sod reclining,
> With faded cheeks and eyes downcast,
> All lonely was repining.

When Subrusticus had completed the above stanza his heart beat more rapidly and his eyes fairly glowed with complacency. He could almost see his poem in print, and almost hear the commendation of his fellow students.

But the rub came when he tried to proceed with his episode. To say nothing of the briefness of his composition, it would never do to insert it in the magazine with the maiden at that same distressing angle of declination, and with the query unanswered. Yet, try as hard as he might, Subrusticus could not think of another rhyme, and finally tore up the paper in desperation.

Subrusticus was not wholly discouraged, however, at the failure of his first effort, and resolved to strike a different key. He had, while at home, become deeply enamoured of a young lady at least eight years his senior, who had bestowed her affections upon one of a more suitable age. Although Subrusticus, like Lord Bacon's ideal great man, had decided never to unite himself to a single woman, but to wed Humanity, nevertheless, now determined to write an ode to that terrific abstraction, Hopelessness. Regarding rhyme as fit only for metrical bagatelles, he thought to employ stately blank verse, and began thus:

> O, thou dull spirit! that with bonds
> More strong than steel, though all invisible,
> Dost hold the helpless victim in thy power.

Our poet thought this did very well, and proceeded to rack his brain for more horrible attributes with which to invest "Hopelessness." In vain did Subrusticus strive to paint his character in the phantasmal hideousness that his artistic sense suggested; and so the above noble apostrophe was never to appear on the pages of the *Scholar*. Subrusticus thought of a certain passage in Gray's Elegy having reference to roses born to blush unseen, and heaved a sigh.

Poor Subrusticus now thought that his poetical muse had forsaken him, and turned his mind to prose. He

first proposed to himself to write a tramp story, as he had always been interested in that class of beings; but after further consideration he remembered that an older student, who was much better fitted by temper and disposition for such a task, and who was of much richer experience, had engaged to write an article of this description, laying the scene about the place where the last Cosmopolitan Convention assembled. Subrusticus, having always lived in the country, could not embellish his narrative with the incidents of modern tramp circles, and so abandoned the idea of writing such a piece of fiction.

Our literary aspirant next turned his attention to a bear story. He wished to write of a bear hunt in the Northwest. Now, Subrusticus had never seen more than half a dozen bears in his life, and these had been tamed for exhibition on the streets, and could, therefore, give him no correct notion of how bears behave when beset by hunters in their native wilds. This story, too, had to be resigned.

It now seemed as if Subrusticus had sounded the whole gamut, and was doomed at last to unmitigated and ignominious failure. How would the editor regard him? what must the professors think of him? of how many jokes would he be made the instrument by his companions? All these questions flocked into the mind of Subrusticus, who shrank from replying to them even to himself.

At length our would-be author could endure the strain of agonizing thoughts no longer. His eyes gradually lost their expression, and the lids fell; his head drooped, and presently dropped upon his elbow resting on the table in front of him; he had for the time passed beyond "this bourn of time and place."

Subrusticus had not been long in the position described when he seemed to see immediately before him a vast enclosure. In the immense wall of this enclosure was a spacious opening, over which were the words *Inglewood College* in large gilt letters. Attracted by what he saw, Subrusticus resolved to enter the park.

When he had gained the inside he observed that the park was divided into numerous smaller euclosures, each of which had a gate and a sign indicating its contents. It could be seen at a glance that it was impossible for one to pay even the most cursory visit to all of these little gardens. The one nearest Subrusticus bore the sign *Mathematics*, and this he entered first. It was not a very agreeable place to look upon, since it was filled with innumerable intricate thickets that were very difficult to explore. One friend learned on inquiry that these were called cube roots, angles, arcs, parabolas, and other hard names. The guide in this inclosure was most good-natured and accommodating, but, nevertheless, Subrusticus did not get out without stumbling over an exponent and rending his trousers on a cosine.

Not far from the field of mathematics was the Greek inclosure, and thither now Subrusticus betook himself. At the gate he received from an old student a queer little beast called a "pony," on which he was told he might safely ride through the place; but he found that the treacherous animal often stumbled, and sometimes threw him completely, leaving him in a pitiable state. Besides, he was made to dismount occasionally to delve after roots that grew deep down in the soil.

It were tedious to relate at length all the things seen and all the experiences undergone by Subrusticus; how his head was made to swim by lookiug on an instrument

called the Theory of Evolution, and how he was persecuted by bacilli in the field of Biology; how he was almost asphyxiated in a pit of carbonic acid gas in the garden of Chemistry; how he chased airy creatures like butterflies, which were called abstractions, and which, as a shadow, which fleeth and continueth not, always seemed to elude his grasp, in the landscape of Moral Philosophy.

We must omit mentioning a great many fields, and come to the garden of English. This spot had a peculiar charm for Subrusticus, who spent many hours in wandering among its sparkling waters and flowery beds, drinking copiously of the wells of sentiment, the pools of pathos, the fountains of humor and the babbling brooks of wit. But even in this ambrosial garden Subrusticus had his misfortunes; for he sustained two or three hard falls in surmounting on hyperbole, and came near being swamped in an allegory.

Just as Subrusticus was about to leave the garden of English he espied in the near distance a lake, which was approached from the garden by a walk. Down this walk he strolled to the shore of the lake. From the shore Subrusticus could see an island in the centre of the lake, and a house having the sign, "Office of *Scholar*," on the island. He had not stood long on the shore when a boat was rowed up to ferry him across. The occupant of the boat was clad in a very sober garb, and on scrutinizing his emaciated form and diabolical features, Subrusticus recognized the editor of the *Scholar*. Without questions, however, he embarked and set out upon a trip to the island.

All had gone well with Subrusticus until the boat had passed about half the distance between the shore of the

lake and the island in the centre, although he could not suppress an uncanny feeling as that charon-like figure sat silent in the stern of the boat and plied the paddle. But when half of the way had been traversed the grim figure stirred, arose, and advanced towards him. At this Subrusticus began to tremble, and a perspiration broke out upon him. He wondered what his mysterious pilot could mean by this movement. But he was soon brought to a realization of his situation by an abrupt demand on the part of charon for his passage money. Subrusticus swallowed a lump in his throat, looked blank, and gasped a question as to what the fare might be. Imagine his consternation when he was told that it was a contribution to the *Scholar*. In vain did Subrusticus plead his poverty in that respect, since the fiendish being in front of him was as inexorable in the exaction of his fee as the renowned ferryman of the Styx, whom he so strongly resembled. The penalty for non-payment was to be thrown into the lake, and this the boatman prepared to do. Stooping down he seized the struggling Subrusticus "at both ends of his anatomy" and pitched him into the water.

Subrusticus was aroused to consciousness by the voice of his room-mate, who called loudly to him to pick up the lamp and the pieces of the table, and come to bed. Thus admonished, he viewed the scene of conflict, put things somewhat in order, rubbed his aching limbs, and went to seek consolation in slumber that should not be so full of distractions as his last had been.

HERR HAUPTMANN'S VIOLIN.

BY GERHART.

In the afterglow of an autumn evening Herr Hauptmann sat alone in his apartment smoking. It could hardly be called an apartment, for it was only a small room, barely furnished, at the top of a tumble-down old house in the tenement district, but it was home to Herr Hauptmann and he loved it.

Herr Hauptmaun was a striking figure—tall and somewhat gaunt, but with a face of rare beauty in a man, such as one only sees in artists and musicians. His hair was black and curly and he allowed it to grow long ; his eyes, large and luminous, were set far apart—the inevitable mark of a born musician.

Fortune had played a scurvy trick with Herr Hauptmann. Three years before he was the greatest violinist in Europe. Packed houses had greeted him everywhere he went ; the people cheered him as he passed along the streets, and crowned heads sat enraptured at his melody and praised him without stint. Those were happy days, but in a night the bubble had bursted, and he found himself again unknown, with only the violin to remind him of the past. Critics had remarked upon his case and attempted to explain his fall from popular favor but they had failed. It was simply a stroke of fortune which betrayed the fickleness of popularity.

Since the tide had turned Herr Hauptmann had joined himself to a local orchestra which played nightly in a second-class theatre for vaudevilles. In his more prosperous days he would have scorned such work, but hun-

ger had tamed his haughtiness and he accepted gladly his meagre weekly pittance.

On the table of the room lay a letter—a dainty little envelope, looking strangely out of place in his surroundings. It was a woman's hand and bore the postmark of a neighboring town. Herr Hauptmann opened it and read it, though this was the tenth time within the last half hour.

"My dear Hermann:—Your letter was such a surprise to me that I have pondered long before I would allow myself to answer it. I never dreamed that you loved me, tho' I knew only too well my own heart. I have loved you since the hour I heard you play the Legende that night in Berlin when the crowd went mad over your music. I have tried to conceal it even from myself, and I would have refused you then, but now there can be but one answer to your proposal and that is, yes. Ever your

EVELYN.

Herr Hauptmann folded the letter and returned it to its envelope. Then turning to his case he drew out his violin and began to play. Unconsciously he drifted into Legende and lived over again the golden past—when the eyes of a woman were the life of his soul.

At last he arose and replaced the instrument in its case.

"Tomorrow," he said, addressing the violin, "we must part. We have been together long; we have known the applause of kings; we have known the wants of beggars; and through it all we have been the staunchest friends. But the time has come when we must part; it is Evelyn or you, and I must choose Evelyn." He heaved a sigh and gently closed the case.

II.

"A thousand dollars," said the dealer in antique instruments to Herr Hauptmann, rubbing his hands over the violin's ebony sides.

Herr Hauptmann looked from the violin to the dealer and then to the violin. His eyes rested tenderly there.

"No," he said, "it is too little. Remember the violin came to me from Herr Langland, and it was then a hundred years old. I can not part with it for such a pittance."

Finally the deal was consummated and Herr Hauptmann went away with a crisp roll of bills amounting to three thousand dollars in his pocket. He was almost light-hearted. It had cost him a struggle to part with his old friend, but he had done it like a man.

A belated coach would carry him to Evelyn and the marriage would take place the following morning at mass. The vine-clad lodge he had purchased took well-nigh all the money the violin had brought, but it had been Evelyn's choice and the money was well spent. He wanted the violin, but he wanted more to please Evelyn.

III.

Three years passed and into the home there had come a darling boy, who toddled across the floor to meet Herr Hauptmann each day as he returned from his vain search for employment. He had first tried tutoring, but his heart was not in the work and it proved a dismal failure. Then he had tried composition work, but the publishers said there was something lacking in his work. There was a lost chord somewhere. He labored to find out where it was. One day it dawned on him. He wondered he had not found it sooner. It was the

loss of the violin. He had tried to forget it—tried, oh, so hard, but he could not. There was a place in his heart which neither Evelyn nor the boy could fill. It belonged solely to the violin.

A fierce determination swept over him. He must have it. Evelyn should know nothing about it. The house must be the forfeit, but the violin meant what was more necessary for them—food.

The deal was accomplished, and once more the violin nestled familiarly beneath his chin. In a few days a check came from the publishers with the request for more of Herr Hauptmann's work. He was elated.

But the time came when Evelyn must know the truth. Many times he had tried to tell her, but he could not; something rose in his throat each time and choked him. It would break her heart for him to tell her. She must find it out herself. So, leaving a note telling her to use the money in the bank until he sent more, he left the place.

He intended to return at once and ask Evelyn to forgive him, but the harsh hand of fate was raised against him. His compositions no longer sold. Day by day he wandered on, making his daily bread by street concerts, sleeping in alleys, but always hoping to find work and send for Evelyn and the boy to come.

Days lengthened into years, and still he wandered. He had written many times to Evelyn but had received no response. Perhaps she was sick, or—dead. A horror clutched his heart at the thought. It weighed on him more heavily every day. He became haggard; his raven locks became masses of silver; his tall, erect figure was bent. Whether she lived or not he would know the truth, and he set out for home.

IV.

It was Christmas eve. The snow lay deep upon the ground and the merry jingle of sleigh bells was mingled with the Christmas chimes, pealing forth from many belfries on the night air. The shops all had on a holiday attire; the windows were decked in holly and mistletoe; the streets were crowded with muffled figures carrying bundles to and fro; every one seemed happy; it was the night when Santa Claus was abroad.

Herr Hauptmann's coat was thin; his shoes were full of holes; he shivered with cold. For hours he had paced the streets searching for Evelyn and the boy. The very happiness of the people around him depressed him.

His search had only served to discourage him. All his inquiries had gained for him no information as to his wife's whereabouts. He himself was a stranger—in his old home. Even his one-time friends brushed by him without recognition. He was on the verge of leaving the town, when a brightly-illumined building loomed up before him. Something seemed to beckon him, and before he realized it he had entered the portals. It was a hospital. Rows of cots were on every side and nurses clad in immaculate white caps and aprons hurried to and fro in their ministrations. Only a few of the cots were unoccupied.

Herr Hauptmann glanced rapidly at each face. On a cot near at hand lay a beautiful woman with a boy of twelve sitting at her side. The face of the boy struck him. It was his own when he was a lad. He approached the cot.

"Evelyn," he said.

The woman did not hear him.

"Evelyn," he repeated, somewhat louder.

The woman's eyes met his and rested there. A look of recognition passed over her face.

"Hermann," she said.

A moment more and she was in his arms, while he deluged her with kisses. The boy, too, had heard his mother's cry and recognized his long lost father. In a moment his arms were about the man's neck. "Papa, papa," he repeated, joyously.

"Let us make this the happiest Christmas of our lives," said Herr Hauptmann, after each had told their story.

"I shall begin it by removing the barrier which has caused each of us so much pain." And Herr Hauptmann ground the violin into pieces with his heel and cast it from him.

WHY I AM A BACHELOR.

BY PEARL D. MANGUM.

In my youth I was what you would call sentimental and romantic. I held peculiar views in regard to girls. Being early taught by my father and mother to reverence women, I felt the utmost contempt for a young man who was always telling about his kissing girls, and how well they liked it, insinuating that all girls liked to be kissed, and if you did not kiss them, it would be impossible to stand in, for they would not fool away their time with you. I felt that such young men were vulgar and low. It made my blood boil to think of such a one speaking to my sister.

With this feeling of reverence for women, I very early began courting the girls. How I should penetrate into the mysterious realm of courtship was constantly in my mind. I loved every girl who smiled at me. I began going with the girls home from church Sunday nights, some of them living five or six miles from church, and we would sometimes walk the whole distance with hardly a word. Oh! the agony I suffered during those walks. It was just impossible for me to think of anything to say. I was a perfect blank.

I remember a friend of mine telling a joke on me next the day after one of my walks. As it happened, the night before he and I had walked home from church with girls who were sisters. I shall always believe he walked close up behind me all the way home, because he did not have anything to talk about himself. So he concluded to get a joke on me. He told next day that in the whole six miles home I only said one word, and that was, I asked the girl if she thought it was going to clear off and snow, and she replied, certainly.

About this time I fell in love with a beautiful girl near my own age. She was very gay, and as I afterward learned, she enjoyed nothing better than being courted. We lived on adjoining plantations and I used to watch her home from our barn, when I did not have an engagement with her myself, in order to be sure that no one else went to see her. When I prayed at night before retiring I always turned my face toward her home, as Daniel of old toward Jerusalem. I never failed to go a-courting her every Sunday morning after breakfast, remaining until Sunday-school time. After Sunday-school I would come back to her home and stay until ten that night. At these times I did not believe in talking nonsense. I would talk on free silver and the tariff. If some night you had been in hearing distance when I had her cornered off you might have heard me say "Lula, what do you think of Reciprocity!" You would have heard her say in reply, "Jack, do hush up about old politics, and talk sensible; if you don't I will get up and go to bed." I would study a while, trying to think of something interesting to say. After a bit you might hear again, "What do you think of Shakespeare's Hamlet?" "Why, John, how could you ask such a question when you know I hate Hamlet Shakespeare, he is such a bore, and his father cheated pa out of a pair of steers."

I had almost despaired of another subject to talk about when a bright idea struck me, and I asked her if she sang hymns. She replied that she did not. She then asked me to. I began by singing her a solo, and when I got through the cat had jumped into the well in order to drown her troubles, the dog was crying as if his heart would break, the girl had fainted and the old man was cussing softly as he hunted for his gun. I left about this

time, feeling very much elated to think that my music could produce such an effect. I concluded it would not be long until I should become a second De Reske.

But after this I thought it best to wait a few days until the family had recovered somewhat from the effects of my singing before going to see Lula again. Then I dropped her a few lines asking her for the pleasure of her company out to church the next Sunday night. But would you believe it? she answered No. I felt that the earth had given away beneath my feet, and that life was not worth living. I wrote a note and left it lying on my table telling my folks that I was going to hang myself and be the means of blighting Lula's life. I got the grape-vine all ready and proceeded to swing from a limb. But at the last moment I happened to think Lula would be glad when I was dead and out of the way, so Hamlet Shakespeare could come to see her. After thinking the matter over carefully, I concluded not to hang myself.

After this affair I began to run with the boys ; I believed that all girls were fickle, and then they were so hard to understand. One day I told my best friend I had been rejected and how it came about. He looked at me like he thought I was a fool, and then said, no wonder. You must make love to a girl, Jack, if you wish to stand in. You must squeeze her hand and tell her of your love for her by the hour and of its depth. I replied that I could not think of enough to say for such a length of time as that. He replied, mournful like, "Well, Jack, you will never have a girl to love you."

I went home and began to think on what he had said, when all at once I happened to remember a novel full of love scenes. I got it and memorized about two hours' talk out of it and went to see another girl that I had fallen

in love with. She was bashful and very quiet. I began courting her by getting on the sofa by her side and telling her how dear she was to me, and then I told her my speech in glowing words. After I had finished my speech I attempted to kiss her as my friend had advised. She hit me on the head and told me not to forget that she was a lady. I attempted to kiss her again, for I had heard it said that a girl was not mad when she hit you on the head, she was only hitting you love licks.

I was trying to kiss her with all my might when she fired away with a song book she had in her hand and broke my nose. The blow knocked me flat on the parlor floor. I never had my nose to bleed so before in my life. I got up off the floor and went home. The next morning I went to see the pastor of my church and got license to cuss two weeks. After this effort I let the girls alone. Girls and mules always went together in my mind after that. I never could understand either. That is why I remained a bachelor.

SHELLEY THE IDEALIST.

BY WILL B. CREASMAN.

"Do what he will, he can not realize
Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies;
Go where he may, he can not hope to find
The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind."

This was Shelley. Mr. Watson calls him—

"Shelley, the cloud begot, who grew
Nourished on air and sun and dew
Into that Essence whence he drew
His life and lyre."

"The cloud begot." A more beautiful epithet could not be found, and it gives us a real picture of this very unreal man.

We have another picture in Shelley's own words when he says in early youth: "During the whole of my existence I have incessantly speculated, thought and read"; and in later life, "You might as well go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton as expect anything human or earthly from me." This spirit led him to be a martyr at college and brought forth most immoderate and most poetic dreams. Society in his dreams was modeled after the picture he had drawn of his own oppression and his ideal man was a picture of the generosity he felt in himself. He says: "The state of society in which we exist is a mixture of feudal savageness and imperfect civilization." He believed that evils existed less in human beings than in social, political or religious institutions, preached fraternity and love, and advocated the abolition of priests, kings and God. He had no knowledge of life, but went about in a blind way, not seeing the high-road, but stumbling over the stones by the way-side. His "passion for reform-

ing the world" built socialistic utopias and sought after the perfect ideal he could not find and sadder still could not even conceive.

Keats made it his aim to tell a beautiful legend beautifully, while Shelley's aim was to foretell, hasten and inaugurate the new reign of "Peace on earth; good will to men."

His vast dream of emancipating humanity led to his early and hasty marriage with Harriet Westbrook, because he "desired to make the most of the good chances afforded him by fate of saving a human spirit from the thraldom of conventionality and effete faith."

His ideal in religion is set forth in the notes to "Queen Mab," and in "Prometheus Unbound." To understand his tirades we must keep ever before us this idea, he believed in absolute liberty in everything, or, in other words, he believed as the Jews acted at one time when "every man did that which was right in his own eyes." He says: "Religion is the perception of the relation in which we stand to the principle of the universe. It is probable that the word God was originally only an expression denoting the unknown cause of the known events which men perceived in the universe. But the doctrine of necessity teaches us that in no case could any event have otherwise happened than it did happen, and that, if God is the author of good, he is also the author of evil; that if he deserves our gratitude for the one, he is entitled to our hatred for the other. But we are taught by the doctrine of necessity, that there is neither good nor evil in the universe, otherwise than as the events to which we apply epithets, having relation to our own peculiar mode of being." Shelley could not reconcile the idea of a God of love and of vengeance. To him

obedience to any power was cowardly and to spend his life in doing homage to a God as revealed by the priests of his day was revolting. He looked upon religion as it was professed, and above all practiced as hostile instead of friendly to the cultivation of those virtues which make men brothers. In "Prometheus Unbound" he idealized mankind in the fantastic paradise of a child's day dream. Prometheus, the idealized humanity, and Earth, his mother, vie with each other in hurling anathemas at all power, whether earthly or heavenly.

Earth: "And our almighty tyrant with fierce dread
Grew pale until his thunders chained thee here."
Prometheus: "Pity the self-despising slaves of Heaven
Not me, within whose mind sits peace serene."

The third act closes with :

"The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains
Sceptreless, free, uncircumcised but man—
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself—
The loftiest star of unascended heaven
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane."

In Alaston we find him seeking his ideal of beauty. The veiled maid, the unattainable, leads him on and on over hill and vale, over stony and rough paths, until he lies down to die, turns his face toward the sinking moon and realizes that ideal beauty is unapproachable in human life. This almost divine youth of uncorrupted feelings is a portrayal of Shelley's inner self. Until his death he still clung to the hope of encountering ideal loveliness incarnate.

Shelley's ideal love is prominent on every hand. He loved nature and made Prometheus say :

"I wish no living thing to suffer pain."

He also writes : "Love is the universal thirst for com-

munion, not merely of the senses, but of our whole nature, intellectual, imaginative and sensitive."

In the notes to "Queen Mab" we find "Love withers under constraint, its very essence is liberty; it is compatible neither with obedience, jealousy nor fear; it is there most pure, perfect and unlimited where its votaries live in confidence, equality and unreserve." With him love is immortal but nevertheless changeable.

> "Love, the misdirected is among
> The things which are immortal."

And yet, "Love is free; to promise forever to love the same woman is not less absurd than to promise to believe the same creed." His ideal wedlock was that there should be no marriage vows and that lovers should live together only so long as both were satisfied and then the marriage could be dissolved by mutual consent.

This "cloud begot" spirit moved is his realm until, as William Watson says, he

> "Was fittingly resolved anew
> Through wave and fire.
> 'Twas like his rapid soul.' 'Twas meet
> That he, who brooked not Time's slow feet,
> With passage thus abrupt and fleet
> Should hurry hence
> Eager the great Perhaps to greet
> With Why? and Whence?"

"He loved desert and solitary places where man enjoys the pleasure of believing infinite, what he sees, infinite in his soul." And nature took him "a beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." While the waves were closing over him and ending his dreams forever, his spirit must have cried, "What is life?"

SOME SUGGESTIONS TO THE YOUNG WRITER.

G. W. PASCHAL.

Having had occasion to read many of the best compositions of students, and to learn the general nature of their merits and defects, I trust that I may be pardoned for this little discussion.

The first impression given by the usual article handed to the editor of a college magazine is that the writer has felt it necessary for some reason of his own to write an article for publication—and here it is—he has done it, by main strength and awkwardness, perhaps, but at any rate he has done it. Even his manuscript reveals something of the joy anticipated by the young author on the prospect of seeing his article in print. The trouble with articles of this kind is that they are written without any considerable knowledge or interest. An article to be worth reading must be written by one who has mastered the subject with which it deals. To do that, the writer must have made himself familiar with the literature of the subject. This will often entail the reading of several volumes and looking up many references. Every phase of the matter in hand should be duly considered and reflected upon. By this time the would-be author will have gained a fund of knowledge and his interest will have taken definite direction. Then he will be ready to write something that will be full of information and be flavored with the interest he himself feels. Nor are topics for interesting and valuable papers wanting. Any student might do himself and the readers of his college magazine a real service by writing a sketch of some great man—not one too generally known—whose extended

biography we have no time for. Any one with a geological turn of mind might write an interesting article on the geological formation of our State. The rise and the development of the cotton manufacturing industry in our State, and the peanut industry, would be good topics for those who have the time and patience.

Very often, too, a college student begins to write without the least idea as to what he is going to say. He follows his pen down any blind road it may lead him—*solvitur scribendo.* It usually leads him into some kind of absurdity and he finds himself in regions of thought that have no bearing on his subject. It is much the best, in fact almost absolutely necessary, to have a definite end in view and definite lines of thought for development leading to that end.

Again, most young writers are more troubled over their style than over having something to say. He affects the mannerisms of the authors he reads, vainly imagining that they will add grace to his style. Now it is my belief that a good style—style in its broader sense—is not to be sought in heaven above nor in the earth beneath. The best style of which any one is capable is all the time within his grasp if he only knew it, and that is the style to which he has been accustomed to use in his daily speech all his life. Style is a matter of growth. It is really a part of the man; bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Here in North Carolina we have a homegenous population who have kept true and undefiled the good, strong idioms of every-day English speech, and are familiar with the greatest masterpiece of its literature, the English Bible.

By remaining true to these we may have a good style, and only so. An acquired style, like an acquired

language, always has a barbarous accent. It will betray its bookishness. The great masters of English style, such as George Eliot, Hawthorne, Thackeray, Ruskin, have learned it at their mother's knee. This may seem strange to some, but to none who is familiar with the story of their lives. Of course any of these authors may have developed his style, but it was by a process of assimilation and growth in which its fundamental character was unchanged. The point, then, is for the young writer to avoid imitating any author, but to write in the language and idioms that Providence has put into his mouth. The "Wilson Correspondent" may amuse us, but I know a writer for a cross-roads newspaper, who learned his reading, writing and arithmetic in a log school house, who writes much better English. This man, I will warrant, does not know the definition of style, and has read hardly any book except the Bible, but has something to say and says it as directly in writing as in speech. He appears in his own colors and shows no gaudy array of borrowed plumage.

But though the young writer should be natural, he should neglect no means that looks to healthy development. Bad spelling, provincialisms and barbarisms must be avoided; vocabulary must be increased, and means of effecting clearness and force sought. The manuals of rhetoric tell how to do these things. There is no need to repeat them here, but I desire to emphasize some things not much dwelt on in the manuals.

The young writer should know the Bible, and know some portions of it very well. The musical cadences of the Psalms, the organ roll of Revelation, and the silver pureness of the Gospel on the Mount should all the time be ringing in his ears, just as their moral harmonies

should make music in his soul. There is no great master of English prose but has been familiar with the Bible; Ruskin began to learn it in his second year.

Again, the young writer will find it very valuable towards acquiring a good vocabulary and delicate turns of expression to read and commit much simple English poetry, such as may be found in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." The language of poetry is necessarily forceful and yet delicate and discriminating in its shades of meaning; it is especially rich in epithet. Its expression is direct. By learning and assimilating these riches, many a writer has added a permanent charm to his style; there are still inexhaustible treasures new and old in our poets.

For structural methods let the student know thoroughly and analytically a few good orations, essays and stories. Let these serve roughly for his first models. They will serve him better than any amount of set rules, or rather they will furnish the necessary exemplification of the rules.

THE PICTURE ON THE PAGE

(*of analytics the night before examination.*)

G. W. P.

O love! O love! O love!
Through a rift in the mists of moil,
Through a break in the clouds of toil,
In a light which love gives tone,
Shines the fair plump grace
And the glad young face
Of the girl from childhood known—
O love! O love! O love!

STORIETTE DEPARTMENT.

JUST FOR FUN.

BY GEORGE E. KORNEGAY, JR.

Frank Johnson and Harry Terrel were two of the most mischievous boys in the community. They were continually playing jokes on some unsuspecting person. Of course they incurred the enmity of the people in this neighborhood, and especially the young men who visited Harry's sister, but were in turn worshipped by the smaller boys whom they jeeringly termed "kids." They were not grown, but when a boy reaches fourteen he feels quite old—a young man, at least.

It was an unusual thing for them to work, but for the past week they had toiled faithfully in Mr. Johnson's pea patch. This caused considerable comment by their parents, who were lured into the belief that the boys had turned over a new leaf. They might be able to fool their parents, but old Auut Dinah, the cook, was not so easily imposed upon, for she remarked one day to herself:

"Dem chiluns am up ter some deviltry, dat's sho'."

Aunt Dinah had good reasons for keeping an eye on them. She had been frightened nearly to death by the boys on the night of her fifth marriage. They had placed a gourd on the fence with a light in it, which made quite a frightful object, as it shone hideously through the eyes, nose, and mouth the boys had cut on it, and it caused good old Aunt Dinah considerable trouble, for the wedding was delayed nearly two hours.

Now, if their parents could have overheard this conversation which took place behind the barn, they could have accounted for their hard work.

"Frank, I know a nigger that's got a horse pistol and he don't ask but seventy cents for it."

"Gee whiz, you don't say so ; let's buy it."

When Mr. Johnson heard that the boys had a pistol he ordered them to bring it to him at once, but when the offending article proved to be nothing but a harmless old horse pistol he consented to their keeping it, and generously donated a quarter so they could buy powder.

Mr. Johnson thought it harmless. He should have asked Mr. Tomasso, who could have spoken from experience ; in fact they had killed so many cats there was great danger of the cat family being exterminated. Old Aunt Dinah called halt to this wholesale murder when her old tabby, Sam, appeared one morning with an eye gone and a part of his ear missing.

" Now, chiluns, I ain't got no rejections ter yer killin' cats, but jes ez sho' ez i'se er standin' in dis door, dey's guinter hant yer."

That was sufficient. Mr. Tomasso could once more walk peacefully on the back yard fence without expecting every minute to have his head blown off.

One day while Frank and Harry were shooting at a young sparrow that had unfortunately fallen into their hands, Mr. Johnson came out where they were.

" Boys," he said ; " I would like to borrow your pistol to use at the show to-night when I fight the duel with Arthur Jones. Don't load it, but put a cap on the pin."

Certainly they would lend it to him. Had not they sworn to get even with Arthur Jones the day he had spanked them for tying a tin can to his dog's tail? Harry

could hardly keep from laughing right before Mr. Johnson.

A short conference was held behind the barn which resulted in this: They were to load the old pistol with powder and peas. Each one was to put in half the powder and half the peas and John, the stable boy, was to ram it down. Thus they both could deny loading the pistol, as they thought. But fearing trouble, they gained the consent of their parents to visit Frank's Uncle Reuben after the play.

The play was to begin at eight o'clock, but they did not go until late, so that they could not get a seat and could remain near the door, knowing it would not be healthy for them to stay around when the peas hit Arthur Jones.

The play had gone along smoothly, and now the duel was to be fought. The second commenced counting.

"One, two, three"; bang! bang!

The old horse pistol fairly roared, and their vengeance was complete. They made for their bicycles and were off to Uncle Reuben's, twelve miles away.

The following account of the show appeared in the paper the next day:

THE DUEL—PEAS.

The play last night was an overwhelming success. Our local talent deserve much praise for the splendid entertainment. The climax was the duel scene between two rivals. Mr. Johnson took the part of the old gentleman and Mr. Arthur Jones, our talented young lawyer, the part of the villian. They were to use blank cartridges, but it seems that Mr. Johnson's son and a chum of his owned the weapon (which was an old horse pistol)

and had loaded it with peas. Of course this was unknown to Mr. Johnson, who is a gentleman of integrity. When he fired, the house shook, as well as Mr. Arthur Jones, for he received quite a number of hot peas. Mr. Jones fell, as was required in the play, but really he would have fallen any way. It was at close range and the peas must have hurt pretty bad, at least one would judge so from the yelling and cursing he put up. Several doctors rushed upon the stage. Mr. Jones' clothing was removed and several red spots could be seen. He insisted that they were the places the buck shot entered, and he could feel the blood running down his legs. A further investigation proved the same as the first, save that some very good whiskey had been wasted by Mr. Jones sitting down too hard on his silver-mounted flask, which he thought was his own gore.

There was quite a commotion in the hall for sometime, several ladies having fainted. A few peas were found on the stage and the mystery was ended. Finally the crowd was put in a good humor by some one yelling, "Peas." This made Mr. Jones very angry, and while we agree with him that those two youngsters ought to be murdered, we think he should pass it off as a very good joke.

A week later Frank and Harry returned home and were promptly whipped, and to this day they hate the name of peas.

A TALE OF "THE CAPE."

BY GEO. J. SPENCE.

Nestling amid the sand hills and looking out across the wild Atlantic, lie the snug little homes of two fishermen.

So Allan Smith had as his playmate, Nellie Burrus, his neighbor, to join him in building houses in the sand.

When Allan reached his fourteenth year his father gave him a boat and fishing net to do with as he pleased. He inherited a love for the sea from his father, so, as if by instinct, he soon found a suitable place for his net. As he went to fish it every morning, Nellie accompanied him to the shore and watched him as he launched the boat and sailed away. Patiently she would wait his return and then they would carry the "catch" to their homes.

Thus they lived. And as Allan grew older he felt a fondness for his little blue-eyed neighbor springing up in his heart. And Nellie loved him, too, and yet was not aware that she loved him, but wondered what caused her cheeks to burn and her heart to beat so violently when she bade him good-bye.

For a large sea-going vessel touched that port one day in need of a skipper, and Allan, now grown to manhood, and knowing all the reefs and shoals along the coast, offered his services and was given the place.

They stood at her gate as the sun was slowly setting. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground and her head bowed slightly forward.

"Nellie, to-morrow I leave at sunrise. I have loved you longer than you knew. Promise me that when I return you will be my bride."

Meekly answered Nellie, "Allan, I promise."

He folded her to his bosom and she felt a kiss upon her burning lips and he was gone.

Would they ever meet again?

Before the morning had fully dawned Allan was on board the ship, and soon the gray sand hills of Hatteras were left far behind.

Slowly and wearily the days came and went, and Nellie dreamed out her life and fondly thought of the time when Allan should return and claim her as his own. A year passed and no tidings of him reached her ears.

One night, in a dream, Nellie saw him clinging to a spar, the ship gone to pieces, and all lost. She seemed to see and hear him as he asked God to watch over and protect her and then committed his soul to its Maker. She awoke with a scream. A storm was raging out on the ocean. Then Nellie fell on her knees and prayed that Allan might be safe and sound in some harbor, and not near the storm-driven shoals of Cape Hatteras.

She was awakened next morning by her father.

"Nellie, come with me. A storm has driven a vessel ashore during the night and perhaps we may care for some poor castaway."

So Nellie and her old weather-beaten father went down to the seashore, where all the village had assembled to view the effects of the storm. What a sight met their eyes! On the sand were placed the dead bodies of fifteen men, the entire crew. Timidly and tremblingly Nellie approached them. What if Allen should be among the dead? But no! that could not be. She stilled the violent beating of her heart and aided her father in arranging the dead.

Cautiously she raised the coarse canvass placed over

one. No; he is not Allan. She goes to another. Thank Heaven; it is not he. The maiden uncovers a third. Oh, horror! Can she not be mistaken? Is it Allan?

She uttered a piercing scream for help. She felt his pulse. He still lived. Nellie rubbed his forehead. He heard her shriek and felt her touch. Slowly he opened his eyes. Then he heard a gentle voice whisper "Allan, my beloved;" and the sound died away in the air. With clasped hands Nellie knelt by his side. In vain he strove to whisper her name, but the word, unuttered, died on his lips and their motion told what his tongue was no longer able to tell. The light died out of his eyes. His head sank back upon Nellie's bosom, and all was dark.

Upon the hillside, in the humble little church-yard, side by side, are two unmarked graves. One perished in a storm off the coast of Hatteras, the other died of a broken heart.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

BY R. G. LEWIS.

"The uncounted laughter of the ocean."

That beautiful flight of fancy from Æschylus passed through my mind as lying in the shadow of a great vessel, blown high upon the sands by a storm, I watched old Atlantic's billows roll.

A corked bottle, tossed back and forth on the inflowing and receding waves, attracted my attention, and rushing into the water I seized it. It was only an ordinary champagne bottle, but inside were two pieces of paper apparently torn from a note book and containing

writing. Eagerly I broke the bottle against the vessel and read: "On board the *City of Rome*, bound for Europe. A fearful storm, masts gone, boats stove in. Oh, My God! no hope. We are drowning, drowning like rats in a hole, with no chance of escape. Far from native land and loved ones, who will never know our fate. All is terror. Men and women rush wildly about. Some praying, some cursing, despair written on their faces. The captain alone is calm. He stands holding to the stump of a mast. Is it imagination or do I see a far away look in his eyes as if he too is thinking of loved ones? Oh! to die thus is horrible. Life never seemed more beautiful. Waves mountain high. Ship is sinking. A few minutes more and we shall be in eternity. How awful! Mother, Mary, farewell. I die with your names on my lips. We will meet in heaven. Oh! how hard, helplessly to see those poor women suffer. Goodbye, beautiful earth."

On the back of this piece of paper was written: "Finder, please send to Cashel Byron, Richmond, Va. December 20, 1896."

On the other piece of paper was written: "Domum, domum, dulcem domum," and signed "Richard Byron."

Tenderly I folded this touching message from the hero who, in hopeless peril, yet unselfishly sympathized with the suffering about him, and found time to send a last message of hope to "Mother" and "Mary," and who had long ago found a mariner's grave. Placing it in my pocket I slowly moved away from that booming, pitiless sea.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

H. E. CRAVEN, Editor.

The Debate. The first Richmond College-Wake Forest debate has come and gone, and the trophy is now in captivity in the enemy's territory. Hence, there is little to be said about the debate. But we do want to say a few things: First, the debate was conducted on a high order, above the plane of personalities, and above mere quibbles about words and isolated, irrelevant facts; second, we fought hard and lost; third, we have no complaint to make of our representatives, of the Richmond debaters, or of the judges, and although one or two reports may have gone out to the contrary, the student body and the college are not responsible for the private opinions of any one man. Wake Forest accepts the decision of the judges in a manly spirit. There has been less kicking this year than ever before, and we believe that we are learning the lesson of taking a defeat without murmuring. With the good material shown in the preliminaries we feel confident of a fine debate on next Thanksgiving.

Meeting of County Superintendents. Perhaps one of the most important educational meetings ever held in the State was that of the State Association of County Superintendents which met in Raleigh about the middle

of last month. Seventy County Superintendents responded to the call of Mr. Joyner, came to Raleigh and spent three days there orgauizing themselves into a permanent association, discussing among themselves, with Dr. Buttrick, Mr. Heck, and with others, practical plans for making the present educational forces in the State more efficient, and hearing reports on the work that has already been done. No wiser move has ever been made than that of our Superintendent of Public Instruction in calling all of his county leaders together and forming them into an organization whose purpose is to direct in the most practical way the reforms that are so much needed in the State, but which, without intelligent leadership, will hardly be followed by the best results. The discussions and speeches were characterized by genuine earnestness, intelligence, practical common sense, and by a spirit of mutual helpfulness.

Some of the subjects discussed were consolidation of small districts, plans for obtaining new school houses and more sanitary and more beautiful grounds, better equipments, ways and means of raising money, the necessity for county school maps, and local taxation. A meeting of this kind sounds like business, and public education is bound to feel the good effects of it. A very noteworthy fact brought out in the meeting and showing the interest of private citizens in education, was that $317,000 had been raised by private subscription for the 332 new school houses that had been built in the State.

Temperance. Another significant movement in North Carolina is the revival of the temperance question. It looks as if a great victory is ahead of the temperance people, and it is a revelation to know how

prevalent the temperance sentiment is. This may be seen from some facts published in a recent number of the *North Carolina Baptist*, which gives an approximate estimate of the temperance sentiment in the State. Read them. There are in North Carolina 46 counties without saloons, 43 counties with saloons, and about 8 counties with dispensaries. Already this movement for temperance has the support of the most useful and prominent men in the State and of the best dailies. Although some of the agitation may be that of the politician with his ear to the ground ready to hear which way the tide is moving and then step out to lead the procession, still we should remember that he has a following and can do good unintentionally.

We think temperance is coming, not in the next ten years nor twenty, but slowly and gradually, yet surely. The leaven is at work and will permeate the whole mass of society, if each of us will contribute his intelligent efforts and best thought to the cause. We like to think of this temperance sentiment in Carlyle's words about an awakened thought. He says in his great book on "Heroes," "thought once awakened does not again slumber; unfolds itself into a system of thought; grows in man after man, generation after generation, till its full stature is reached, and such system of thought can grow no farther, but must give place to another." This was true of the thought that freed enslaved mankind, and will be inevitably true with temperance.

EXCHANGES.

ABNER C. GENTRY, Editor.

"*Parvum in multo.*"

We are glad to welcome *The Oak Leaf* twice a month.

We make our bow to *The Roanoke Collegian*. A table of contents and an exchange department would add much to the excellence of the magazine.

The Davidson College Magazine is before us. It is, as usual, good; but we notice that the exchange man says Sidney Lanier is our greatest Southern poet. Will the writer of the initial article differ from him? We think he ought to.

Special comment should be made on *The Guilford Collegian*. The October issue did not reach us until November 17. Arouse ye, editors, or you will be behind.

The Trinity Archive is always of a high standard. The November issue is an improvement on the other numbers which we have had the pleasure of reading. The several editorial departments are especially to be commended.

The first November magazine to reach us was *The University of Virginia Magazine*. So many former editors had complimented this journal, we looked forward to it perhaps with more pleasure than any of the rest. We find that it contains some excellent articles, the "Settlement at Jamestown" being the leading one. It shows the writer is familiar with his subject and not dependent on narrow limits for his material. It is excellent both in thought and diction. "Thomas Moore's Roman and Greek Mythology" is also an excellent essay. The writer begins by showing the similarity of the minds of the English-

man, Moore, and the Grecian Anacreon. He continues his paper with an admirable discussion of Moore's original writings and his translations of Anacreon. There are several poems worthy of mention in this issue.

The most noticeable and commendable part of *The Winthrop Journal* is the way harsh criticism is clothed so that it seems pleasant. We see our weaknesses pointed out, and are willing to say that the pointing out is very nicely done. To say the least of the *Journal*, it is well edited. The verse is the ornament of the magazine, and shows talent capable for something more serious. Both stories and essays are to be commended for brevity. The latter are worthy of some commendation and are up to the standard. The former, though manifesting a high æsthetical sentiment, are, for the most part, lacking in plot. We think the heroine in "A Story of War Times" is too bold for a woman; the hero, also, is too easily captured to be a Yankee officer.

The Monroe College Monthly is one of the neatest of our exchanges. "Success," the opening piece, is an essay of some merit. "The Ghostly Ghosts of Ghostdom" is a story which we rank among the first in our entire list in interest; but is it not impossible to find any girls brave enough to remain locked up with a skeleton in the night time and not alarm the neighbors? If "Leaves from the English Room" is a fair specimen of the work done in that department, how pleasant a task the instructor has in going over the exercises! Notwithstanding the good that can be said about the *Monthly*, yet we must suggest that to be ornamented it must contain more verse.

We greet with pleasure the *State Normal Magazine*. It is replete with reading matter, which will come nearer standing the test of usefulness than any of our exchanges, though a majority of it is written by the alumnæ. "The Gander of Roanoke" is a story worthy to fill pages of magazines that are supposed to have a higher standard than college journals. In describing the life and habits of the feathered race, T. Gilbert Pearson, in our

estimation, ranks among the first. Finding such commendable articles in the initial number, we look forward to the future with high expectations.

No magazine on our table has a more inviting appearance than the *Wofford College Journal*, and when we peruse its pages we find material of a high standard until we pass the editorials. The other departments are far behind the average. The editors certainly must have thought that "brevity was the soul of wit"; for they are too short to contain much wit. The Local Department gives the announcement of lectures for the coming year, and the result of the society elections. The exchanges are not criticisms at all. The editor does not point out any weaknesses, neither does he show the points of excellence, if any occur. Save this fault the *Journal* is not behind the other college magazines. It contains several good articles, the best of which is "The School of the New South." Such orations, arousing the spirit of union, should be declaimed throughout our Southland. If similar thought should become a part of the nature of every school boy, it would not be long before a "South of Secession" would be forgotten and a "South of Union and Freedom" hold supremacy.

Do we like blood-curdling stories? Are they usually enjoyed by readers of college journals? If so, "A Possibility," in the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* for November, will be read with pleasure. Superior to it, however, is "The Night Operator's Story." It has a good plot and well written, and, though simple, it is intensely interesting. To some, "Show Me the Way to Go Home" may be of some merit, but we fail to see the point in it. It is a very much overdrawn description of a Sophomore's trip home. If a college magazine wants to have a high standard very little space should be allowed for such articles. In many of our exchanges good verse is lacking. The *Monthly* is to be congratulated for getting out the greatest quantity, while the quality of the most of it is excellent.

We wish for time and space to review *The Statesville College Magazine*, *Guilford Collegian*, *Stetson Collegiate*, *Vassar Miscel-*

lany, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, University of Texas Literary Magazine, University of North Carolina Magazine, Emory and Henry Era, William and Mary College Monthly, The Eatonian, Central University Cento, Southwestern University Magazine, The Journal Central Collegian, Kentucky State Collegian, William Jewell Student, Philomathean Monthly, Buff and Blue, Mississippi College Magazine, Blue and Gold, Student Quarterly, Polytechnian, Hendrix Mirror, Monthly Maroon, Limestone Star, Carolinian, Clemson College Chronicle, The Chizel, Pine and Thistle, Howard Payne Monthly, and perhaps others which have been unintentionally misplaced.

CLIPPINGS.

"Give me a kiss, my charming Pearl,'
A young man said to a blue-eyed girl.
Said she, "You great big lazy elf,
Pucker your mouth and help yourself."—*Ex.*

A maid, a man, an open fan,
A seat upon the stair,
A stolen kiss, six weeks of bliss,
And forty years of care.—*Ex.*

O, NIGHT IN JUNE.

O, night in June,
With soft Southern moon
Casting its silvery sheen;
The rich perfume
Of the magnolia bloom
Nestling in glossy green;
The blushing rose, the jasmine flower,
With dewy petals bent,
The balmy stillness of the hour,
—A holy silence sent;
What peace is here
In thy golden atmosphere!
But hush! from yonder distant tree
The Southern songster sings!
O, mocking-bird with tiny throat,
The woodland echoes ring
With thy joyous note,
The sound of thy magic trill
Pulsates, throbs, thrills.
O, soul, drink deep, drink long,
'Neath Southern moon, of Southern song,

'Mid fragance that intoxicates.
O, night in June,
What glory and splendor thine!
What joy and rapture mine!

—*B. P., in Limestone Star.*

STOP, THIEF!

O, roguish Cupid, where's my heart
I had but yesterday?
I left its citadel unlocked
And now it's taken away.

I gave my Junior girl a rose,
And when we came to part
She kissed the rose—ah, there it is;
Stop, thief! *She* has my heart.—*Ex.*

O, wo'd some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see some folks before they see us;
It wo'd from hours of torture free us,
In this vale below.

For we could to jungles hie us,
Where these bores might never spy us—
Rather have the wild beasts nigh us
Than some folks we know—*Ex.*

NOT FOND OF NATURE.

Drucilla paints divinely,
Surpassing all in skill,
And yet she scoffs at nature,
Nor studies vale or hill.

She joins colors neatly,
And never smears or streaks;
But still you doubt her talent?
Behold Drucilla's cheeks!—*Ex.*

This we learn
Is the chief end of man
To keep all you get
And get all you can.—*Ex.*

My heart leaps up when Bridget says
The Thanksgiving dinner's nigh;
So was it when, in youth, my eyes
Behold the tarts and pumpkin pies
And turkey dressed, and will always,
Or let me die.
A dinner fine can hush all sighs;
And, oh! I think they are too few,
These Thanksgiving Days, and splendid feasts, don't you.—*Ex.*

TENNYSON.

Break, break, break! on thy cold grey stones, O sea!
For I'd like you to know
How it seems to be so
Broke, dead broke, as me.—*Ex.*

"If the chigger were bigger—
As big as a cow—
And his digger had vigor
Like a subsoil plough,
Can you figger, picnicker,
Where you'd be now?"

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDWIN J. SHERWOOD, Editor.

A correspondence, entitled "North Carolinians in Georgia to the *Biblical Recorder* of October 22, contains the following:

"Dr. J. L. White, who has been pastor of the First Church, Macon, for nearly eight years, is one of the most gifted sons Wake Forest has ever sent out. Macon is one of our largest cities, the home of Mercer University, and a strong Baptist center. Hence as pastor of the largest church in the city, Dr. White weilds a very broad influence, not only in Macon, but throughout the State. He is the Vice-President of the Home Mission Board for Georgia, President of Board of Trustees of Monroe Female College, a member of Board of Missions, Orphans' Home Association, etc. He has done very successful evangelistic work in his own church and in many others in the State. His many friends in North Carolina will rejoice with us that he has recovered from a five months' illness and is at his post again to the great delight of his church.

'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman has returned from Fort Smith, Ark., to St. Joseph, Mo., where ten years ago he was pastor of the Patee Park church. He is now pastor of the Savannah Avenue church.

'81. "At the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Association, the oldest in America, K. B. Tupper nominated Dr. E. M. Poteat for Moderator. He was elected and presided with great wisdom, grace and dignity."—*Correspondence Baptist Argus.*

'89. Rev. A. L. Betts has resigned the pastorate at Warsaw. He has done good work here, and has won the hearts of the people. We heard a resident say that he is a perfect pastor. Our denomination has no more diligent and consecrated young preacher.—*Biblical Recorder.*

'98. T. H. King is in charge of a flourishing academy at Chase City, Va. His school is known as the Southside Academy and employs five teachers besides the principal.

'89. The whole State is to be congratulated on the return of Rev. C. J. Thompson, who has for several years been in charge of State Mission work in Virginia. He now succeeds Rev. W. C. Tyree as pastor of the First Baptist church at Durham.

We are delighted to know that in the discussion of Wake Forest at the Convention great speeches were made by Dr. J. W. Lynch ('88) and Prof. W. R. Cullom ('92).

Wake Forest was honored in having at the Convention three of its most distinguished alumni from outside of the State: Dr. A. T. Robertson ('85), Professor of New Testament in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Dr. E. E. Folk ('77), editor *Baptist and Reflector*, Nashville, Tenn., and Rev. B. W. Spillman ('91), Field Secretary of the Sunday School Board at Nashville, Tenn. The last named has recently prepared a very valuable booklet on the Sunday School, its history, methods, management, teachers and teaching, published by the Sunday School Board.

'90. Rev. H. C. Moore, another alumnus of the college has written a book entitled "The Book of the Bible." It is an elementary study of the Bible by books, containing a year's course of weekly lessons for normal classes, young people's meetings, Bible classes and individual students.

'80. Dr. C. S. Farris, of Flordia, has been spending some time with his father-in-law, Dr. J. B. Richardson, of High Point. We were glad to have him at the Orphanage recently. Dr. Farris was in North Carolina when this Orphanage was born and earnestly advocated its establishment when many other good brethren advised against it.—*Charity and Children.*

'85. Bethel Hill Institute, under the management of J. A. Beam, did not open until September 17, on account of delay in completing the young men's dormitory. Prospects for a good session are fine.—*Biblical Recorder.*

'93. Principal V. O. Parker, of the Haywood High School, Clyde, writes: "Our school here has opened well, the enrollment being 219—representing three States and six counties. The work on the new building is nearing completion and money sufficient for seating the auditorium has been subscribed. There are some repairs needed on the old building which will be under-

taken as soon as money sufficient can be raised. The prospects for the permanent establishment of a good school here are very encouraging."—*Biblical Recorder.*

'95. Rev. J. A. McKaughan has accepted the Lumber Bridge work and is on the field. The church is considering the building of a parsonage. This will give the church a great advantage in keeping a pastor. We rejoice when we hear of a church building a pastor's home.—*N. C. Baptist.*

'85. We take pleasure in printing the following excellent account of Rev. Oscar Haywood, a photo-engraving of whom appeared in a recent number of the *Baptist and Reflector:*

"Mr. Haywood was born in North Carolina. He is a relative of Judge Haywood, after whom Haywood County in North Carolina, and also Haywood County in Tennessee, was named.

"He was educated at Wake Forest College, North Carolina. His pastorates have been Morristown, Tenn.; Huntsville, Ala.; West Point, Miss.; and Jackson, Tenn. At all of these places he was very popular and had large audiences. He has just accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church. Waterbury, Conn. This is one of the foremost churches in Connecticut. It has about seven hundred members, a Sunday School of five hundred pupils and a beautiful house of worship. Mr. Haywood is a genial, social man and an eloquent speaker. He has many friends in this State and over the South who will wish him the most abundant success in his new field of labor."

'91. Rev. R. G. Kendrick has resigned the pastorate of the church at Piedmont, S. C., to accept a call at Laurinburg and Spring Hill, North Carolina. We clip the following account of his good work from a South Carolina paper:

"A good deal of substantial work for the benefit of the church has been wrought during his term of service, not the least of which has been the building of the elegant parsonage on Main street, which will be the home of the future pastors of this church, whoever they may be. Mr. Kendrick has also fine abilities as an organizer, and has impressed himself on this community as a man of the most sterling qualities. Safe, practical and energetic, you always know you can depend on him. It will take a strong man to replace him as an influence and force for everything that is right and true."

It is a pleasure to note that in the discussion of temperance at the Convention the leadership was assumed by Jno. A. Oates ('91) and Rev. W. C. Barrett. The first is probably more responsible than any one else for the temperance movement in North Carolina.

'67. Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, who was for many years the very able and esteemed pastor of the College, is now doing a splendid work at Hickory, N. C. The following is from *Charity and Children:*

"We had the pleasure of looking through Dr. Gwaltney's splendid church in Hickory last week. It is admirably located and the arrangement of the building is all that could be desired. Dr. Gwaltney is a master builder, not only of church houses, but of churches."

Rev. Walter M. Gilmore ('91), of Brunswick, Ga., has this to say about Rev. Jno. A. Wray ('92) in the *Recorder* of November 19th:

'92. There is no man in the State who is in greater demand for evangelistic meetings than John A. Wray, of Milledgeville, Ga. He has had a very successful pastorate of nearly eight years there. Milledgeville is an intellectual center, being a college town, and it is also the home of the Insane Asylum, of which John is at present chaplain. He seems to be a favorite in all of these institutions."

It is gratifying to note that the sons of Wake Forest will be quite numerous in the next session of the Legislature. In the Senate will be: C. S. Vann ('79), of Edenton; C. W. Mitchell ('81), of Bertie; E. J. Justice ('87), of McDowell; R. B. White ('91), of Franklin; and R. F. Beasley ('94), of Monroe. Members of the House who claim Wake Forest as their alma mater are: V. C. Bullard, of Cumberland; D. L. Carlton ('98), of Duplin; Dr. I. G. Riddick ('84), of Franklin; John E. Vann ('86), of Hertford; J. P. Morris, of Polk; A. S. Dockery ('92), of Richmond; E. J. Britt ('00), of Robeson; J. C. McNeill ('98), of Scotland; A. B. Hunter, of Wake, and W. P. White ('83), of Halifax. Mr. McNeill is pleasantly remembered as a tutor in English at Wake Forest for two years. Mr. Britt was nominated a week after completing his law course at the College.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

GASTON SIMMONS FOOTE, Editor Pro Tem.

FROM THANKSGIVING to Christmas—what a step!

EXAMINATIONS HAVE been posted—there comes the rub.

MRS. POTEAT, of Raleigh, is visiting her son, Prof. W. L. Poteat.

MISS TEMPIE HILL, of Raleigh, was the guest of Miss Eugenia Harris in early November.

MRS. JOHN MILLS has returned to Wake Forest after a visit of several weeks to friends in Scotland Neck.

IT'S A NEW THING, sure, but it's a good one. Tennis Tournaments are about to make their entry into college life at Wake Forest. May their numbers increase.

MISSES KATHERINE AND EUZELIA ROMINGER, of Reidsville, spent a few days on the Hill during November, the guests of Mrs. Ernest Raines.

FIRE! FIRE! The cotton platform near the depot was recently set on fire, presumably by sparks of a passing train and, with ninety-seven bales of cotton, was completely destroyed.

MRS. E. W. TIMBERLAKE and daughter, Ada Lee, of Louisburg, stopped over a few days on their way from the State Fair.

PROF. J. H. SIMMONS, of Shorter University, Georgia, was on the Hill for a few days, visiting his mother, Mrs. M. E. Simmons. He addressed the student body at the morning exercises.

MISS HARRIET DICKINSON, who for some weeks has been visiting the family of Dr. Taylor, has returned to her home in Richmond, accompanied by Miss Janey Taylor, who will remain until after the holidays.

RUMOR HAS IT THAT one of our Seniors, suffering with Cupid's affliction, is contemplating going to Winston to consult an oculist. O love, love, what sins are committed in thy name!

WAKE FOREST ALWAYS welcomes her alumni. Among those who have visited their alma mater this month may be mentioned; Prof. Henry Simmons, Dr. A. S. Pendleton, and Messrs. Harry Heck, W. F. Fry, Harry Trantham and Hartwell Scarborough.

HIS ALMA MATER was glad to see Hon. E. Y. Webb on the Hill this month. Mr. Webb is a prominent lawyer of Shelby, and his handsome majority in the Ninth District Congressional election is evidence of his popularity and ability. THE STUDENT extends congratulations to Congressman Webb.

IT WAS FRIDAY OF Fair week, and all was hurry and bustle. The tall young Solon from Wake Forest, clad in his newly-purchased cravenette, stood in all of his importance under the crowded shed at Union Depot, patiently awaiting the arrival of his train. He felt a touch at his elbow: "Heigho, Solon, old boy. I'm glad to see you. Been reading about you in the papers." "Yes," modestly (?) replied the man learned in the law, "*I'm* very well known."

THE WAKE FOREST BAND, under the leadership of Mr. Waite Bagley, is again in full "blast," and from all sides you can "listen to the band," and hear "how loudly it plays," convincing the listener that compul-

sory "gym." work is good for the lungs. It brings to mind visions of fairs, circuses, parades, etc., and red lemonade and pop-corn candy are alone wanting to make the dream of the Freshman a reality.

MANY THINGS ARE CALCULATED to increase college spirit, but perhaps nothing more so than the publication of a college annual. The annual, yet unnamed, is to be published by the two societies, and it is hoped that the editors will have the hearty support and co-operation of the Faculty as well as student body. It will make its debut in the spring, and with its efficient board of editors we may expect a strong and interesting number.

THE ANNUAL GAME OF football, between the two upper classes and the Sophs and Freshmen, has at last come off. The Sophs and Fresh played good ball, contesting every foot of the ground, but they went down in defeat before the superior skill and strength of the "uppers," the latter making one touchdown in the first half and two in the second. The "Newish" especially played good ball, and "we would advise them to come out again." In fact we have all kinds of football material here, and all we want, hope for, and *expect* is a simple little notice from the Trustees, saying "Play ball!"

PROF. AND MRS. W. R. CULLOM entertained the Bible classes at their home on the afternoon of November 12th. Mrs. Cullom, a most charming hostess, assisted by Mrs. W. B. Royall, and Misses Marie Lankford, Janey Taylor, Anna Mills, Harriet Dickinson, Annie Perry, Mary Taylor, and Sophie Lanneau, received. Refreshments and music added to the pleasure of the occasion, and each invited guest departed loud in their expressions of a pleasantly spent afternoon. Would it be out of order for

us to suggest that it would be a "mighty good thing" for the rest of the Faculty to follow Prof. Cullom's example?

WATCH THE GROWING interest in basket ball! Every afternoon crowds can be seen hurrying towards the grounds in front of the gymnasium all eager for a chance to "push and put" the ball. If not so fortunate as to be chosen at first, he takes his stand near by, hoping by luck or accident to eventually get in the game. We welcome the resurrection of this game among us, and only hope the enthusiasm at present manifested will be lasting.

"OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ! Come into Court! Come into Court! Come into Court!" cried Sheriff Tom Allen on the night of the 22d of November, and in answer to this authoritative call the court room was soon filled with students and citizens of the Hill, gathered together from all parts of the town to witness the trial of Romulus Richards, arraigned before His Honor Judge Gulley, on the charge of burglary. The jury was drawn and impanelled, the prisoner pleaded "not guilty," the witnesses were sworn, and the trial proceeded. The State was represented by Messrs. W. A. Dunn, Jr., of Halifax, and R. C. Allen, of Bladen, while Messrs. Pritchard S. Carlton, of Duplin, and Raymond C. Dunn, of Halifax, appeared for the defendant. Vigorously these young lawyers pleaded for conviction and acquittal, showing skill in the examination of witnesses and in the putting of their case to the jury. For an hour the jury was closeted, struggling with the *pros* and *cons* of the question, and a "hung jury" was their verdict, with seven for and five against acquittal. These Moot Courts afford splendid training for the law students, and the ease and skill with which they are conducted are sufficient evidence of the great work Prof. Gulley is doing in his department.

THE FIRST ANNUAL DEBATE of a series to be held between Richmond College and Wake Forest, took place in Raleigh on Thanksgiving night, November 27th, at the Academy of Music. At every available opportunity the yells of the rival but friendly colleges, and the unstinted and impartial applause of the audience, gave vent to expressions of good will towards the Virginians and of loyalty to the Carolinians. Messrs. Kincheloe and Lacy, for Richmond, maintained the affirmative of the question: "Resolved, That American honor demands the granting of independence to the Phillipines," while Messrs. Royall and Sherwood upheld the negative for Wake Forest. The decision of the Judges was unanimous for Richmond. We accept the result in good faith, and not, as various *correspondents* would seem to imply, in a spirit of protest at the action of the Judges. It is true that we are loath to see the beloved cup take up its abode in strange territory, but, in the words of Judge Womack, "Look well to your laurels, O Richmond, Wake Forest will be after them next year."

ON THANKSGIVING AFTERNOON from four till six, the young ladies of the B. F. U. fully convinced us that the receptions which they give us have no equal in their line. We are in doubt as to whether the Wake Forest boys enjoy even their own receptions at Anniversary and Commencement more than those which have for the past four years been tendered us by these young ladies on the afternoon of our annual Debate. The last was without doubt the most enjoyable ever given by them. The Faculty were all smiles, beautiful girls graced every door and hallway, bright eyes flashed, causing thrills to go to the heart of more than one fascinated youth, musical voices chimed, and the thrills multiplied. Yes, you could

talk to any girl you wanted to, and there were plenty of girls. It seemed that we had hardly arrived before the bell for leaving rang, many lingering for a second good-bye, and being induced to leave only on the promise that all the girls would attend the Debate to share our glory or suffer with us in our defeat—a promise which they right loyally kept. In behalf of the Literary Societies of Wake Forest, THE STUDENT extends thanks and appreciation to the Faculty and young ladies of the University for the royal time accorded us.

THE STUDENT is always glad to extend the use of its pages to the Baptist University, and we take great pleasure in publishing the following account of a "Mock Marriage at the B. F. U." Apropos of the account, we would say that these "preliminaries" are not without their use, and we are glad to see their inauguration in our female colleges. And so to them we say: "Be ye therefore ready, for ye know not in what hour the bridegroom cometh."

"Saturday evening, November 29th, the chapel of the Baptist University was a scene of much merriment. Accepting invitations, quite a number of students and the Faculty assembled to witness the humorous ceremony of the uniting of two of the students in the bonds of Mock Matrimony. Miss Martha Taylor presided in a masterfully way at the piano, while the guests were being ushered into the beautifully decorated auditorium by the ushers, M. Carter Ray and V. A. Egerton.

The strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March announced the approach of the bridal party, which entered as follows: The two ushers, V. A. Egerton and M. Carter Ray; then the attendants, Miss Leila May Suttle with "Mr." E. McDowell Neal, Miss Lottie Tull with "Mr." Ora Flack, Miss Edna Venerable with "Mr." Alma Smith, Miss Mary Sawyer with "Mr." Eloise Dough, Miss Ima Allen with "Mr." Katherine Futrell, Miss Heslope Purefoy with "Mr." Claire Lathrop; next came the maid of honor, Miss Ettie Briggs Aydlett followed by Miss Leonore Seay, bearing the ring on a silver tray. Then came the

bride, Miss Gaither Smith, beautifully attired in white point d' esprit, carrying a shower of Palmer violets and leaning upon the arm of her brother, "Mr." E. E. Smith. The groom, "Mr." M. L. Josey and his best man, "Mr." Grace Galloway, entered from the vestry room and met the bride at the altar. Father Martin officiated and the brother of the bride gave her away.

The brides maids were all gowned in dainty white, gifts of the bride, except the maid of honor, who wore white tulle over pink taffeta. The groom and groomsmen were attired in conventional suits of black.

After the ceremony the bridal party and other invited guests repaired to the room of Miss Gladys Mitchell, where an elegant supper was served.

Among those present from a distance were the grand parents of the bride, "Mr." Mamie B. Wright and wife (Miss Hennie Ragsdale), the father and mother of the groom, "Mr." Chattie Ivey and wife, (Miss Elsie Bennett), and numerous other relatives.

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THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

G. W. PASCHAL.

'Twas this, this life of high and noble aim
And constant strife, relentless to its goal,
That braved the unknown seas with strength of soul,
And like a wind-impelled consuming flame
Swept westward from our coast and rendered tame
The wilderness; our Freedom's sacred scroll
Breathes out this spirit, and the honor roll
Of all our patriots has the strenuous name.

America, to-day the world has felt the thrill
Of thy strong life, thy sons know not defeat,
They chain old Nature's giants to their mill
To grind; the Old-World men in awe complete
Stand breathless, while we forge ahead and show
A quicker, higher life than aught they know.

NIBS.

ARTHUR L. FLETCHER.

Outside a cold, drizzling rain was falling. The chill November fog enveloped and blotted out everything—the trees, the boat-house, the beach, the bay itself. The turkeys and chickens stood about the poultry-house in solemn, dejected groups. A flock of pigeons from their cote looked drearily out at the weather, while at the barn the sheep huddled together under the shed, shivering miserably.

Little Berta Randall's face wore a dismal pout as she

stood gazing out at the foggy, water-soaked landscape. She was decidedly cross. It had been raining all day long. She was tired of play and picture books. Mother was sick aud must not be disturbed. Joe had shut himself up in the library; Jack was gone to grandma's; and Aunt Amelia was "cross as a bear." So there was nothing left to do, but stand at the window and be miserable.

While she was yet standing at the window, a little stooping figure came creeping out of the blank wall of fog. It limped slowly along the picket fence and into the yard, and lay down on the wet grass at the foot of a great elm. Berta's heart filled with pity.

"Joe, Joe," she cried, "do come quick! There's a poor little ragged boy lying out there on the ground. Please go bring him in!"

Joe found him, a poor, weak little negro boy, and carried him into the big, warm kitchen. Berta brought some of Jack's old clothes, and Aunt Amelia prepared a hot meal for the little fellow. The dry clothes, the hot meal, and the warm fire soon revived him, and he was able to stammer out his thanks. His grins and the expression in his big, bright eyes spoke more than words.

"What's your name, little chap?" Joe asked kindly.

"Nibs, sah," he answered quickly, "Jes' Nibs. Aint got no uddah name."

"Where did you come from, Nibs? You look as if you had traveled a long way."

"Come fum down dat a-way," he replied, jerking his thnmb back over his shoulder. "Banjer I think wuz the place."

"Yes?" said Joe, encouragingly.

"Me an' mammy come dar a long time er go. Mammy she cook in a great big house wheah lots uv folks

wuz. Den one day mammy she died an' dey took her off an' an' I aint seed no good time sence. Ever' body beat me an' knock me 'roun' an' wouldn't give me nuffin' t'eat, an' I runned away. Den I come dis way an' all de boys dey frow rocks at me an' drive me off an' I like to starve. I wuz awful col' an' hungry an' weak an' I jes' couldn't go no fudder nor here."

Nibs paused, quite out of breath. He was not used to making such long speeches. Joe was moved by his pathetic story. Little Berta's sweet blue eyes were filled with tears. Nibs looked from one to the other, a world of pleading in his big sad eyes.

"An' you won' sen' me 'way fum here, will you?" he begged. "Please lemme stay. I can do mos' anyfing, I can."

Aunt Amelia came in just then. Joe and Berta turned to her with eager questioning.

"O, Aunt Amelia, can't he stay?" they both asked at once. "He seems like a bright little chap," Joe added.

"Of course not," she snapped. "I don't want any of his color around me." Then with a glance out at the window: "We'll try to keep him till morning and then send him off."

When morning came the snow lay deep on the ground, and a biting wind swept over the white fields. Even Aunt Amelia could not turn Nibs out into the cold. Joe's efforts were at last rewarded and Nibs stayed to make for himself a place in the family. Nor did it take him long to do so, for he was bright and helpful. Joe and Berta were delighted with him. Jack declared that he was a "brick," and even Aunt Amelia softened toward him a little.

Nibs loved his new home and all its inmates, except

Aunt Amelia. He worshipped Joe; for was it not Joe that had carried him in out of the rain when he was too weak and cold to walk? Was it not Joe who took his part when Aunt Amelia wanted him driven away? Really, it was Joe who had given him his new home.

So the days passed by. Thanksgiving and Christmas, with their attendant pleasures, came and went like happy dreams to Nibs; and day by day he became more and more necessary to the family life.

One day in the latter part of winter Joe had to make a trip to Bangor on business. Aunt Amelia and Berta were away on a visit to Grandma Randall's. Joe had to take Jack with him to help in handling the boat. This, he knew, would leave his mother and Nibs alone. He did not want to leave her; but she smiled and told him to go on. Nibs would take care of her, she said.

The day was dark and cold. Great leaden clouds were scudding across the sky. A cold, cutting wind came from the northwest and swept out across the tumbled waters of the bay. Joe did not like the looks of the clouds, but he had to go.

"Nibs," he said, just as they were ready to start, "there's going to be a storm, I fear. Take good care of mother. And say," he added, "we'll try to be back before night, but if we are not, you light the lantern and set it on Lookout Rock over there. Don't forget, now. Be a good boy and be good to mother."

"All right, Marse Joe," he answered grinning, as he stood on the wharf gazing at the little sail-boat till it passed out of sight around Lookout Point. Then he went back to the house, a feeliug of uneasiness tugging at his heart.

Darker and darker grew the clouds and by mid-day

the snow was falling in blinding sheets. Soon the whole earth was white. Towards night the snowfall ceased and a strong wind arose. Darkness began to fall on the land and still the boys did not return. Nibs grew anxious. He made several trips to the Point, and looked out across the bay towards Bangor as long as the cold wind would let him. Mrs. Randall sat close by the window watching anxiously for the little boat to come 'round the Point. But night fell, black, starless, and the boys had not come. Nibs lit the lantern and carried it over to the Point. Then with a heavy heart he retraced his steps. The wind was increasing in violence every moment, it seemed to him. Colder and colder grew the air.

He had just reached the house when he heard Mrs. Randall calling him:

"Nibs, where did you put the light?" she asked. "I can't see it."

Nibs looked. There was no light there. He snatched up a box of matches and sped away into the darkness without a word. Stumbling, falling, almost thrown into the sea by the boisterous winds, he finally climed up the bare, cold rock. He found the lantern and relit it. For a moment he sat looking at it and then started again for the house. How bitter cold it was! His hands were numb and his feet had lost all feeling. And the wind, it seemed that it would carry him away in spite of all he could do.

At the foot of the rock he paused to look back. The light was out! Painfully he crawled back and with much difficulty lit it again. This time the wind blew it out before he turned to leave it. He lit it again and again, only to have it blown out. What was he to do?

He hunted around for a sheltered spot. There was none on the smooth, wind-swept rock. The cold grew more intense.

"O, Lawd," Nibs muttered through his chattering teeth, "dey aint but one way ter do. Ise got ter stay here an' keep de win' off'n dis lantern. Lawd how col' it is! Ef I don' keep it a burnin', Marse Joe'll get drownded. An' he wuz good ter me, an' I aint guine ter let him die ef I can he'p it. O Lawd how col' I is!"

He relit the lantern and lay down close to it, shielding it from the fierce wind that pierced through his clothes and chilled him to the bone.

"O, Lawd, let Marse Joe get home ef I has ter freeze, good Lawd do!" he prayed, over and over.

At length the little quivering form lay still. A delicious feeling of warmth spread over his body, and with one hand tightly clutching the lantern, he fell asleep.

Two hours later Joe found him lying there dead, the lantern still burning brightly.

LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

O. M. MULL.

In observing the instincts, the habits and nature of the people of Western North Carolina, we are first impressed with the distinct grouping of the people into individual, definite groups or settlements. A section in Clay County, known as "Shooting Creek," is probably the most distinct rural settlement to be found in North Carolina. Its location and geographical surroundings bring out the individuality of the section and make it rely on its own resources.

Shooting Creek is a narrow valley in the Blue Ridge Mountains. It is about eight miles long and ranges from eight yards to about one-quarter of a mile wide. It is one hundred and forty miles west of Asheville or almost as far west of Asheville as Raleigh is west of the Atlantic Ocean. Its mountain peaks fringe the boundary line between North Carolina and Tennessee, while its waters hurry rapidly on to add to the volume of the Mississippi. One principal creek passes down through this valley, its water dashing on in their course, gliding over a beautiful rock bottom and walled in on each side by great mountains of nearly solid stone. Fuel is in abundance and water is at every man's door.

The soil is seldom more than an inch deep. This is a land of rock. There is hardly enough soil in all this section to muddy the waters in time of a great freshet. The roots of the trees, almost like vines, cling in the crevices of rocks high on the mountain peaks.

One old mountaineer, in describing this section, once said: "This is surely the most favored place in all crea

tion; its water is pure, its climate is delightful, its game is plentiful, its mountain breeze is pleasant and healthy," and in conclusion he said, "The only objection that I can find to this place is that it is a little bit too 'hillanious' and 'mountainious.'"

Often great rocks, high up on the mountain peaks, break loose and go dashing down the mountain side at a terrific speed, sometimes plunging against cows, hogs and goats on the mountain slope and often knocking sheep into some great gorge probably a half mile below.

The people have acquired the geographical features of the country and present a course, rough mountaineer appearance. The men dress in jeans from head to foot and stuff their pants' legs deep down into a heavy, coarse pair of home-made boots. They always carry their gun on their shoulder and wear a powder horn at their side. All the girls and old women dress alike in their linseys of many stripes.

Their dwellings are uniform. They are all made of logs, more or less hewed and contain only one room, which serves as a kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room, bed-room, parlor and closet and serves all of its purposes well. Three large, home-made bedsteads, placed in the back end of the house, three chairs, a table and a bench generally constitute the furniture of a household.

The people are very hospitable and will gladly entertain a stranger in order to get to hear the news of the "outside world." The children sit around quietly, while the old man and woman chatter incessantly and ask thousands of questions.

Soon it is twelve o'clock and the old man rising from his seat quietly says, "I guess we had better go to bed."

He then starts for the door and asks the guest to fol-

low. When they return the girls and old woman are all in bed with their faces turned close to the wall so as not to be seen. The old man then covers up the fire while the guest quickly makes ready to retire. The girls rise early in the morning, hoping to don their linseys before the stranger awakes.

The young men court the girls in the presence of the whole family and find no difficulty in so doing, for all of their love is speechless, invisible and immovable and finds expression only through broad smiles and great meditation.

The roads are all foot-paths, which lead from mountain to mountain, and in their much winding, a trail will sometimes cross the line of its own pathway in order to make the ascents and decents.

Their educational facilities are very meagre. They have a post office, but get no mail and do not want any. They are all Republicans (1) because a great many of them were "bush-whackers" who hid out in the mountain caves during the Civil War, and thus became at enmity with the Southern Democracy; and (2) from dense ignorance, and they certainly mean no harm for being such.

Their religion revives at harvest time and reaches its climax at the protracted meetings and associations in the early fall, but the majority of the male part of the flock lose the way during the "Christmas Festival" and wander off into the "moon-shine districts" and get drowned on "mountain dew."

The people co-operate in nearly everything they do. When they build a house, they call it a house-raising, and all gather in and pile log upon log until the structure is completed. They clear fields and roll logs to-

gether. They hunt together, fish together and drink together.

They have their own teacher and preacher and love them well, but the doctor is the most beloved of all. She is old Aunt Betsey. She cures all diseases with exactly the same remedy and was never known to lose a case. Tea made from various kinds of roots and herbs is the remedy that cures them all.

Their communication is carried on by wireless telegraphy of the megaphone order. Jim simply goes up on the hill side and with a loud voice calls to his brother John, who lives in the mountain cove below.

They use all the books, papers and pamphlets that they can get hold of as wadding to pack down the powder in their long muzzle-loading guns and then discharge them into some squirrel, rabbit, turkey, fox, deer or other animal "ferae naturae" which happen to cross their pathway.

WHEN CUPID WINDS HIS BOW.

GEO. E. KORNEGAY, JR.

Near Southwest Creek where it enters the Neuse are the remains of what was once a Southern mansion. It was burned to the ground during that period when North Carolina was in the merciless hands of the carpet-baggers. The trees and shrubbery are gone; of the house itself nothing remains except a single blackened chimney, over which the honey-suckle is slowly clambering. About fifty yards from the ruins is a family burying ground and a solitary monument rears its head above the weeds and briars.

These ruins were once the foundation of a home famed for its hospitality and owned by a family who could trace their lineage back to the Dooms Day book of William the Conqueror.

Thomas Gatlin lived here with his wife and five children. Happy? Did he not have wealth, slaves by the hundreds, barns almost bursting with golden grain, smoke-houses filled with bacon, and above all a devoted wife and loving children? How could he be otherwise than happy?

When war was declared he with his sons at once volunteered and left for Raleigh, a captain of infantry, with his sons as officers under him—left his wife and daughter—left his all for the sake of his country. A patrician born and a patrician forever.

Mrs. Gatlin and her daughter were left alone on a plantation with hundreds of negroes to control, who at any moment were liable to rise and murder them. Their fate was no worse than a thousand others, so they struggled on ever confident that the South would win.

Mary was a beautiful girl, a fair faced, dark eyed daughter of the South. Loved by the slaves, worshiped by the younger boys and the cherished sweetheart of many a soldier in gray.

The war had gone on for three long years. Most of the slaves had run away and worst of all, tidings had come that Mr. Gatlin and three sons were dead and Will the youngest, a prisoner at Elmira. Most women would have died, but Mrs. Gatlin was made of sterner stuff. It is true gray hairs became more prominent and a sad, sweet face took the place of a once bright one, but that was all. She still had Mary and Will to live for, and that was something.

The war continued. Sherman commenced his famous march to the sea. Forty thousand union soldiers under General Foster camped on the Gatlin plantation. Smoke-houses and barns were rifled and burned. Her home had been devastated and nothing would have been left had it not been for the gallantry of a young officer of the Tenth Michigan Volunteers, who seeing their plight had ordered his men to return the stolen articles.

When the young officer, Captain Mills, saw Mary he was surprised. Could it be real? Was it not a dream? Such an angel dressed in homespun when she should have been clothed in purple and fine linen? A princess, whom one should bow down to, dressed in that manner? Impossible, he must be dreaming. Mary was equally surprised for she had had the "Yankees" painted to her as uncouth, mean, and ungentlemanly, yet before her stood a proven gentleman, a veritable Bayard.

Captain Mills' regiment camped within a mile of the Gatlin mansion and every day he came to see them, bringing stores of yankee goods that tasted good even to

a Southern mouth. He soon won the hearts of both Mrs. Gatlin and Mary, as well of the poor country people, who, wishing to say something nice about him, and yet hating him for being a Yankee, expressed it thus: "He shorely mus' be a gentleman, thet's shore."

Mary and the young captain were in love, even though they were enemies; any one could see that. Many a stroll they took together and these grew longer and longer. Colonel Robertson said he believed Mills had surrendered to the rebels.

"Not to the rebels, but to a rebel," corrected Mills.

"O well, call it what you will, I'd like to surrender to one like her myself," laughingly replied the Colonel, and the other officers joined in the laugh, for Captain Mills was blushing like a school girl.

One evening as they were standing on the bridge that spans Southwest Creek, watching the fish as they chased one another in the water Captain Mills told Mary of his love for the first time.

It was hard on Mrs. Gatlin. She a proud Southern woman to have her daughter marry a detested Yankee. Many nights had she prayed to God to guide and direct her in the matter. She had tried to hate Captain Mills, but he was so much like her oldest son who fell at Gettysburg, she could not. Sadly she gave her consent.

Those were troublous times. Roving bands of negroes, happy in their freedom and sure of Federal protection, committed hellish crimes night after night. Captain Mills knew this and had cautioned Mary should she ever need help to place a lamp in the west garret window.

Every night before retiring Mrs. Gatlin read a few passages of Scripture to Mary and old Aunt Dinah. One evening while they were sitting before the fire listening

to the comforting words, "I will not forsake thee," they were startled by a heavy trampling on the front porch. Aunt Dinah was sent to the door to see who could be the visitors at such a late hour.

"O Lord mistis, deys er lot er niggers out dar an' dey sez ef yer doan let em in deys guinter bus' de door down."

Mrs. Gatlin dropped the Bible, and attempted to go to the door, but her nerves could not stand the strain, and she fell into Aunt Dinah's arms. After helping Aunt Dinah place her mother on the bed Mary rushed up stairs and set a lamp in the west garret window. Returning she went to her mother's side and knelt in prayer.

Captain Mills was in his tent writing to his mother about the beautiful dark-eyed maiden he had wooed and won, when a soldier rushed into the tent.

"Captain Mills, there is a light in the signal window of the Gatlin mansion."

"My God, what can it mean! Order the guard to mount at once."

Hastily buckling on his sword, he was off at break-neck pace for the Gatlin mansion.

Aunt Dinah was standing in the hall, in her hands was the shot gun of Mr. Gatlin's. Outside curses and blows from the negroes who were trying to get in. Finally the door fell. In rushed five negroes. Auut Dinah fired. The leader fell. The second negro wrenched the gun from her hands and struck her with the stock. She fell to the floor, her skull crushed to a pulp. Triumphantly they entered the bed chamber. One grasped the hair of Mary as she was kneeling beside her unconscious mother.

Bang! bang! bang! Two black forms struck the floor

with a dull thud and on the threshold stood Captain Mills with a smoking revolver in his hand. In a moment the room was filled with soldiers who speedily caught the other two black wretches and led them away, their hands tied behind them.

When the room had been cleared Captain Mills picked up the tender form on the floor and laid it gently on the bed. Then sending for his own physician, he left her attended by trusty slaves.

The following morning Aunt Dinah was laid to rest in the neighboring burying ground. A squad of soldiers accompanied the body to the grave. The gray-haired chaplain read the funeral service and a military salute was fired over her grave.

Years have passed, but the memory of Aunt Dinah is still green. A bed of violets blooms each year upon the little mound and a lofty monument, the gift of Captain Mills and Mary, who is now Mrs. Mills, marks the spot, and on it is this inscription:

Sacred to the Memory
of
Aunt Dinah Gatlin,
Who Died June 6, 1865,
In Defense of Her Loved Ones.

THE JAPAN EXPEDITION.

W. A. SEGRAVES.

Deep-rooted as were the customs, and rigid as were the prejudices of Japan against outside enlightenment fifty years ago, that nation has now cast off these superstitious shackles and reached a position in the community of nations. Once in the far-off Orient, she is now our nearest Western neighbor. Her people walk our streets; her youth sit peers and rivals of our students in the class room. We hail the brightness of this, first among the Asiatic nations to enter modern life, to win and hold a place among the foremost peoples of the earth.

For this new birth of Japan, the United States of America is largely responsible. The cruel treatment which had long been practised by the Japanese toward American whalers who were thrown by the misfortune of shipwreck upon their coasts, together with a desire to establish commercial relations, induced the government of the United States in 1852 to project an expedition to Japan to obtain some assurance from the government of that couutry against the continuance of the grievances of our citizens, and if possible to open the sources of trade. Commodore M. C. Perry in command of the East India squadron was charged with the performance of this duty. For this purpose the steam frigate Mississippi, with Commodore Perry on board set sail from Norfolk in November, 1852. She touched at Madeira, St. Helena, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, sailed up in the Oriental seas where months of important duties were to be performed.

The countries which our ships were then about to visit

it were inhabited by a singular people, whose policy had been, during more than two centuries to decline all intercourse with foreigners. And one of the duties enjoined upon the commodore was to go among the Japanese as a friend from the American government, and endeavor to overcome these prejudices by friendly and conciliatory measures. Having convinced them of our good will and friendly relations he was then to negotiate a treaty establishing a firm, lasting and sincere friendship between the two nations. Such was his task.

The expedition landed at the Loo Choo Islands, May 26, 1853. For several days the squadron lay at anchor and nothing was done by our officers in the way of consulting with authorities ashore. The presence of our ships only aroused the curiosity and amazement of the natives. The local authorities endeavored to prevent the commodore from making an official visit to the prince-regent. But seeing that a visit was going to be made anyway they gave their consent, and arranged for the commodore and his suite to be received at the palace on June 6th. At the time appointed the suite arrived before the palace, was admitted and a short interview held with the regent. Compliments were exchanged and some presents left. A feast was then served in best Japanese style, after which the suite left for the ships.

This completed the present ceremonies with Loo Choo, and on July 2d the squadron got under way for the bay of Yedo, Japan, and on the 8th of the same month found itself before Japan's high, bold shores. The appearance and movements of foreign war vessels in their waters could not be understood by the natives. They gathered around the ships and tried to prevent them from anchoring, but to no avail. Commodore Perry told a military

officer that he had a letter from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Japan. The officer pretended that the letter would not be received. But the commodore told him that he had come to deliver the letter, and if there was not some one sent to receive it he would land with five hundred men and deliver it himself. Seeing that the commodore was in earnest, arrangements were made for a high officer from the capital to receive the letter at a spot on the shore near where the squadron had anchored. And on July 14th, Commander Perry, escorted by a good military parade, landed to present the letter.

The letter is too long to give in full here, but some of its chief points may be noted. It gave assurance of the kindest feelings of friendship toward the emperor and his government. And then with a statement of the great productive capabilities of the United States and Japan, it expressed a desire that the two countries should trade with each other for the benefit of both. It requested that the ancient laws of Japan which forbade foreign trade, be at least suspended for a while, and if the experiment should not prove as beneficial as was hoped, then they might be restored. Another request, and a very urgent one, was that our unfortunate people who might be shipwrecked on Japanese shores should be treated with kindness, and their property protected. It was also suggested that a port be appointed in the southern part of the empire, where our ships might be provided with coal and wood.

Besides this letter from the President, Commodore Perry presented one of his own very much like it, but more urgent in its terms. The commodore informed the authorities that as it would require some time for

deliberation before giving an answer, the squadron would not wait but return in the spring to hear what they had decided to do. In a few days the squadron left for Canton and other points in China. After staying away about six months they returned to Japan and entered the bay of Yedo and came to the old anchorage.

The flag-ship had scarcely come to anchor when some Japanese officials came on board and very courteously welcomed the commodore and the other officers back to Japan. It was soon discovered from them, almost to the surprise of our officers, that their government was prepared to return a favorable answer to the demands and requests contained in the letter of our President. The commodore and the officers were very much encouraged at this announcement, and on March 8th they landed and held an interview with the Japanese commissioners. At this interview the commissioners presented an answer to the President's letter, agreeing to comply with all the propositions of our government. The commodore then presented a draft treaty to the commissioners for their consideration. This ended the present interview, and the commodore with his escort returned to the flag-ship.

While the treaty was being considered and negotiations being carried on, the commodore further impressed our kind feelings by sending some presents to the emperor. Among them was a railway steam-engine, a magnetic telegraph outfit, a printing press, and some of our modern agricultural implements. To the empress he also sent some attractive and useful presents. Among them was a telescope, and a nicely ornamented mantle clock.

On the last day of March, 1855, the commodore held his last official interview with the commissioners ashore.

This interview was by far the most important of the whole expedition, the object being to sign the treaty. The treaty is too lengthy to be given in full here, but I shall attempt to show briefly what each of the several articles provided.

Art. I—assures a perfect, permanent, and universal peace between the United States and the Empire of Japan, and between their people respectively.

Art. II—grants two Japanese ports for the reception of American ships, where they may be supplied with wood, water, provisions, coal, and other articles necessary, as far as the Japanese are able to supply them.

Art. III—guarantees assistance and protection to American ships wrecked on the coast of Japan.

Art. IV—gives freedom to ship-wrecked persons and other persons who are citizens of the United States.

Art. V—allows any citizens of the United States who may be temporarily living at either of the open ports to go unmolested where they please.

Art. VI—allows due and careful deliberation between parties when there is any business to be arranged.

Art. VII—provides for the establishment of regulations under which ships of the United States may trade.

Art. VIII—allows necessaries to be procured in no other way than through the agency of Japanese officers appointed for that purpose.

Art. IX—gives to the United States and the citizens thereof any privileges and advantages granted to any other nation.

Art. X—permits ships of the United States to resort to no other ports in Japan than those named, unless in distress.

Art. XI—provides for the appointment of a United States consul to reside at Simoda.

Art. XII—provides for the faithful observance of the treaty after having been duly signed and ratified by the President of the United States.

The treaty, having been signed by the Japanese commissioners and Commodore Perry, was duplicated in English, Japanese, and Dutch languages, and copies were immediately sent to the United States to be ratified. The commodore insisted on going up the bay and saluting the capital at Yedo, but the local authorities objected to this very strongly. However, he went up in sight of the city and immediately returned.

The treaty was brought to the United States, ratified, copies sent back to Japan and it went into effect. Commodore Perry's great task being done he set out from Japan, and completing the circumnavigation of the globe, returned to his native soil after being away nearly four years on an important mission for his country.

Prior to this expedition as has been previously stated, Japan harbored deep prejudices against any foreign communication or friendship. Her superstitions against the more enlightened people of foreign lands were so deep-rooted that the different powers shrank from the task of uprooting them, though anxious for the commercial advantages which could be obtained by opening Japan. Because of this seclusion she held to her old customs and dwarfed her growth, while other nations developed great ideas and profited by their interchange. With two ports opened to us by the treaty, the United States began cautiously but with determined efforts to introduce into Japan modern ideas and their fruits. The Japan of to-day is the result.

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In connection with the Japan expedition it will be of interest to North Carolinians to know that the Secretary

of the Navy who projected the expedition was himself a North Carolinian. The name of William A. Graham stands out prominently in the history of the State. He was born in Lincoln County, and graduated at the State University in 1824. He practiced law at Hillsboro, and for a while occupied a seat in the State Legislature. He was then elected to the United States Senate and served from 1840 to 1843. Afterwards he served two terms as Governor and refused the third. He was appointed Secretary of the Navy by President Fillmore in 1850. It was while in this position that he projected the Japan expedition, which opened to every commercial nation trade relations with that hitherto secluded nation.

THE CLOCK ON THE WALL.

C. P. W.

Tick-tock says the clock
On the wall.
Tick-tock, tick-tock,
That's all.
All the night and all the day,
Dragging on the same old way,
Tick-tock, tick-tock,
On the wall.

Meditative old clock—
Spare and tall—
Seems as if it means to mock,
On the wall.
Wonder what it means to say,
Mumbling all the hours away,
Tick-tock, tick-tock,
On the wall.

Ah, I love the dear old clock,
In the hall.
Love to hear the old tick-tock
Sort of drawl.
Wish it would just stop and say,
If 'tis not a weary way,
Wearing all its life away,
Tick-tock, tick-tock.

SAVED AND WON.

THEODORE MERTON ALEXANDER.

It was a bitter cold day in March. A young man, buttoning his overcoat closely around him to shut out the chill blast of the wind, paused on a street corner in a metropolitan city. He stood a few moments gazing in a dreamy way at the half dilapidated tenement buildings which loomed up around him on the dark street. A dissipated father staggered along, with an ill-clad, shivering urchin by his side. A woman with a basket of clothes on her head hobbled down the steps of an old house opposite, while further down the street a man stood leaning against a building, apparently stupefied by the debauch of the night before. The young man was hurrying away, when a piercing shriek arrested his footsteps.

"Help! Oh father, don't kill me—"

A pistol shot, and then silence. The stranger we have noticed was the first to reach the top of the rickety stairway from which these cries had come. Quick as a flash he sprang upon a wretch who was in the act of kicking the prostrate form of a beautiful girl. She was lying there unconscious, the blood flowing rapidly from a wound in her side.

"Hold, you murderous fiend!" he cried, snatching the weapon from the grasp of the drunken father.

With a deamon-like yell the enraged man rushed on him, his eyes glaring wildly. The young man stepped back and awaited him, and with all his strength he struck his fierce antagonist. The man reeled and fell. With a curse and a growl he attempted to rise, but he was caught and held by two policemen. The youth,

Authur Du Pre, helped to place the wounded girl upon an ambulance, and left the building. He turned into the street and hurried away, but the sight of that pale face, stained with blood-spots, those lovely, half-closed eyes, the quivering, bloodless lips, haunted him.

"Pshaw, it is nothing," he said to himself. "The excitement and pity for the poor creature has almost unnerved me. I shall soon be all right." And he tried to forget it. When his business was finished he returned to his home in the little town of Glenbury in the northern part of the State.

Weeks passed, and the warm days of spring came. Since that cold winter day in the city Arthur had heard nothing about the tragedy. He had watched the papers, but after the first account nothing more had been said. Yet the memory of that sweet, suffering face had not left him. Even in his dreams he could see it, and often he was startled by the scream he heard as when he was on that street corner. The image of that fine face was indelibly impressed on his mind. He determined to find her if she still lived, and he could not bear to think of her as dead. His father had not been told of this experience, for Arthur feared that his emotion and excitement would betray those feelings to the proud parent which he knew must be concealed from him.

"Father, I shall be gone to the city possibly two or three days. Write to me at the Carlton Hotel if you have any need."

Dr. Du Pre had been an indulgent father, and his wealth had been freely used in gratifying the wishes of his only son. But once had any serious discord arisen between them. The doctor had set his heart upon the marriage of his son to his niece, Viola Patton, the young-

est daughter of his half brother, a man of wealth in the nearby city. Arthur had refused to marry her, but he was a frequent visitor at the home of his uncle, and it was with great delight that Dr. Du Pre heard him express the intention of going to the city. The doctor thought that Arthur's motive in going was to see his cousin Viola, and he felt confident that his son's obstinacy would be overcome by her beauty and wealth.

The train had hardly stopped when Arthur sprang lightly from the car. He entered a cab and was driven to the office of George Scanlon, a detective. He was just in time, for the detective was locking his office door to leave.

"George," he called, and the officer turned as Arthur leaped down from the cab.

"Great Scott, old boy, who'd a thought of seeing you? Glad to see you again. It's been long since you've been around," exclaimed the detective as he warmly clasped the hand of his old college chum.

"Come in here, I want to see you," Arthur replied as he tossed the cabman his fare. The two men went into the office, where Arthur told his secret. George was astounded, yet amused, over the story of his friend, and his manner of telling it, and he could not forbear laughing. Arthur took it good-naturedly and laughed too, but reminded George that he was serious in his proposition.

"All right, old boy, I'll help you all I can. And that may be easy. Fortunately I have been brought in contact with the girl and her father, and know them both. They had not long been in the condition you saw them in. He was once a wealthy banker, but he fell into the habit of drink, and it brought him to that condition.

The wife and mother died young. The girl, though not over seventeen, has evidently been used to wealth, for she is not like the girls usually found in such places. She is intelligent and cultured. The father, since the day he committed the crime, has shown evidences of insanity. The witnesses say he was devoted to his only child; that he loved her as his own life. By a strange coincidence his trial is being held to-day, and I had just started to the court house when you came up."

Arthur listened attentively. These words lifted a burden from him. The girl was of good family, of social position once, and could easily be redeemed from the unfortunate environments of a tenement house. He grasped warmly the hand of his friend and thanked him. Hurriedly they left the office and arrived in the court room, Arthur's heart beating wildly as his eyes fell upon the object of his search. The moments seemed hours to him, but at last the jury returned a verdict of guilty and the prisoner was sentenced to the severest penalty allowed by the law. He did not move from his bent posture, but the devoted daughter, sitting among the witnesses, burst into tears, and was led from the court room.

"We can not see her to-day," George said. "I will try to arrange it for you to-morrow."

Arthur knew this was all that could be done, so he consented. He never passed a more sleepless night. The next morning he arose early and dressed himself with unusual care. He hurried away to George's room, and at breakfast they discussed their plans together. While they were talking earnestly a newsboy passed. The headlines of an article drew an exclamation of surprise from George. He secured the paper and pointed out to Arthur what he had seen. The prisoner who had

been condemned the day before had taken his own life in his cell. He had left a note begging his child to forgive him for what he had done.

"George, we must keep this news from the poor girl."

"I'll manage it," George replied. "Come, let's go. We must be early."

They entered a cab and went to the hospital where the young lady had been staying since the day of the shooting. George requested an interview with her. He was known to the physicians in charge, so his request was granted. They were left in a reception room to await her arrival. To Arthur it seemed as if he were in a dream.

A tall, beautiful girl entered the room. At first she was startled at the appearance of a stranger, but soon recognized Mr. Scanlon, and spoke pleasantly, a slight smile lighting up her features.

"Mr. Scanlon, I am glad to see you. Have you seen father to-day?"

"No," Miss Martin; "I have not. I deeply sympathize with you, but I want to introduce to you a young man whom I recommend to your confidence, since he saved your life at the risk of his own, when your poor father would have killed you. He wishes to know you, since possibly he played so important a part in that scene of the drama of your life. With your permission I will withdraw."

She flashed a look of surprise on the handsome stranger at the first announcement, and did not notice the concluding request of the officer.

"My name is Du Pre, Miss Martin—Arthur Du Pre, since my absent-minded friend, Mr. Scanlon, did not give it."

Arthur spoke nervously, for the strange passion which had prompted him to seek this unknown girl took strong hold of him now that he found himself alone with her. Almost unconsciously she allowed him to lead her to a seat and to sit down beside her. Sorrow had made her submissive. Arthur hardly knew how to begin, but he told her in a halting, stammering way the story of how he had happened to be of service to her. She listened passively. Arthur felt excited, and he would not stay longer, but made an engagement to see her on the next day. He came, and regularly repeated his visits for three or four days. He feared to declare his love for her, but he knew he must soon go home, and she must know it before he left.

"Miss Martin—Lillian, do you wonder why I have sought you? Pardon me, I must speak. I love you—yes—the image of your sweet face has haunted me. I must be frank—pardon me," he stammered.

She looked at him, and quickly withdrew the hand he had attempted to hold. She did not reply, and he went on. His passion was intensified by the flush which surmounted her pale cheeks.

"I dare not tell father about this strange love," he declared. "You will know from what I have told you why I could not. But let his wrath fall! I tell you that since I first saw your pure, noble face on that awful day I have loved you. I—"

"Hush!" she commanded. "I can not listen. You will soon get over this feeling, and I won't hear what will bring you into trouble and disgrace with your father."

"Never!" exclaimed Arthur. "I will not go back and live over again my life of the past few weeks."

"You must go now; come back to-morrow," she said.

Arthur did come the next day, and with joy he observed that she looked forward with pleasure to his visits. At last her blushing, confused manner revealed to him the fact that his love was rewarded.

"Lillian, tell me truly—will you not—do you not love me? Have I not won your heart? Speak, Lillian!"

She blushed deeply, but did not reply. He seized her hand and raised it to his lips. She trembled as he drew her towards him and clasped her in his arms.

"Lillian?"

With her face against his shoulder she softly murmured "Yes."

* * * * * *

Week after week went by, and Arthur's visits to the city became more frequent. The proud father thought that his son's marriage with the heiress of fortune must not be far hence. But like a thunder-bolt in a cloudless sky came the revelation one day when he found in his mail a letter written in a feminine hand. He sent for his son.

"What is this, you base ingrate?" he shouted as his son entered the room.

"Read this, and tell me if it is true, sir," he cried, handing to him the letter.

Arthur took it, his hand trembling violently. Pale to the lips, he handed the letter back to his angry father. He wondered how Viola had learned of it, and why she betrayed him.

"Answer me, sir, does that letter tell the truth?"

"It does," Arthur answered, "that is, that I am married, but the implication that—"

"Enough, sir! Go from my house! Leave! Never let me look on your face again!"

The doctor was trying to support himself against excitement. This was too much for Arthur. He hesitated a moment, then drawing himself up proudly, he walked from the room. Two hours later he was on his way to the city.

* * * * * *

Three years passed, and Arthur had not seen his father's face. He had once written begging his forgiveness, but the stern parent ignored his plea. The poor man chafed under the discipline of poverty. His lovely young wife was devoted to him, and Arthur noticed with deep concern that she was growing paler every day. The struggle against poverty and the care of their two children, Lillian and George, was overtaxing her strength. For his Lillian's sake would he again seek aid from his proud old father.

George Scanlon was a frequent visitor at their little home. Several times he had visited old Dr. Du Pre, trying to effect a reconciliation. Each time he had met with a cold rebuff.

* * * * * *

The door bell of Mrs. Viola Clarke's fashionable residence rang sharply. A servant led Arthur into the parlor, where he had not long to wait. A tall, queenly woman entered. He rose to meet her, his heart beating wildly.

"Arthur!"

"Viola!" Mrs. Clarke turned very pale. Arthur himself flushed crimson. He found it hard to break the awkward silence that fell upon them.

"Viola—Mrs. Clarke," he began in a husky voice,

"I've come to you for help. You know my father—" He paused abruptly.

Leaning forward, she asked in a low voice: "What is it, Arthur? If I can help you in any way you know I will."

Thus reassured, he told her the story of his father's harshness, of his wife's suffering, and of his poverty.

"For the sake of old times, Arthur," said Mrs. Clarke when he had finished his story, "I am going to try to undo the wrong I did you three years ago. I will do all that lies in my power for you."

Two days later Mrs. Clarke was warmly welcomed by her uncle at his home in Glenbury. Several days elapsed before she found an opportunity of broaching the subject, but at last it came.

They were sitting in his library. The old man's eyes were sadly resting upon a large picture over the mantel from which the smiling boyish face of Arthur looked down upon them. Tears stole down his furrowed cheeks.

"Uncle," Viola said softly, "do you ever think of poor Arthur?"

He gave her a quick look of surprise.

"The poor boy has suffered so much," she continued. "His wife is not what we once thought she was. She is a good woman, sweet and lovely in her devotion to Arthur and her children. Now you are growing old, and you need Arthur's companionship. Won't you forgive him and bring him back home? Let him bring Lillian, his wife, and—"

Dr. Du Pre hurriedly arose and went out, visibly agitated. For several days he avoided her. She could see his sorrow was weighing heavily upon him.

They were again in the library, and again she ap-

pealed to him. He could bear it no longer. In a voice shaken by sobs he cried:

"Go, Viola, send, bring back my darling boy. That face, the image of his mother, my long lost Alice. Oh, let me see my boy before I die. I can live no longer without him."

Three days more elapsed. The old father met his son, threw his arms around his neck and wept for joy. He turned to Lillian, and started as if he had seen a ghost. He looked a moment, and turned ashly pale. He staggered and would have fallen had not Arthur supported him. He led the bewildered old man to a seat.

"Where is she?" he called, looking around in a dazed manner. "Come here! No! Ah! Who did I see? Not Kate—it's been long years since dear Kate—my sister, ran away and married that worthless Martin! Oh, no! It's not she!" He resumed his seat.

"I have it now," he cried, jumping up excitedly. "Girl! woman! who was your mother?"

Lillian reached in her bosom and pulled out a small, richly set talisman, the gift of her mother. She handed it to Viola, who read:

"Richard Martin to Kate Du Pre."

The effect was electrical. The old man threw his arms around her and wept. Arthur and Lillian were amazed. Why had this never occurred to them before?

"Welcome, my dear sister's child, and you, my son, welcome;" and the old man laughed and cried in his joy.

But Arthur? Yes, he had married his cousin after all, and he loved her dearly.

WORDSWORTH'S PLACE IN POETRY.

EARL FOWLER.

"Every great poet is a teacher; I wish either to be considered as a teacher or as nothing." These words give us the dominant *motif* in Wordsworth's life. He consciously aimed to teach his views of things. Merely to please and amuse were his last considerations. He must have realized that he represented the culmination of the Romantic period, for he drove home its leading truths with a force which has left an abiding impression. This seriousness, moral earnestness, places him above some who surpassed him in the technique of the art. He strove to get men to do right and to live simple, virtuous lives. He taught that truth is the first law of poetry; that there is poetry in the suffering, the struggle and the joy of the lowly just as truly as in the grand and dramatic scenes where kings did deeds of renown and famous heroes sacrificed all for their cause. As a teacher, giving his life to enforce his teachings, a living example of his precepts, he appeals to us, as he appeals to the thoughtful world, with all the might of sincerety.

As the representative of a great movement he will always be immortal. Shakespeare stands for the Elizabethan age; Milton for the Puritan period; Pope for the Augustan age; and Wordsworth for the Romantic movement.

Wordsworth was a democrat; so was Shelley. The latter burned out his soul in desire of freedom unrestrained, uncontrolled. Wordsworth passed through the fire and came out chastened, subdued, at peace. The poet in youth was almost caught in the whirlpool of the

French Revolution, but its horrors and the rule of a despot caused a revulsion of feeling and he became a Tory in middle life. Yet the effect of early enthusiasm was not entirely lost. There was left the deep love for man as man. Recoiling from the dark deeds of a dark period, he struggled through despondency, through skepticism and, his sane nature conquering, he returned to faith, to hope, to all the good in humanity. Therein he rose above his contemporaries. His largeness of view bore him over the flood and he emerged triumphant,

> —"hearing oftentimes
> The still, sad music of humanity,
> Nor harsh, nor grating though of ample power
> To chasten and subdue."

In the poetry of nature Wordsworth stands supreme. He knew the heart-secrets of the flowers and the birds; he heard the voice of the falling waters; he felt the plaintive wail of the forest; he looked out and saw

> "The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

He was true to his subject. Milton portrayed the Garden of Eden in vivid colors of living green; he laid it out in squares and made it a wonder of artistic beauty. But it was too regular, too orderly—a painted picture. One, in reading, does not catch the fragrance of the rose, the sound of humming bees, the murmur of waters. It is not the wild disorder of the woods as we have seen them. On the other hand Wordsworth's nature is our nature, we feel it, recognizing, as he says,

> "In nature and the language of the sense,
> The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my moral being."

Matthew Arnold remarks in this connection that "Wordsworth's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple primary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it."

In lawlessness, in the unrestrained flood of passion Wordsworth would recognize no subject of poetic art. On this account many place him above Byron, Shelley and Keats. Quiet, secluded, unobtrusive, brooding, meditative, "retired as noontide dew," he passed the greater part of his life and joyed as he saw the divine in nature and felt the peace which came with such communion. In theory and practice he worked out this idea patiently, persistently. In sanity and calmness of vision he towers above all. Burns, Byron, Keats—these wrestled with the great problem of life, each with varying measure of success. They were uplifted by beauty, transported with joy, subdued by sorrow; the pain of life was theirs, and they wrote lasting poetry on these subjects. "Where, then," asked Mr. Arnold, "is Wordsworth's superiority? It is here; he deals with more of life than they do; he deals with life as a whole, more powerfully." Shakespeare held the mirror up to life; Wordsworth, where he touched it at all, held up no mirror, but bade us look at life itself.

There is another thing which raised the Poet of the Lakes almost to the top round of the ladder. It was his power to pick out the elements of grandeur and sublimity in the life of the plain people. True his poetry is so homely, so direct, simple and unaffected that often we are forced to ponder a while before we catch its full

depth of meaning. What of that? It only proves his ability to adapt language to subject—a true mark of genius. We have to re-read "Michael" over and over again before we catch the pathos of the story.

But Wordsworth had his limitations. Vast ranges of human experience he left untouched. While we have remarked as an excellence his avoidance of passion, such as that of love, yet passion in its higher sense is, no doubt, a proper field of poetic achievement. Nevertheless, if the rush of feeling burst upon him, he checked it. Becoming didactic, at times he was prosaic, and by carrying simplicity too far his verse lost its pure tone and its wholesome, unpretentious charm. In his close adherence to reality and intense devotion to rugged nature he neglected, now and then, that art which makes the terrestrial heavenly. Of his poetry another has well said:

> "It fits too close to life's realities.
> In truth to Nature missing truth to Art;
> For Art commends not counterparts and copies,
> But from our life a nobler life would shape,
> Bodies celestial from terrestrial raise,
> And teach us not jejunely what we are,
> But what we may be, when the Parian block
> Yields to the hand of Phidias."

He sought to teach truth and let pleasure follow the contemplation of that truth; we could wish that he had given us the pleasure and let the truth follow. In the words of Charles Lamb with reference to a certain one of his poems: "The instructions conveyed in it are too direct; they don't slide into the mind of the reader while he is imagining no such matter."

Then, too, Wordsworth's power came in gusts. His was not the unflagging, sustained flight of Milton. In "The Prelude" and "The Excursion" we happen upon

gems of verse, but they are embedded in a wide extent of ordinary soil. Before we can appreciate his poetry this "baggage," as Matthew Arnold calls it, must be separated from the real article. Then, and not till then, are we able to judge him fairly.

It is also charged that Wordsworth had no style. It may be admitted that he is often cumbrous, stiff, awkward, overloaded; but it must be likewise admitted that when he is at his best he always strikes a note which we should recognize anywhere as peculiarly his own. His inevitable work, when nature seemed to write for him, is his truest, most genuine.

Wordsworth knew not the world as Shakespeare knew it; he had not the pinions of Milton; he lacked the tenderness, warmth and spontaneous melody of Burns; he was deficient in the lyric quality of Shelley; he was deaf to the cry of the storm as Byron heard it; and probably he did not possess the technical skill of Tennysou. Yet Mr. Arnold ranks him next after Shakespeare and Milton, among the English poets. What excellence or excellences elevate him to this position? In the opinion of Mr. Morley it is this:—"The trait that really places Wordsworth on an eminence above his poetic contemporaries, and ranks him, as the ages are likely to rank him, on a line just short of the greatest of all time, is his direct appeal to will and conduct. Those who deem the end of poetry to be intoxication, fever, or rainbow dreams, can care little for Wordsworth. If its end be not intoxication, but on the contrary a search from the wide regions of imagination and feeling for elements of composure deep and pure, and of self-government in a far loftier sense than the merely prudential, then Wordsworth has a gift of his own in which he was approached by no poet of his time."

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

H. E. CRAVEN, Editor.

The editors of the STUDENT are always glad to do anything in their power to help the cause of education in this and other States. We believe the same can be said of the editors of all college journals, for we have noticed that the majority of the college magazines that have come to our table during the past five months contained editorials and articles on education, some of them being really strong, sensible, clear-thought-out discussions of the issues that are before us. The young college men of the South have caught the spirit of the newly-awakened interest in education. They have not forgotten the noble traditions and heritage of their fathers, nor all the virtues and graces of an anti-bellum civilization, but, taking these memories and ideals and combining them into a new synthesis in which the element of efficiency through the education and amelioration of the masses is the predominant idea, they are facing the future with a glad heart, for they feel that they are living in an age full of the opportunity of achievement. The following article by Dr. Smith of Randolf-Macon, is a direct proof of the importance of the cause to which the majority of young college men are devoting their lives. We have been requested to publish the article, and we do so with pleasure.

WHO ARE THE EIGHT THOUSAND?

[BY W. W SMITH, A. M., LL. D.]

The second edition of "Who's Who in America" (from the press of A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago) contains 1,300 pages of brief biographies, without eulogy, criticism or comment, of such persons now living in America as have become noted as factors in the progress and achievement of the age. "Endeavor has been made," say the editors, to include all Americans of more than local note in all lines of useful effort." No name is inserted or omitted for financial considerations; the book is sold on its merits.

With a view to determining what effect education of the various grades has had on success in life, effort was made to ascertain the school training of each of these men and women "of more than local note" and 7,852 on their United States list were thus educationally classified

According to the best estimate we can make from the latest census returns there are in the U. S. 40,782,007 persons over 21 years old. These are divided educationally about as follows:

Class 1. Without school training 4,682,498
Class 2. With only common school training 32,862 951
Class 3. With common and high school training ... 2,165,357
Class 4. With college or higher education added ... 1,071,201

Now the question is, how many of the eight thousand distinguished citizens of the United States on the Who's Who list came from each of these classes.

The 4,682,498 of class 1 furnished 31
The 32,862,901 of class 2 furnished 808
The 2,165,357 of class 3 furnished 1,245
The 1,071,201 of class 4 furnished 5,768

It thus appears:

1st. That an uneducated child has one chance in 150,000 of attaining distinction as a factor in the progress of the age.

2d. That a common school education will increase his chances nearly four times.

3rd. That a high school training will increase the chance of the common school boy twenty-three times, giving him eighty-seven times the chance of the uneducated.

4th. That a college education increases the chance of the high school boy nine times, giving him two hundred and nineteen times the chance of the common school hoy and more than eight hundred times the chance of the untrained.

It is a surprising fact that of 7,852 "notables" thus gathered, 4,810 proved to he full graduates of colleges.

From the nature of the case it can not be claimed that these figures

are exact, but they are based upon the most reliable government statistics and the necessary estimates have been made with care. It is also doubtless true that other circumstances contributed to the success of these college trained men, but after all reasonable allowances are made the figures still force the conclusion that the more school training the child has the greater his chances of distinction will be.

The Nomination of Mr. Overman.

After three weeks of hard work and sixty-one ballots the Legislature has nominated Mr. Lee S. Overman as United States Senator from North Carolina. The contest was an unusually interesting one, and unlike anything ever seen in the State before. Here were three leading candidates, any of whom would have been an honor to the State. Each candidate had his manager and supporters who worked unceasingly for their man. The whole contest was fought out with a tenacity that at the last became boring, but it was nevertheless a direct evidence of the loyalty of the members of the Legislature. The unwavering support given the candidates shows that our Legislature has a great many men in it who can not be pulled about by any appeal to sentiment. Loyalty to one's friend is indeed next to loyalty to principle, and one is a good indication of the other.

The whole contest was conspicuous for the absence of bitterness and low political methods. No account has gone out that there was any dishonesty practised, or that at any time all the candidates were not on the most friendly terms. Indeed, they seemed to be on better terms after the nomination than before. North Carolina is to be congratulated on having such an election. It shows that the better element is ruling in the State; that individual preferences are not as likely to divide us as they used to be; and such an election gives us a standard for future political contests which we can not afford to

fall below. This nomination too, though made after three weeks of voting, has not really taken up a great deal of time, for most of the caucuses were held at a time when the Legislature would not have been in regular session.

There are a great many things, however, for this Legislature to consider, and if it does its duty it should be as busy over the passage of necessary laws as it was over the nomination of a Senator. With measures like the London bill, a bill for a reformatory for youthful criminals, proper educational legislation, the enactment of child labor laws, and many others equally important, there will have to be a deal of good work done if much is accomplished.

President Roosevelt.

All the Southern newspapers are criticising the President for one thing and another, but principally on account of negro appointments and so-called social equality. There is nothing good that we can see to result from the President's appointing negroes where the majority of the people do not want them or where their appointment will only serve to incite race prejudice. We do not favor a policy of negro appointments to Federal offices in the South. But now, as a matter of fact, is President Roosevelt guilty of the wholesale appointment of objectionable officials, and therefore deserving of the bitter criticism of the Southern press? We think not. He has made fewer negro appointments than any Republican President in the last twenty years. In the whole State of South Carolina, which is opposing the confirmation of Dr. Crum as collector of the port at Charleston, there have been eighty appointments of Federal office-holders, and only one out of all that number is a negro. It is characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt's Southern policy that he has often appointed white Dem-

ocrats instead of negroes. The facts in the Indianola post-office case show that Mrs. Cox, although a negro woman, has been an excellent official, and that several of the leading white citizens of the town have been on her bond all along. In the mass meeting gotten up to ask for her resignation, forty citizens voted for her retention and only thirty-seven against it. The only reason for asking her to resign was her color, and the fact that some white Democrats were after the appointment. It was not, therefore, a race question that the administration had to decide on when it closed the office, but simply a question of the authority of the Federal government to appoint and protect its officials. The negro was the officer of the government in the town of Indianola; no valid grounds for removal were sent to the government, and certainly the government could not accede to the peremptory request of a little band of citizens and retain the semblance of justice. The negro was there discharging her duty faithfully, and when it was learned by the administration that her resignation was sent in under duress, it was nothing but right to show this budding bit of anarchy that it could not successfully resist the authority of the government or intimidate its officials. The reason President Roosevelt is being criticised so harshly is because he does what he does in a direct and straightforward manner. If he wants a negro to dine with him he invites him. That is his business, and if it were not advertised so broadly there would be less danger in it. We are so tired of this incessant and ineffectual howl about the negro. The Southern people are resolved upon one thing, that there is to be no social equality between the races here. Let us put the emphasis of our position on proper training and ideals in the South and not on hurling anathemas at Presidents.

EXCHANGES.

ABNER C. GENTRY, Editor.

The *Pine and Thistle*, though small, is always of a high standard. It seems that each issue is an improvement on the previous.

One of the requirements of Washington and Lee University is that professors and instructors are to wear caps and gowns in the class room.

The Literary Magazine, from the University of Texas, appearing in all her glory, is a model magazine, and comes to us replete with interesting reading matter and useful information.

The *Buff and Blue* has nine editors and two business managers. The literary department contains seven articles and there are four other short departments. We wonder if the staff has a hard time in getting out a good magazine.

The *Statesville College Magazine*, though very young in the field of college journalism, is an excellent little paper. It has made a splendid beginning and its future is bright. THE STUDENT extends the right hand of fellowship.

The athletic number of *William Jewel Student* is the best illustrated of our visitors. It shows that William Jewel is full of the spirit of athletics. It is our wish that such a spirit could be awakened in more of our higher institutions.

Another young friend that we wish to welcome is *The Collegian*, from Presbyterian College. We are glad to give them a place among our exchanges. Success to its efforts in the world of literature are our wishes.

Before us is a stack of December numbers and special Christmas issues of college magazines more than a foot high. Their varied and gorgeous colors make them appear very inviting, and when we turn through them we find a few that are excellent, some that are medium, and the rest are—well,

"Why did *they* write? what sin to *them* unknown
Dipped *them* in ink, *their* parents', or *their* own?"

Each month we read with interest the *Hendrix College Mirror*, its appearance is so neat and inviting. We are glad to acknowledge decided improvement this issue. For the most part, love stories get much criticism, and it seems that most college magazines give them space. "A Proposal" is equal if not above the most of them. It causes us to think that its author is quite familiar with such experiences. There are several essays in this issue worthy of mention. Each subject is handled with ease and excellence. The arrangement of the articles and the general "make up" of the magazine proves that the *Mirror* has live men at its head.

We are glad to welcome to our table *The Converse Concept*. The December number is its first appearance, and since it contains so much commendable matter, we hope it will continue to come. All the articles are readable, though some are too short. Especially to be noticed is the defence of woman brought out both in "Woman's Rights" and "Is Woman Man's Equal?" Both contain strong arguments, and if woman is at a disadvantage now, a few more essays of this kind and a little time will place her on equal footing with man. Notwithstanding the excellence of the magazine in other respects, it is totally devoid of verse, a thing absolutely necessary to have a perfect paper.

Let us say, too, that *The Chronicle* is good throughout. However, we would suggest that fewer love stories and more essays would add something to its usefulness if not to its excellence. Special mention should be made of the verse in this number. "The Winter Winds" bring back the thoughts of Christmas and the meeting with the maiden with "snow-white hands" soon

after our emancipation from college. We read the first of the series of letters by an old graduate to his son and finish with regret that every freshman can not have an opportunity to read the same. It is excellent, encouraging and full of good advice. The departments show that the editors have progressive ability and are anxious for *The Chronicle* to be among the first.

The Cento is always on time. We can hardly see how it can be so prompt. The magazine is very small, the literary department containing only eight or ten pages. Perhaps it could be improved a little. "Brutus as Shakespeare Paints Him" contains some points of interest; but the paragraphs, containing two or three short sentences each, make the article seem too broken. "A Nameless Negro" has a good beginning, but before one becomes interested it stops. However, it shows that the writer has some talent in good description, and we suggest that a little more time be taken so that he can give us something a little longer. The departments are very well edited.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we read *The Criterion*. Its handsome dress shows the good taste and æsthetical nature of our sisters of Columbia Female College. We read the articles with a critical mind, but could not find it in our hearts to speak except in praise. Its tone is very high and all trashy material (if any was presented) found its way to the waste basket. By far the best article is the life of Gen. Robert E. Lee, a man about whose illustrious character too much can not be said. "Two is a Company, Three is a Crowd," is a familiar experience told in good language. We sometimes wonder why girls always find the hero of a love story to be a "tall, dark, handsome fellow," and the boys make the heroine a "young girl with very soft brown eyes."

The Journal for December is a good number, but who could expect anything else from a magazine which has already made such a reputation. We regret to say that we can not see as much improvement in it as in some of the rest. The literary department, however, is replete with good material and is fairly well arranged, though we think a journalist would have put

"Wandering Fires" nearer the beginning. We had already made the same prophecy as *The Journal* about Mr. Sinclair before reading the editorial referring to him and we hope to read more of his verse in the future. When we remember that advice is cheap, we can not say that we are especially struck with "To This End was I Born." Special mention should be made of "Two of My Old Friends," because neither "I" nor "Stingy Bill" fell in love with "Sally." There may be something worthy of commendation in "An Old Country Place;" but we failed to catch the point. Perhaps it would not be too much to say to the writer "try again."

The best of our contemporaries for December is *Southwestern University Magazine*. The print is clear and the writers all seemed to have something to write about and to know how to express it in a clear, readable manner. The introductory article, "Cousin: Something of His Life and Philosophy," is an essay interesting and well written from start to finish. How pleasant it is to read an article which shows that the writer knows his subject well and writes in such a manner as to force us to see his point. Writers to college magazines, will you not profit by the examples of others? "Viva's Dream Realized" is an interesting story and contains a degree of naturalness about it which is pleasing. No one can doubt that Southwestern University is fond of her freshmen and sophmores, judging from the prominence given them in the magazine. We think all universities and colleges should encourage the lower classes to write and perhaps a department of this kind is an excellent inducement. The several departments are especially well edited.

We would like to say something good about a great many more, but for lack of space we can't. We acknowledge receipt of *The Delineator*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Baylor Literary*, *Hampden-Sydney Magazine*, *The Carolinian*, *The College Message*, *Monroe College Monthly*, *The Limestone Star*, *The Central Collegian*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *Philomathean Monthly*, *High School Gazette*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *Winthrop College Journal*, *Guilford Collegian*, *The Olympian*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, *State Normal Magazine*.

CLIPPINGS.

She met him in the darkened hall;
Said he, "I've brought some roses,"
Her answer seemed irrevellent;
It was, "How cold your nose is."—*Ex.*

He stood where the maiden stood beside
The beautiful, blushing rose,
And he lovingly bent his head and sighed,
And he buried his mouth and nose
Among the petals so sweet, so rare,
That the maiden's lips had pressed,
And a bumblebee that was resting there
Proceeded to do the rest.—*Ex.*

TWO PROFESSIONS.

FOCUS EDITOR.

You ne'er can object to my arm 'round your waist,
And the reason you'll readily guess:
I'm an editor, dear, and I always insist
On the "Liberty of the Press."

SHE.

I'm a minister's daughter, believing in texts,
And I think all the newspapers bad;
And I'd make you remove your arm were it not
You were making "waist places glad."—*Ex.*

Of the "has beens" there are many;
Of the "ne'er was" more by far;
The "going to be" are legion,
But how few are those that are.—*Ex.*

FRESH. MATH.

There is beauty in the ocean,
And there's beauty in the skies;
There is beauty in misfortune—
If we know just where it lies.

Classic Greek may show its beauty,
And Old English if he tries;
But when Math. proclaims its beauty—
Well, I know just where—*it lies.*—*Ex.*

To shave your face and brush your hair,
And then your new, best suit to wear—
That's preparation;
And then upon the car to ride
A mile or two, then walk besides—
That's transportation;
And then before the door to smile,
To think you'll stay a good, long while—
That's expectation;
And then to find her not at home,
And homeward you will have to roam—
That's thunderation.—*Ex.*

Though memory recall all things,
Our griefs and pleasures spent,
It can never bring back to us
The money we have lent.—*Ex.*

WOE TO THE FRESHMAN.

Woe to the freshman, young and green,
Let him take care that he be not seen,
When Sophs. are around.

Woe to the Freshman, smart and gay,
He's not to be playful on that day
When Sophs. are around.—*Ex.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

CLAUDE D. MEADOWS, Editor, Pro Tem.

'98. Mr. W. B. Stancell is Principal of the Weldon Academy.

'91. Mr. W. W. Sorrells is Principal of the Winton Academy.

'92. Mr. J. C. Clifford is meeting with great success in the practice of law at Dunn, N. C.

'02. Mr. A. W. Honeycutt is doing well in the Furman Fitting School at Greenville, S. C.

'88. Rev. F. T. Wooten has been chosen Superintendent of schools in Columbus County.

'89-'92. Mr. S. C. Welch is one of the leading attorneys of the Waynesville, N. C., bar.

'81-'84. Rev. Len G. Broughton has under consideration a call to the Seventh Street Church, Baltimore, Md.

'02. Mr. J. T. Buff is Principal of a high school at Ellenboro, N. C.

'87. T. J. Cobb, Statesboro, has been in Georgia a number of years doing good work.

'82-'86. Rev. John H. Couch, of Pamplin City, Va., has resigned his field after ten years of successful service.

'97. Dr. C. P. Rogers is at Johns Hopkins Hospital. He has met with much success during his stay at that place.

'93. Col. F. P. Hobgood, Jr., who responded to the address of welcome at the Durham Convention, made a happy hit.

'98. Law. Mr. J. P. Morris is a member of the Legislature from Polk County. He has the distinction of being the first Democrat elected from that county since the war.

'85. Mr. W. C. Allen is the Superintendent of the Waynesville Graded Schools. He is also the author of a delightful book entitled, "North Carolina History Stories."

'84-'86. Rev. J. F. Love has resigned the Wadesboro pastorate and accepted the position of Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist State Convention of Arkansas.

Prof. M. E. Bethea of S. C. took charge of the Male Academy at Scotland Neck this month.

'98. The whole student body is glad to welcome John L. Pritchard back to College. He has come to study medicine.

'99. Mr. J. Clyde Turner has been elected editor of the Book Reviews in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary Magazine.

'94. The Union Association has one of the best associational schools in the State, located at Wingate under Prof. M. B. Dry and his assistants, with an enrollment of 177 students.

'94. Prof. A. F. Sams of the Cary High School was elected President of the Association of Colleges and Academies at its meeting held at Raleigh in December.

'94. Mr. C. N. Beebee after an absence of several years from the State has again taken charge of the Mapleville Academy at Mapleville, N. C.

'89. Rev. G. P. Harrill has accepted the pastorate of the Thomasville Orphanage. We wish him much success in that important and peculiar field.

'93-'96. Mr. Spencer Chaplain is the able Principal of the Littleton High School.

'91. Rev. R. G. Kendrick accepted the call to Laurinburg and Spring Hill, and took charge Dec. 7, 1902. He is cordially welcomed back into the State.

'02. His many friends are glad to see that Mr. O. M. Mull has returned to College to study law. He was the captain of the base-ball team last year.

'94. Rev. Wm. Carey Newton of Greensboro has offered up his life for the gospel in China and with his wife will soon leave for that country.

'02. Rev. J. M. Arnette has resigned his work at Edgemont (Durham) and other places, and will enter the Louisville Seminary. He has proved in his short ministry that he has the qualities of a successful preacher—consecration, energy, capacity for doing things and for preaching. He will be succeeded by Edwin R. Harris ('02), a young man who has qualities very much of the same order as Bro. Arnette's.—Biblical Recorder.

'97. Mr. R. N. Simms of Raleigh, N. C., has an able and helpful article in a December issue of the Examiner, N. Y., on How to Organize a Baraca Class. He is the leader of that work in this State.

Wake Forest men are taking a prominent part in the proceedings of the State Legislature. In a report of the Democratic Caucus for the nomination of a U. S. Senator, we take the following from the Raleigh News and Observer:

'77-'81. Senator C. W. Mitchell of Bertie, with an elegant speech, eloquently delivered, seconded the nomination of Hon. Locke Craig. "There has been no more effective speech made here to-night," said a good judge of speeches, as Senator Mitchell sat down amid deafening applause.

'91. Senator White of Franklin in well chosen words, showing the possession of high powers, seconded the nomination of Overman. Keep your eye on Bruce White—he is more than a coming man—he has already arrived.

Mr. Settle Dockery in a bright and appropriate speech seconded the nomination of Overman.

'98. Represenative John Charles McNeill of Scotland who seconded the nomination of General J. S. Carr, besides being a lawyer and politician, is quite prominent in literary circles. He is the author of several poems published in the Century. Several of his short stories have been published by the various magazines. Mr. McNeill is a graduate of Wake Forest College. After graduating he taught in the English department at that institution and later in Mercer University at Macon, Ga. He edited the Argus, a Democratic paper of Lumberton, N. C., for awhile. He has practiced law for several years in Robeson and Scotland counties.

'60-'61. Criminal Court is in session here this week. Judge Charles M. Cooke of Louisburg is presiding. This is his first court, having been elected last November. Judge Cooke is a member of the Baptist Church at Louisburg and was for a number of years Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College. His charge to the Grand Jury on the value of religious liberty was strong, and carefully listened to by the jury and court room audience.—Fayetteville N. C. Baptist, Jan. 14, 1903

'92. Rev. B. W. Spillman has made a gift of $1,000 to Mars Hill College. The gift is to the girls of that institution, those there now and all that shall come, of a home. The home will be a permanent memorial to his son, little Raymond Pollock Spillman who died last June.

'92. Rev. W. M. Gilmore in the Biblical Recorder of Nov. 19, 1902, writes the following: M. O. Carpenter of Kingsland is General Missionary for the Piedmont Association. He does good, substantial work and greatly strengthens the cause wherever he goes.

'56. The several churches of Henderson, N. C., united in a service Sunday night, Dec. 21, 1902, in honor of Dr. J. D. Hufham. It was the occasion of his retirement from an active pastorate after fifty years of active service in the ministry. The meeting was one of love. The several pastors paid tributes to Dr. Hufham's work. There were several prominent people in attendance, among whom was Governor Aycock, who spoke and said that the meeting was the most notable event in the history of North Carolina.

'90. Dr. Jno. E. White, on whom Wake Forest conferred the degree of D. D. last May, is doing a great and noble work in the city of Atlanta, Ga. The following is from a report of the editor of the Biblical Recorder, Dec. 3, 1902:

"A visit to Atlanta last week was much enjoyed by the editor of the Recorder. We found Dr. John E. White perfectly happy. He has a great church, a great people, and an ideal home. He is making an impression upon Atlanta and upon Georgia. He knows the people as well as he knows North Carolina. He is a leading spirit in a recent movement to concentrate the Baptist forces of the city in the heart of the city. All beggars are sent to this mission. They receive food, lodging, work, medical care and the gospel is preached to them. This will prove a monumental work for the Atlanta Baptists."

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

RAYMOND C. DUNN, Editor.

CHRISTMAS AND EXAMINATIONS both gone. How we miss them!

MR. CURRIN G. KEEBLE, of Tenn., was a visitor to the Hill during the holidays.

THE MANAGER of the STUDENT is to be elected in February. Beware of the leggers.

HOW ABOUT ANOTHER rally in athletics? We need several like the one in December.

PROF. MILLS spent the holidays in Milledgeville, Ga., with his daughter Mrs. John E. Wray.

MISS EFFIE DIX, of Raleigh, was the guest of Miss Eugenia Harris during the holidays.

IT IS RUMORED that to some of the young men who remained on the Hill Christmas was very dull, but that to a certain student of base ball fame it was "Knott" a bit so. We wonder why.

THE MISSES LANNEAU entertained a number of their friends at their home on Tuesday night, December 30th.

THE MISSES TAYLOR received on New Year's day in honor of Miss Loula Briggs, of Raleigh.

MISS ELIZABETH BRIGGS came out from Raleigh to attend the Fort reception on the 7th.

MISS MATTIE GWALTNEY, of Hickory, spent several days with friends on the Hill during December.

MRS. POTEAT AND MISS IDA POTEAT, of Raleigh, were the guests of Prof. W. L. Poteat during Christmas.

PROF. C. E. BREWER and family spent the holidays in Shawboro, the home of Mrs. Brewer's parents.

THE SOLONS and the MEDS still add to their numbers. Several for each department have come in since Christmas.

HAVE YOU NOTICED the bracket work around the railing of the well in the library? It's substantial and *guaranteed* to hold.

THE CURATOR OF the library has furnished all of the magazines and periodicals with up–to–date removable bindings.

JANUARY 15TH witnessed the opening of the institute for the ministers of the State, which, under the direction of Prof. Cullom, will continue for about a month. Eminent ministers of this and other States will address the institute during its session.

WHY NOT HAVE TICKETS for admittance to the Anniversary exercises and thus avoid the rush and the undesirable element at the same time? It is only right that we should protect ourselves in some way.

THE CHRISTMAS MEETING of the Literary Club was held at Dr. W. B. Royall's on December 26th. Selections from James Whitcomb Riley, Weir Mitchell, and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Path," were read by Prof. Poteat, Mrs. W. R. Cullom, and Mrs. C. E. Taylor respectively. Miss Janey Taylor and Messrs. Royall and Poteat furnished music for the meeting. Refreshments were served.

SINCE THE HOWLER board of editors sent out their cards requesting a vote from each student on the most popular, the handsomest, the ugliest, etc., man in college, several men under the cover of darkness have been legging pro and con, while not a few of the handsome

ones have brought out their Anniversary suits to aid them in the race. In fact everybody is as polite, as pretty, and as polished as you please. They evidently want their names in the annual.

THE YOUNG men of the town gave an Initial Party at the home of Dr. W. B. Royall on December 31st complimentary to the visiting and home young ladies. Miss Eugenia Harris was the winner of the prize in the "initial" game, and was presented with a copy of "The Eternal City." Refreshments were served and they sat themselves up and ate even unto the going out of the old, and the ringing in of the new year.

AT HER HOME in Wake Forest on the evening of January 7th, Mrs. D. Foster Fort tendered a reception to Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Lawrence. Over a hundred guests were invited to meet Mr. Lawrence and his charming bride. Mrs. W. W. Holding and Miss Elizabeth Gray Allen received at the door. In the south parlor was the receiving party, Mrs. D. Foster Fort, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Lawrence, Misses Annie and Nelle Hinsdale and Ellen Durham; while in the dining room were Misses Mary Purefoy and Mattie Dunn. While in college Mr. Lawrence was one of the most popular students, winning many of the highest honors in the gift of his society and college. He chose the law as his profession, and for several years has been a member of the progressive and successful firm of Hinsdale, Lawrence, & Hinsdale, at Raleigh. Recently he was married to Miss Norwood, daughter of Judge Norwood, and the reception was given them on their visit to Mrs. Fort, Mr. Lawrence's mother. THE STUDENT extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence.

WAKE FOREST is determined to have a winning team this year, and it opens the season with the brightest prospects. Competition waxes strong for the various positions, and no one feels sure of his place. The beautiful sweater which will be given members of the team is worth working for, and it is rumored among the alumni that prizes will be offered for the best base runner, the best batter, the best all-round player, etc. Then, too, the admirable schedule, which has been arranged under the competent and efficient management of Mr. John C. Sikes, Jr., should be a great incentive to all players. We have the men, the material, the schedule, and we now ask from the student body and faculty alike their hearty co-operation and liberal support. Below is printed the schedule:

April 2, Sharp Institute at Wake Forest.
April 7, Bingham at Wake Forest.
April 9, Oak Ridge at Wake Forest.
April 10, Oak Ridge at Wake Forest.
April 11, Guilford at Greensboro.
April 13, Trinity at Durham.
April 17, A. and M. at Raleigh.
April 18, Trinity at Raleigh.
April 20, Wofford College at Spartanburg, S. C.
April 21, Clemson College at Clemson, S. C.
April 22, University of Georgia at Athens, Ga.
April 23, Georgia School of Technology at Atlanta, Ga.
April 24, Mercer at Macon, Ga.
April 25, South Carolina College at Columbia, S. C.
April 28, Susquehanna University of Pennsylvania at Raleigh.
May 2, A. and M. at Wake Forest.
May 7, Guilford at Wake Forest.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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MOONLIGHT ON THE HILLS.

H. FULTON PAGE.

There's moonlight on the hills to-night:
A silent, silver flood
From out the pathless vastitude,
Breaks full and deep
Upon a weary world. Each star-crowned height,
Each shadow-darkened wood,
Each valley stoled in sheeted mist
Lies wrapt in dreamful sleep.

There's moonlight on the hills to-night,
And pale white stars, far-seen,
Repose against the faded azure depths,
Dim shore-lights of immensity.
Some, trembling on the outer verge of sight,
Elude the eye, and, in between
A wandering night-cloud drifts adown the West,
A foam-rift on an ethery sea.

There's moonlight on the hills to-night;
Wild fens, enchanted, lone,
Sleep sentinelled by sombre, spectral forms.
Dark phantom tree-shapes on the wold,
Stand pulseless in the shrouding light,
Or, by the south wind blown,

Move to and fro, their Druid heads
  Weaving many a weird shadow-fold.

There's moonlight on the hills to-night,
  And slumbering dew-spent flowers,
Touched by the breaking silver tide,
  Dreaming, whisper, "The world's at rest."
Above their drooping folds, the white-winged flight
  Of ever-hastening hours
Sweep low to kiss their fragrant cups,
  Then pass into the voiceless West.

There's moonlight on the hills to-night,
  And listen! low, sweet strains
Of rapture burst upon the dim-lit fields,
  Out through the breezeless midnight flow
Faint trillings of some nameless, last delight—
  But soon they die, and silence reigns—
Do night-birds, dreaming, carol in their dreams
  Of vales where fairer flowers blow?

There's moonlight on the hills to-night;
  From off some distant, dream-lit shore,
The voice of one—with angels now—
  My inmost being thrills.
That Time and Change should ever blight!—
  But Love abides forevermore,
With gleamings of an endless after-bliss,
  When moonlight's on the hills.

EARLY AND FORMATIVE PERIOD OF THE LIFE OF PESTALOZZI.

JOSEPH B. HUFF.

John Henry Pestalozzi was born at Zurich on the 12th of January, 1746. His father was a medical practitioner; his mother, whose maiden name was Hotze, was a first cousin to the Austrian general Hotze, who fell at the battle of Schannis in 1799.

Pestalozzi's father died when the boy was young and leaving only a small fortune his faithful wife was compelled to struggle hard for the means of sustenance and to enable her to send her three children to school.

From this time forward everything was wanting in the influence around him which a manly education of the faculties so urgently requires at that age. He was brought up, he relates, "by the hand of the best of mothers like a spoilt darling such that you will not easily find a greater." From one year to another he never left the domestic hearth; in short, all the essential means and inducements to the development of manly vigor, manly experience, manly ways of thinking, and manly exercises were just as much wanting in him, as, from the peculiarity and weakness of his temperament, they were especially needed.

This peculiarity in his early training left its impress on the man in after life. He had the most sensitive feelings and the liveliest imagination, but was deficient in the power of sustained attention, in reflection, circumspection, and foresight.

One incident in Pestalozzi's early life I cannot forbear to mention—the faithfulness of the servant girl, Babeli.

On his death bed the father sent for this girl and said: "For the sake of God and mercy do not leave my wife; when I am dead she will be forlorn and my children will fall into strange hands." Babeli promised that she would remain with the mother till death and that promise was faithfully kept. Many stories are told of her great fidelity; she even restrained the children when they wanted to go into the streets or to any place where they had no business, saying that they would needlessly wear out their shoes and clothes. The mother denied herself many things in order to be able to give her children an education, and for weeks and months together, she never went out anywhere, but saved every farthing for their schooling.

Under these circumstances and conditions our hero grew up, seeing the world only within the narrow limits of his mother's parlor and within the equally narrow limits of his school-room. To real human life he was almost as great a stranger as if he had not lived in the world in which he dwelt.

After the boy was nine years old he spent several months of each year with his grandfather who lived in a village three miles from Zurich. The old man was a minister and conscientiously cared for the souls of his flock, and thereby exercised great influence upon the village school. The great piety of the grandfather made a deep and lasting impression on the boy.

Pestalozzi seems to have been the most clumsy and helpless boy in the school that he attended. He was good-natured though, and of an obliging disposition. Everyone remarked on his awkwardness, carelessness, and thoughtlessness in everything that did not particularly interest him. Perhaps this was due to the faulty nature of his early training.

As a pupil, Pestalozzi had few equals and no superiors. Although he did commit more serious faults than any of his fellows yet he seized with quickness and accuracy upon the essential matter of the subjects of instruction. Sometimes he would be behind them in one part of a subject and surpass them in an unusual manner in another part. One of his Greek professors translated and published some of the orations of Demosthenes. Pestalozzi translated the same orations and surpassed the teacher in the excellence of his work. At the same time he wished to be acquainted with some branches of knowledge that took posession of his heart and his imagination and which, even though he neglected the means of acquiring them, were nevertheless enthusiastically alive within him. Unfortunately the tone of public instruction in his native town, at this period, was in a high degree calculated to foster this visionary fancy of taking an active interest in, and believing one's self capable of, the practice of things in which one had by no means had sufficient exercise; and this fancy was very prevalent among the youth of his native town. What a foreshadowing was Pestalozzi's childhood of the whole of his subsequent career!

Among his teachers there were three who exercised great influence upon him in his youth, Bodmer, Breitinger, and Steinbruechel. Bodmer was Professor of History from 1725 to 1775. He is known by his literary controversies with Gottsched and Lessing, his edition of the Minnesingers, and his epic poem upon the Deluge. Breitinger, Professor of Greek and Hebrew from 1731 to 1776, edited the Septuagint. Steinbruechel is described as a witty and learned man, but very much inclined to infidel "illumination." It seems that independence,

freedom, beneficence, self-sacrifice, and patriotism were the watchwords of their public education, yet the means of attaining all this was left without solid and sufficient training of the practical ability which is its essential condition. They were taught in a visionary manner to seek for independence in an abstract acquaintance with truth without being made to feel strongly what was essentially necessary to the security of both their inward and their outward domestic and civil independence. The tone of the instruction which Pestalozzi received led him with much vivacity and many attractive representations to be so short-sighted and incousiderate as to set little value upon, and almost to despise, the external means of wealth, honor and consideration. This was carried to such an extent that he imagined while yet a boy, that, by a superficial school acquaintance with the great civil life of Greece and Rome he could successfully prepare himself for the little civil life in one of the Swiss cantons.

The appearance of the writings of Rousseau was a great means of keeping alive the errors into which the noble flight of true and patriotic sentiment had led the more distinguished of the young Swiss. "They had run," says Pestalozzi, "into one-sided, rash, and confused notions into which Voltaire's seductive infidelity, being opposed to the pure holiness of religion and to its simplicity and innocence, had helped to lead them." Out of all this a new tendency was produced, which was totally inconsistent with the real welfare of the people and which was neither calculated to preserve what was good in the old institutions nor to introduce any that were substantially better.

Pestalozzi was a lad of fifteen when Rousseau's *Emile* appeared, and, says he, "My visionary and highly spec-

ulative mind was enthusiastically seized by this visionary and highly speculative book. I compared the education which I had enjoyed in the corner of my mother's parlor and also in the school which I frequented with what Rousseau demanded for the education of his Emile." The home as well as the public education of the whole world and of all ranks of society appeared to him altogether as a crippled thing, which was to find a universal remedy for its present pitiful condition in Rousseau's lofty ideas.

The ideal system of liberty also, to which Rousseau imparted fresh animation, increased in him the visionary desire for a more extended sphere of activity in which he might promote the welfare and happiness of his people. On this account he was induced to abandon the clerical profession, to which he had formerly leaned and for which he had been destined, and to turn to the study of law, hoping thereby to find a career that would be likely to procure for him, sooner or later, the opportunity and means of exercising an active influence on the civil condition of his native town and even of his native land.

Pestalozzi, as a youth, fiercely hated the aristocracy who oppressed the country people, and even in his old age this hatred was not altogether extinguished. He probably heard early in life the complaint of the country clergy, "*omne malum ex urbe*," "all harm comes from the town." This warmth of anger co-existed in him with great warmth of love for the people. Goethe's saying—

> "Youth's wings should trim themselves for flight
> Ere youthful strength be gone,
> Thro' hate of wrong and love of right
> To bear him bravely on—"

characterizes not only the young Pestalozzi, but also the old man; it characterizes most of his writings.

Another little incident in which Pestalozzi's character is admirably summed up is related by a friend. This friend was on his death bed, and sending for Pestalozzi, said to him, "I die, and when you are left alone you must not plunge into any career, which from your good natured and confiding disposition, might become dangerous to you. Seek for a quiet, tranquil career, and unless you have at your side a man who will faithfully assist you with a calm, dispassionate knowledge of men and things, by no means embark in any extensive undertaking whose failure would in any way be perilous to you." This opinion of Pestalozzi's character was strikingly confirmed by almost every subsequent event of his life.

Soon after this Pestalozzi became dangerously ill and was advised by his physician to give up the study of law. Accordingly he burned his manuscripts and went into the country to recreate himself. While there he purchased one hundred acres of land, had a dwelling erected on it in the Italian style and gave the name of Neuhof to the whole estate. On the 24th of January, 1769, he married Anne Schulthess, being now in the twenty-third year of his age. It was not long before troubles came upon the young married couple. The cause of the failure lay essentially and exclusively in Pestalozzi, who had a pronounced incapacity for every kind of undertaking which required eminent practical ability.

Notwithstanding the great distress into which he fell he resolved to combine with his farming a school for poor chilnren. Accordingly, in the year 1775, the Neuhof poor school began. It soon had fifty pupils. In the summer the children were to be chiefly employed in field-work, in winter with spinning and other handicrafts. During the time that they were engaged in the handi-

crafts Pestalozzi gave the instruction. "For years," he says, "I lived in the midst of fifty little beggars, sharing in my poverty my bread with them, living like a beggar myself in order to teach beggars to live like men."

But no long time elapsed before the establishment declined. The failure was in part due to external circumstances and partly to Pestalozzi himself. He rushed on to the higher stages of instruction before a thorough foundation had been laid—the very thing he so strongly denounces in the whole of his views and writings on education.

The breaking up of this establishment was a fortunate thing for Pestalozzi, and for the world. He was no longer to fritter away his strength in efforts to which he was not equal. His severe mental and physical labor as well as the pain and misfortune he had suffered from childhood up through the formative period of his life, was not to be in vain, but was to bear precious fruit. It was now that he began his writings in which he incorporated into a grand educational system the results of his experience in his own sad and eventful life, of his environment and early training and the abuses of his time.

DE PROJICAL SON.—A NEGRO SERMON.

H. W. ANGEL.

[The old fellow who is the originator of the sermon, must be thought of as wearing a long Prince Albert coat about two sizes too large for him, his pants folding up around his ankles like an accordion, his eyebrows long, shaggy and white, his beard short and nappy, what little moustache he has in each corner of his mouth being also white.

After taking off his old beaver hat which was clean of hair in spots and displaying a perfectly bald head with the exception of a little white hair around the edges, he adjusted on his nose a pair of old fashioned gold, square-rimmed eyeglasses, and snapping his eyes once or twice at his congregation over eyeglasses and then once or twice under them, he proceeded to deliver the following sermon.

I failed to state above, that the old darkey could not read but secured his sermons by hearing some minister deliver a sermon and then trying to repeat same. This is the reason of the old fellow's getting mixed up.]

Befo' I selexes de tex to-night, my belubbed brederen, I wants to call yo' detention to de fact dat de regular choir practice will tek place in dis church on Friday night at past half seven.

On Monday night dar will be a meeting of de Deacons. At dis meetin I wants to have a report from de coal committee. We didn't have no report 'tall from dis committee last year, an' we can't 'spec de Rail Road Company in Goldsboro to keep open coal cars on de side track all dis winter like dey did las'. We will now proceed wid de sermon.

In selexing de tex to-night, my fellow sufferers, I wants you to go way back wid me to de time when Chaderack, Comeback and Lettergo walked through de flaring flames of de firery furnace, when de lions was cast into Daniel's den and Jonah swallowed de Prince of Wales, and dar we find de stunning words dat a "Suttin man had two sons."

Now de youngest son were a very contemptionable young man who ware in no wise resposed to do de will of he father an' he were darfo' a projical son, an' de last state of dat man was wuss dan de fust state.

Now the Scripture tell us dat de young man got tired alivin' easy, so he call to he Pa and say "Pa, gimme my share of de substum, an' I will take it and go way into a fur country an' you'll see my face no mo." Now I reckon de ole man were tired botherin wid he projical an' he were willin to let him hoe he own row, caze we read in de Book dat de young man tek he share of de substum and gone into a fur country and dar he spen he substum in riotous extrabigance, high libin an' sin, till bye-m-bye he money were all throw away an he were reduced to a great necessity. So great were de necessity what de young man were reduced to, dat he were compel to hire heself out to a rich man to mine hog.

Now de Scripture don't says so but it am supposed dat dis were a very mean white man, caze we read in de Book dat de young man were fain to full his stomach on de huss where he feed de hog wid. So when he come to heself he say, "De very servant on my Pa's place got bread to eat an' I ain't had none. I's gwine back to de ole man an' ax him to take me as a hired man on he plantation." So he take de pearl ring off he han' an' throw 'em to de hog an' de hog run at 'em, caze Scripture tell us, "If you cass yo' pearl before swine dey'll turn round an' ren you." Now when de young man were yet a long way off he were overtook by a great deluge of rain, an' it rained forty years an forty monts.

So great were de deluge dat de young man were obertook by, dat he were compel to buil heself a boat to keep from gittin' drowned-ed, an' after he sail 'roun in he

boat for a mont, mont an' a half or two monts, he lit on Mt. Ararat wid de olive branch in he mouth. Jest as soon as de young man lit ou de olive branch wid Mt. Ararat in he mouth, he Pa see him comin' and he run out to meet him an' he ketch him an' hug him an' throw he hands around he neck an' cry, "O Absolum, my son, my son, Absolum!" Den he give him another ring to put on he hand an' a gole stud wid a a white shirt in de bosom, and he call to de hired man an' tell him to kill a fat calf an make a great feast, an' cordin to de way he say so, it were done.

After de feast were all ready de old man he send round an' invite all de rich neighbor an' dey all wid one consent begin to make excuse. One man say he jest taken in a piece of new ground an' he aint got time; another man say he jest bought a yoke of oxen an' he got to look after he purchase, an' another man say he jist married a nice young wife an' an' an,' he wa'n't hongry.

Well when de ole man fine out how all he rich neighbor discount him, he git vex an' he call to de hired man an' tell him to go out into de highways an' into de byways an' gather all he kin fine, caze de bline kiu see, an' de lame kin walk, an' de deaf kin hear, an' my son Absolum what wus dead am alive agin. So de hired man he go an' gather de bline an de lame an' de halt an' de deaf an' all de po people in dat lan' an' he fotch 'em up an' he sit 'em down an' dey make a great feas' an' after dey done eat up everything de fragments what dem gather up fill seben baskets full an' five small fishes over.

I would like to coutinue de preachments longer to you dis evenin,' my fellow sufferers, but de fact is dar's a po cullud 'oman dyin' down de road dar, an' she can't die till I git dar.

So we will now close de services by singin' de sixteenth hymn on de 'leven page in de book: "Come ye sinners, po an' needy, weak an' wounded sick and so." Now while de contribution box am being circumambulated around, de choir will please vociferate.

THE PASSING OF THE "OLD BLACK AUNTIE."

BY A. F. FLETCHER.

Few Southern boys have known and felt her influence, because she is a part of that past which is so rapidly slipping away. Slowly, but surely, it fades from the memory of man and a new order of things in which she has no place is being ushered in. Whether this new order is better than the old and will tend to the uplifting of humanity, it is not for me to say. Perhaps so, yet I can not see the dear old past, with all its sweet associations, its tender memories and influences, fading from our lives without a feeling of sadness. I am not one of those who can walk rough-shod over the grave of the past without a feeling of reverence and love.

As I run back over my past life with all its joys and sorrows, there is no object in it that appears dearer through the gathering shades of time and distance, than old Auntie Millie. She was one of that type that ruled so royally in Southern households in the *ante-bellum* days. The kitchen and the nursery were her domains and in them her sway was absolute. Woe to any one who dared offend her majesty! Woe to any one who dared usurp her rights!

How we children loved her! Oh, the wonderful, wonderful stories she could tell! With pathos and expression inimitable, she would tell us stories of death and suffering from the Bible. We wept in sympathy. We shuddered as she told of horrible ghosts, fantastic gnomes and hobgoblins, of "hants" and "blatherskites," of terrible "b'ars" and "painters" that "et bad chilluns." We never tired of her quaint animal stories. With the

firelight casting weird shadows on the wall and a little group of white-robed figures around her—in her arms and at her feet, she would tell of Bre'r Fox and his escapades; how he caused Bre'r Lion to lose nearly all of his beautiful coat of hair, by advising him to take a hot bath in a farmer's "scalding tub;" how sly Bre'r Possum cheated him out of his dinner; how he sought Bre'r Rabbit, the cabbage-thief and general mischief-maker, with a tar baby. There was a wonderful charm in these quaint old tales as they fell from her lips. Mother could tell them all, so could grandma, but only Auntie Millie could stir our childish hearts with them.

And the ghost tales—what terrible ones she told! Many a time with shaking knees and blanched face, did I solemnly declare I wasn't scared, and beg for another story—cold chills all the while chasing each other up and down my spiue. A brave boy, indeed! She told us of witches that chased a poor man one night coming home from some carousal. I suppose it must have been Tam O'Shanter. She told us of another poor fellow chased by terrible black cats. She told us of ghastly forms and horrible white things that moaued and groaned and fluttered in the tree-tops. She told us that the mysterious Will-o-the-wisp we had so often watched with wondering eyes, as it danced about, now here, now there, in the swamp, was a wandering spirit—ever seeking and never finding the body from which it came. Then there were many ominous signs. There were ghosts abroad when the lamp-wick sputtered, when the blaze was blue, and when the wind moaned with a peculiar sobbing souud through the trees. We trembled and grew pale as she spoke, yet we did uot want her to stop at all. We would beg her to go on, assuring her in faltering accents that we were not afraid.

Black goddess of the kitchen—how often did we come to you seeking aid and comfort and find it! When hungry and tired you never failed us. When mother laid upon us the rod of correction and heeded not our prayers, then to you we came for sympathy and caresses and found them. When all else failed us, you failed not. Many a well-deserved punishment was averted by your intercessions, or softened by your entreaties.

All hail to the guardian angel and protectress of my childhood! Her day has passed and now she lives only in the memories of those who loved her and whom she loved. I have no love for her race, but for Auntie Millie, who cared for me so tenderly, who watched over me through sickness, shared my sorrows as well as my joys—as a child I could not help loving her. The childish love and faith is not what it once was, yet I have a tenderness for her, and she fills a niche in my memory that can be filled by no other.

SENECA AND HIS "DE TRANQUILITATE ANIMI."

GILBERT T. STEPHENSON.

Few of us realize that Lucius Annaeus Seneca, "the greatest of all the imperial writers except Tacitus," was a contemporary of Paul, the most beloved of all the apostles. And yet this is the fact. Seneca was born at Cordova, Spain, about 7 B. C. His parents, Marcus Aurelius and Helvia, were of the equestrian order and had considerable wealth. When young Seneca was probably not more than two years old, the family moved to Rome in order that the boy might have the benefit of all the educational advantages open to a Roman youth of that day. Here his early years were spent during the reign of Tiberius.

Seneca was very brilliant and soon excited the jealousy of Caligula by his marvelous success at the bar. Caligula wanted to have the young man put to death, but his (Seneca's) friends told him that it was of no use, since he would soon be dead of consumption anyway. At the advice of his father, Seneca retired and pursued the study of philosophy till the death of Caligula.

With the accession of Claudius, Seneca, then thirty-five years old, began to practice at the bar again. His social successes were very striking and soon led him into trouble. He was accused of improper intimacy with Julia, the daughter of Germanicus. The result was an eight years' banishment on the island of Corsica.

Had it not been for his banishment, it is very probable that we would never have heard of Seneca as a philosopher. Here, he pored over the works of the Alexan-

drian school of philosophers more zealously than ever before. His first composition on the island was "Consolatio ad Polybium" which is full of the flattery of Claudius. For this Seneca must have expected to be recalled. But it is very likely that Claudius never saw this, or, at least, it did not help Seneca.

It was Agrippina who had Seneca recalled from exile. She wanted him as a tutor for Nero, heir-apparent to the throne. In this capacity, the philosopher took advantage of his opportunity. He amassed a great fortune and rose to the censorship. As to his office as tutor, he has been amusingly represented as a butterfly sitting on the front of a chariot driving a dragon—Nero.

When Nero became emperor, it is true that the precepts of Seneca had a good effect on him for a while. But soon the pupil became too atrocious for the teacher. He first killed his first-cousin and later his mother. Seneca knew that he, too, would not long be spared. Besides, his enormous wealth had excited the envy of the common people who knew that he could not have got it honestly. So he asked Nero to take back all the wealth which he had lavished upon him. This was refused and the old man knew that his days were numbered. He relinquished all State duties and retired to his little country villa where he again took up philosophy. Even here Nero tried to poison him. After this Seneca would eat nothing except herbs gathered with his own hand and drank only from a little brook running through his garden.

Not long after this occurred the conspiracy of Piso. This gave his enemies a chance for accusing Seneca, which they did not let pass. Soldiers were stationed around his house and he was told to prepare for death,

which message he received with the coolness characteristic of a Stoic. The death scene is most pathetic, especially the affection shown by his young wife, Paulina. She asked to be allowed to die with her husband, which was granted. Their veins were opened at the same time and in the same room. Seneca soon asked that she be removed to another room lest, by watching her pain, his courage might fail him. Her veins were closed and she was not allowed to die. His blood ran so slowly that the veins of his legs were opened, but that did no good. He took hemlock, but that did not affect him. He was finally removed to a vapor-bath, where he was soon stifled. He died conversing with his friends about the glories he was soon to realize. Thus passed away a man who, though himself not a Christian, was in many respects like the great Christian, Paul.

The *De Tranquilitate Animi* was written by Seneca soon after his return from exile. Unlike his other productions, it is preceded by a supposed letter from Serenus, captain of Nero's body-guard, in which he complains of having no peace of mind. Amongst luxuries, he has no rest. He asks Seneca how tranquility may be obtained.

Seneca undertakes to advise Serenus. Self confidence, steadfastness, "non concuti" are his requisites of tranquility. To him, one of the greatest causes of discontent is vice. "Innumerabiles deinceps proprietates sunt, sed unus effectus, sibi displiceri." Seneca advises Serenus to be doing something. Laziness always broods discontent. This is the reason why people are always travelling for pleasure and never attaining it. He quotes here very appropriately from Lucretius, "Hoc si quisque modo semper fugit."

Seneca advised the discontented man to engage in public affairs. As the athlete practices his limbs for the contest, we must exercise our mind for struggles in public life. There are public duties for all. If one office is not open for you, another is. "Numquam enim usque eo interclusa sunt omnia, ut nulli actioni locus honestae sit." What good advice even for us! Seneca lays great stress upon work. He says that it is the very greatest of evils for a man to be really dead, that is, so far as work is concerned, before he is dead in body.

But before a man can succeed in public life, he must know three things—himself, the work, and those for or with whom he is to work. We must know our strength. "Debet enim semper plus esse virium in actore quam in onere." Then we must know the character of our companions. Seneca considers nothing so good as true friendship.

Seneca warns Serenus against a large patrimony. Along here we see his Stoic ideas cropping out. "Quanto ille felicior, qui nihil ulli debet, nisi quod facillime negat sibi?" He advises just a moderate fortune. There must be excess in nothing, not even in such useful things as books and libraries. "Onerat discentem turba, non instruit."

In order to have tranquility, trouble must be put aside. We must not brood over our own troubles, much less that of others. Work and custom lightens such burdens. "Ad hibe rationem difficultatibus: possunt et dura molliri et augusta laxari et gravia scite ferentis minus premere."

Now follows a discussion of the equanimity of a wise man. He is the man who holds life as a trust and not as a gift; as something loaned and soon to be returned with gain. "Nec ides vilis est sibi, quia scit se suum

non esse." To such a man nothing can happen unawares. He is always looking forward and preparing for what may happen. Seneca here quotes from Publius, "Cuivis potest occidere quod cuiquam potest." What happens to one may happen to all. "Scito ergo omnem condicionem versabilem esse et quicquid in ullum incurrit, posse in te quoque incurrere." Seneca then gives examples of wise men whom even death could not frighten.

We must not toil over worthless things. "Utique animus ab omnibus externis in se revocandus est: sibi confidat, se goudeat, sua suspiciat, recedat, quantum potest, ab alienis, et se sibi adplicet, damna non sentiat, etiam adversa benigne interpretetur." How true! Seneca gives an example of the tranquility of mind of Conus who promised to show to his friends standing around him when he was dying what is the condition of the soul after death. "Ecce in media tempestate tranquilitas."

Seneca warns Serenus never to hate the human race. There is no use worrying over the faults of others. "Nam alienis malis torqueri aeterna miseria est." Our actions must be prompted by inward feelings, and not by custom. We must not weep simply because others weep.

Again, the mind must have rest sometimes. Socrates did not hesitate to play with little boys. Scipio was very fond of dancing. "Danda est animis remissio. Meliores acrioresque requieti surgent." As continuous tillage ruins the fields so continuous work ruins the mind. But this rest must not be carried to an excess. As sleep which refreshes the body if carried to an excess results in its death, so too much rest dwarfs the mind. Seneca advises moderation in everything. With this

thought he ends. "Illud tamen scito, nihil horum satis esse, nisi intenta et asidua cura circumit animum labentem."

This whole essay is full of good advice even for us. But we must beware of his Stoic ideas. His Stoicism is showing itself here and there throughout the whole work. Seneca himself was personally affected by the Stoic philosophers. For several years he lived on herbs. His father seeing that this self-denial was injuring his son, said to him: "Why do you not, my son, why do you not live as others live? There is a provocation in success, but there is a worse provocation in ostentatious abstinence. You might be taken for a Jew (Christian). Do not draw down the wrath of Jove." The boy heeded his father, but still abstained from wine, perfumes, warm baths, and made dishes.

The "*De Tranquilitate*" is well worth our study not only for the advice in it, but also for the light which it throws upon the condition of the Romans at the time when the old religion was soon to be supplanted by that of Christ.

A TALE OF THE KLONDIKE.

GEO. J. SPENCE.

With an unsteady step he staggered into the cafe just as I was closing up for the night. A demoniacal light was gleaming from his eyes. He took a seat at a table and calling for cigars and whiskey, invited me to join him. Being a little dry, I accepted his invitation and had no sooner seated myself than he glared at me like a maniac.

"Do you know John Ashby?" he began. "Well I am he, and I will tell you why I am here to-night. Ten years ago my poor wife and I were struggling to feed six hungry little mouths. We tied fishing-seines for a living, but as winter came on the little pittance was not sufficient for our needs. During the long winter nights my hunger-crazed brain was building in air a machine to do this work easier and quicker.

With my mechanic's tools I fashioned out of wood a rude machine. Patiently I made each wheel and spindle and needle, and then put my machine in motion, only to see it fail to work. I would then hide my "little trick" as I called it, in my closet and take a few hours' sleep. When day would come I would go to work with my seine needle and twine and work and work until my fingers ached and bled.

The next night I would take my "precious treasure" from its hiding place and tear it in pieces and build it a second time. Again my hopes and expectations would fail me. Night after night, week after week, driven on by hunger, I labored at my invention. Sometimes I would give up in despair.

One night long after the world had gone to rest, I was patiently working on my clumsy machine, when suddenly, as if endowed with life, it began to give out the net perfectly tied. What joy! My fondest dream was realized. I kept my secret for ten whole days. Then I carried my odd-looking apparatus to Mr. W. H. Randal, my employer, and explained its workings to him and asked him of the possibility of getting it patented. He said he would try and if he succeeded, why one-half of the money from the sale of the rights was to be mine.

"Friend, fill our glasses once more and drink to my success.

"Then many weary days I waited. Days grew into weeks and weeks into months and still Mr. Randal said he had heard nothing from my invention. At last I gave up in despair.

"Two years after this I secured employment as night hand in a large cotton mill. My boss explained to me that my work would be to tend a new machine they had lately installed kown as the 'seine-tying machine.'

"My heavens! Could I believe my own eyes. Here before me was a gigantic machine with the same movements as the one I had built myself.

I looked on the name-plate, 'Patented 1887 by W. H. Randal, Lowell, Mass.' The lying scoundrel, the robber! He had had my invention patented under his name and it had made him a millionaire while I, the inventor, begged leave of my fellowman to earn my bread. In a moment my frenzied mind was bent on revenge.

"Rushing from the mill I sped down the street, and brushing aside the office-boy, I burst into the office of Wm. Randal. He was writing at his desk and did not hear me enter.

"Wm. Randal,' I shrieked, 'you are a thief! You are a murderer! You have robbed my poor wife and children of their bread and sent my oldest daughter to an untimely grave. But the day of reckoning has come. May the God who made you have mercy on your soul.'

"I don't know how I did it. All I remember is that I heard a wild scream for help and saw Wm. Randal stretched his length on the floor with blood streaming from his forehead. In an instant I realized what I had done. His blood was on my hands. I was his murderer.

"I rushed out into the night and down to the wharf. A large ship was just pushing off. I jumped aboard and secreted myself among the bales of merchandise. When two days had passed I came out from my hiding place. From the crew I learned that the ship was bound for the gold regions.

"Well, to make a long story short, we reached Seattle safe and sound and struck out over land for Klondike. There I dug and delved and picked in the hard frozen earth for the glittering gold and at last struck it rich.

"Stranger, fill them again and drink once more to my success.

"Here I seemed to be haunted by some supernatural being. Often during the dark, cold nights up there I would hear those cries of 'help! help!' and the bloody form of Wm. Randal was ever before my eyes. For eight long years I lived this miserable life. Then I was seized with a mad desire to revisit the scene of my crime. So converting my 'dust' into 'nuggets' I set out in April. To avoid suspicion I have traveled as a tramp.

"Give me another drink, stranger, my throat is getting dry.

"In my belt is enough gold to let me live as a prince. But it is too late. I have gone to my old home and have searched the city from end to end looking for my dear wife and children whom I deserted. I can find no trace of them and I believe they have perished of hunger.

"Fill them up again, it is getting dark. My life is hell itself. For all my sins may Heaven forgive me. If you ever find my wife and children give them—"

He ceased speaking. On the table lay a pile of glittering gold. His soul had gone to meet its God.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN.

BY "BUMP."

"If Ashland wins I will marry you, Herbert, but if Vardale is the winning team I shall marry Ralph. I love you both equally, and if left to myself I could never decide which I had rather marry. Let the game decide for me. I shall wear the colors of both colleges, and will await the winning captain at the gate of the grand-stand."

It was Evelyn Marston who spoke, standing by her chair in the parlor of a palatial home on Broad Street, Richmond. Herbert Armour was standing near, very near her, looking down into her dark brown eyes, and reading through them, as it were, her very soul. As she spoke he grasped the hand so temptingly near his own and warmly pressed it, confident that it would be his before the night. "Good bye, Evelyn," he said at length. "God grant that I may be the winner of the game—and of you."

For several years Evelyn Marston had attended the Randolph-Macon Woman's College at Lynchburg, the home of Herbert Armour and Ralph Dawson, and here at a reception she had met them both, liked them equally, and during the following years when each had been her constant suitor, she had never been partial in her favors to either.

Ralph and Herbert had grown up from childhood together, living in the same town, attending the same school, vieing with each other in friendly rivalry for the various honors of their class, and now, as fate would have it, loving the same girl. They had talked the

matter over between themselves as friends will, each recognizing the other's hopes, both longing for, yet dreading, the time when she should make the decision. Four years ago they had left their homes to enter each his favorite college—Herbert to Ashland, Ralph to Vardale. Both had taken a high stand in college, and now, in their Senior year, each was the captain of the ball team of his respective college. Equal in school, equal in college—who was to be the winner this afternoon?

For years it had been the custom for Ashland and Vardale to meet in Richmond on Easter Monday for a game of ball, and already both teams were in the city making the old capital ring with their various college yells, aided in this by the entire student-body, taking a day off to help their team on to victory.

Grand-stand and bleachers alike were packed that afternoon. Vardale and Ashland were both popular in Richmond and a large crowd had turned out to see the first game of the season. Just before the time for the game to begin the captains of the opposing teams could be seen walking across the field with their arms thrown around each other.

"Herb, you are the best friend I've ever had," Ralph was saying, "I'd do anything for you as quickly as for myself. But, oh God, I can't give her up, even to you, old boy. And yet—and yet—I know you'd make her a better husband than I, with this cursed whiskey habit, than I a drunk—"

"Hush, Ralph, you shan't call yourself such names. You are more worthy of her than I, by a thousand times. You do drink some, but if you win her, she'll reform you. But how *can* I live without her! Come, there goes the signal to play ball. Let's shake hands, Ralph,

and congratulations to you, old boy, if you win the finest girl on earth."

"Same to you, old fellow," said Ralph, and the life-long friends shook hands.

Ashland was in the field and the game was on. Herbert was seemingly everywhere urging on his men and Vardale was retired without a score. Ralph Dawson took his place in center field while within him raged the battle of his life. What should he do? Should he play hard and win the game and a bride, knowing his weakness for strong drink, or should he yield to his friend whom he knew would make her a better husband?

"My college expects me to win; my selfish desires urge me to win. Oh God, I *must* win! But my better self tells me she'd be happier with Herb. My conscience tells me—oh God, show me my duty. Is it to college and self or to love and friend?"

Vardale failed to score. Ashland made one in the fourth and a man in crimson crossed the plate in the fifth. One to one read the figures on the big blackboard near the grand stand as Vardale faced the bat in the ninth. In one-two-three order the umpire called them out, and Ashland was up for its inning.

Ralph Dawson took his place in deep center, the battle within him still raging.

"One strike! Two strikes! Man's out!" yelled the umpire, but Ralph heard not a word.

"Out!" shouted the umpire as Scott at short scooped up the ball and sent it like lightning to first.

Herbert Armour faced the bat. "One strike!" shouted the umpire. "Ball one!" Two strikes!" Herbert stepped forward and hit the next with all his might.

"My God, the ball's coming my way and Herb batted it! I *must* decide. God help me!" cried Ralph Dawson as he rushed forward, then stopped, then backward and forward again. The ball was coming down faster and faster. Herbert speeded on to second and made for third. Ralph steadied himself. The ball was in his hand, then—as with an effort—he turned it loose, and it dropped to the ground, and Herbert crossed the plate. Ralph Dawson had lost his game and his bride.

Evelyn Marston and Herbert Armour could be seen leaving the grand-stand together and taking their seats in a carriage. Far behind the departing crowd walked a hero, though a loser, and into his mind came the revised Biblical saying: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his *love* for his friend."

STORIETTE DEPARTMENT.

HOW MIS' MARY DROVE OFF THE ROBBERS.

BY A. L. FLETCHER.

"O, g'long honey! Youse don' wanter heah no more sto'ys. Lay down dar an' go ter sleep. Youse de beatnes chilluns' I ebber seed," said Aunt Millie with affected displeasure.

"But, Aunt Millie, you aint told us nary one to-night," said Herbert, putting on an injured air.

"And you always do tell us one every night,' said little Annie, as she put her arms caressingly around Auut Millie's neck.

"Dar now chilluns, I see I'se done spile yo'. S'pose I'se gotter tell yo' one. But it ain't gwine ter be but one—kaze it's bed-time. Now what it gwine ter be erbout? Lemme see—I'se done tol' yo' bout Brer Fox an' Brer Rabbit an' all de uddah creeturs."

"Tell us something new, Aunt Millie; tell us about war times," spoke up Fred, a militant youth of ten.

"Does yo' all wanter heah a wah sto'y?"

An eager chorus of assent passed 'round the little group.

"Well, well—lemme see." Aunt Millie sat rubbing her nose thoughtfully and gazing into the fire.

"W'en de wah bruk out," she began, "yo' gran' pa, he live up in de mountains. Dey wuzn't many folks w'at live up dar den. De houses wuz sorter scatterin'. One day soon atter we'uns heah dar gwine ter be wah, yo' gran' pa tuk an' come home fum town in er bran new suit er clothes. Dey wuz gray an' had shiny brass buttons on 'em. He look mighty soleum an' gran', an' aint sayin' nuffin much ter nobody. Yo' gran'ma, Missus Mary, she cry, an' cry, an' cry—des lak her heart would break. But taint done no good. Marse Fred—yo' wuz named atter him, honey—he 'low he bleeged ter go. Nex' mawnin' he kiss Mis' Mary an' de baby good-bye, an' rid erway.

Things went on pretty smooth-like fo' a yeah er two, den dar wuz a change. Marse Fred—he come home ebber once in er while, an' ebber time, he fin's things wousser an' wousser. Atter while dem pesky out-layers—some folks call 'em bush-w'ackers—dey gotter stealin', an' burnin' houses, an' abusin' women an' chillum. Mis' Mary she all cut up er bout it. She 'spec' ebber night ter heah dem scoun'els 'roun' de house, an' she done hab me ter tote all de meat an' stuff in de big house, an' fix de bars good an' strong.

"One night she wuz a sleepin' des as soun'. Wuzn't nobody dar but her, an' me, an' de baby. Bimeby—long 'bout midnight I guess 'twuz—she wake up all er a sudden. Dar wuz sumfin' at de do'! Den she heah soun's lak men er creepin' all aroun' de house. It wuz dem bush-w'ackers sho' 'nuff! An' w'at yo' think she done? She nebber faint ner she nebber scream. She des laid dar right still—den she say—lak's ef Marse Fred dar:

"'Fred, Fred, wake up, dar's sumfin' at de do!'

"Den she wait erbout er minute. De noise kep' right on.

"'Fred, Fred,' she say ergin—dis time a leetle louder—"Wake up quick! Dar's some men at de do'!'

"Den she fatch er l-o-n-g bref an' sorter groan lak er man w'at don' wanter wake up. De racket at de do' stop dis time. Ebber thing got so still she could hear dem men er whisperin' on de po'ch.

"'Fred, Fred,' she say—dis time quite excited-lak, 'Dey's er breakin' in de do'! Git yo' gun, quick!'

"Wi' dat she give a quick tu'n an' sorter ketch her bref lak a man w'at wuz wake too quick, an' jump cleah out on de flo'—des as ha'd as she can. Den she tu'n ober some chairs an' make all de fuss she can as she run to de fiah place wheah de gun hang. Den er all de oudaciousest scufflin' an' scram'lin'—dem fellows made it! 'Pear lak dey gwine ter break dey necks er goin' down dem steps an' out at de gate. Dey thought Marse Fred wuz dar an' dey knowed ef he catch 'em, dey's boun' ter see trouble. Dey knowed Marse Fred uv old!

"I come in de room des den. Mis' Mary she leanin' gin de fiah-bo'd des as white as er sheet an' trem'lin' lak she gwine ter fall. She wuz so upsot she don' sleep no mo' dat night.

"De nex' day Marse Fred, he happen' ter come home an' when she tell him 'bout it he git mighty pale an' he 'low we

aint gwine stay dar no mo! Den he tuk an' move us cross de mountain to Mis' Mary's father's, an' we stay dar till de wah's ober. Dat's all de sto'y, chillun. Now go ter sleep w'ile I sings ter yo!"

Then she sang in a sweet, crooning voice a dear old Southern melody. Soon each little head drooped low on its pillow and the "chillun" slept.

THE TENDERFOOT'S RIDE.

BY ROGER G. LEWIS.

I had arrived the night before and was leaning on the fence which enclosed a large number of horses used by cowboys on the ranch. About a dozen of the boys were around, some sitting on the top rails and trying how far they could send tobacco juice, others were roping and saddling their horses preparatory to going out on the range. One of the latter called to me, "Tenderfoot, kin yer ride?"

"No," I replied, "Never rode anything in my life." At the same time I thought if they insisted I would show those fellows that I was not such a tenderfoot as they seemed to think, for I had often ridden father's gentle old mare at home, and felt fully confident of being able to ride any horse on earth.

"Haw, haw, haw," laughed the cowboy. "Boys, thar's a Tar Heel what sez he can't ride."

"Less see," they shouted in a chorus. "Bring out Devil Ketcher an' try 'im."

Accordingly, three of the men entered the pen and roped and saddled a small, inoffensive looking broncho.

"Humph," I said, "I thought you fellows were trying to frighten me; I know I can ride that thing." Throwing off my coat I strode confidently forward and sprang into the saddle, but, alas, for human confidence.

"Look out, teuderfoot," called one of the men as he released the bridle and jumped aside. "That ar hoss is called Devil Ketcher 'cause whatever gits on 'im ketches the devil."

"He won't give me the devil," I disdainfully replied. This utterly foolish remark was greeted with loud cheers.

The horse stood perfectly still, meekly twitching his ears. "Gittin up steam," some one remarked. In a spirit of bravado I struck him with my hat and shouted, "Get up." Well, of all the getting up I ever saw in my life that fiend proceeded to do it, or rather helped me to get up. For, stretching his neck until his head disappeared between his forelegs, and bringing all his feet together, he sprang to the right, then to the left, whirled around like a top, dashed himself against the fence until my leg was numb, the horse roaring like a bull all the time. I had long ago dropped the bridle and was holding to the saddle like grim death, well aware that I was indeed "ketching the devil" and his place of residence might come next. I would have jumped off the infernal thing but felt sure that he would trample me to a jelly.

Meanwhile the boys were rolling on the ground, hugging each other, waving their hats, yelling like mad, and emptying their six-shooters in sheer excess of joy.

"Made yer will, pard?" shouted one.

"No, have nothing to leave," I gasped. This continued perhaps three or four minutes, that seemed an age to me, for no man was ever so near frightened to death in such a short time. Blood was running from my nose, one leg had no feeling in it and the other felt broken. My hands were literally skinned, clothes torn to shreds, and there was not a spot on my body that was not bruised, skinned or in lumps. How I remained on that roaring, whirling, kicking, biting demon as long as I did will never be known. The memory of it has always been a nightmare. Suddenly he gathered himself together, and, with a mighty spring into the air, launched me about twenty feet straight up. I spread myself, wildly clutching at space and fell heavily to the ground. Then consciousness forsook me. When I came to the boys were fanning me and pouring the vilest whiskey ever made down my throat, while their sides shook with laughter. Opening one eye (the other refused to open) I gazed painfully around in search of the cause of my woe. There he grazed a few yards away as meekly as if he had never tried to murder any one. When the men had recovered in some degree from their rare treat, they carried me to the quarters, where from the effects of the ride and whiskey I was drunk two days and sore two weeks.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF EDITORS:

Dr. G. W PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.	EUZELIAN SOCIETY.
H. E. CRAVEN ----------Editor	R. C. DUNN ----------Editor
E. J. SHERWOOD-Associate Editor	A. C. GENTRY ----Associate Editor

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

RAYMOND C. DUNN, Editor.

An Appeal. For the last several numbers the STUDENT has been rather late in making its appearance. This has been due partly to the editors, partly to the students in general. We are willing to take our share of the blame, but the fault does not lie wholly within us. The STUDENT belongs to the College; it is the organ of the College. The editors are only the agents of the student body, chosen from year to year to superintend the workings of its magazine. It is not to be supposed that the entire contents of this magazine are to be products of their pens. Without the aid of the students the editors are powerless. We ask you to write, we beg you to write, but if you will not write, we can not force you to do so. Just so long as you refuse to contribute, just so long the STUDENT must of necessity be late. We are open to criticism, and appreciate that of a just critic. But are you just when you censure us for the non-performance of your own duty?

The editorial board has undergone a complete revision, and each of its members has taken charge of a new department. As in the past, we shall give our time and work towards maintaining for the STUDENT its former standard, and in this we ask your hearty co-operation, recommending as your motto: "Contribute first, complain afterwards."

The Howler. The publication of an annual at Wake Forest is now assured. At a recent meeting of the board an art editor was added to the staff, thus completing the working force of the magazine. Each editor is peculiarly adapted to the work of his department, and despite the lack of material in the way of fraternities and clubs with which such publications are usually stocked, no fear need be felt as to the success of the *Howler*. However, this being the initial number, the student body and the faculty alike should all the more unreservedly lend their aid to the efforts of the editors. No publication, whether monthly or yearly, can be a success without this. Copies will be sold at actual cost, within the easy reach of every student and no one in college should allow himself to be without one. Everything of interest that has happened during the year, cuts of the buildings, the classes, the ball and track teams, and various other organizations, short stories by the college's best writers, interspersed with bits of wit and wisdom from our most famous wags, and innumerable items of interest, which will constitute the *Howler's* make up, will combine to make a copy indispensable to every student.

The STUDENT bespeaks for its companion publication a glowing success, and solicits in its name the patronage which it deserves.

The Historical Association. The third annual meeting of the North Carolina Historical Association was held in Raleigh January 23d. The aim of the Association is the preservation of North Carolina history, and to this end great strides have been made in the three years of its workings. At present the chief undertakings of the Association are the erection of a statue to Sir Walter Raleigh, a successful movement started by Gen. J. S.

Carr, and the celebration in a proper manner of the first real settlement of Roanoke Island. The statue to Sir Walter Raleigh is to be erected in the city which bears his name, the funds to be realized by penny contributions from the people, especially the children of the State. The future work of the Association, in connection with the celebration of Roanoke Island, will be conducted by a corporation to be chartered by this General Assembly, and aid and encouragement will be asked of that body. In his address before the Association, Judge Connor referred to the observance of "North Carolina Day," stating that "it is the belief of those who have watched the progress of this movement that the custom will grow until within a few years the day is generally observed."

This Association has before it a great work. North Carolina has a history of which she may well be proud, but heretofore its historians have been backward in giving it to the public. In this age when each of our sister States is lauding itself to the skies for the part she has played in American history, North Carolina should put aside her inherent modesty and give to the world, though not boastingly, the true account of her great history.

Wake Forest appreciates the honor which the Association conferred upon it at the recent meeting by the election of one of our professors as its next president, and we join heartily with the schools, colleges, and people of the State in this great work they have undertaken for North Carolina.

A Higher College Standard.

The high school and the college occupy two separate and distinct spheres in educational life. It is the function of the high school to prepare for the college; it should be the aim and the

purpose of the college to build upon the foundation of the high school. The college is but a continuation into broader realms and more varied fields of the work begun in the school. Yet is there not a tendency among our colleges to lower themselves from their plane of higher education and become competitors of the schools and academies? Herein may be found the weak point in our system. The American college, and more especially the college of our Southern States, because of its uncertain, or ill-enforced standards of admission, because of the admission of those wholly unprepared, is to-day doing the work now regarded as belonging to the secondary schools. A man, perhaps of middle age, but with only two or three years' schooling, suddenly decides that he wants an education, and, at the same time, that he is too *old* to go to the academy, presents himself at the doors of a college, and is received with open arms, not because of his *learning*, but on account of his *age*. Here a threefold injustice is done—to the academy, to the college, and to the man himself. To the academy, because the college is receiving the patronage justly due to the school; to the college, because by the admission of such men it materially lowers its standard; and to the man, because at the college he cannot receive that personal supervision of his instructors so essential to one of his advancement. Thus in maintaining a preparatory department the college works its own destruction, while at the same time it does injustice to others. Raise the standard of entrance requirements and it will compel more concentrated and better work in the secondary schools and of this work the college ultimately derives the benefit. Eliminate the preparatory work in colleges, and by so doing raise the standard, realizing that too low a standard brings the college into contempt.

EXCHANGES

H. E. CRAVEN, Editor.

The Trinity Archive has three unusually good articles this month. The first is "The Correlation of Our Educational System," an address delivered by Dr. Mims to the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly. While as a general thing we do not like to see a college magazine have its pages filled with contributions from the faculty, we can not blame the editors of the *Archive* for publishing this address by Dr. Mims, for it is the timely, thoughtful, scholarly utterance of a man who is perhaps the clearest thinker on Education in the State, and no college man should fail to read it. Such an article gives dignity to any magazine. The next article that is worthy of praise "The Poems of Dr. Van Dyke," is an appreciative criticism of Dr. Van Dyke's poems, not simply a panegyric. This essay has what is so ofteu lacking in the young writer, aud especially the young critic, namely sanity. It is written with a simplicity, directness, sympathy, and soberness that are charming. "A Wavering Light" is the well written story of a tragedy so common in the South to-day: That of the struggling ambition of a young man who has spent most of his life in a cotton mill, and who wants an education, but whose father feels that his son can get on in the world as well as he without an education, so does not help him. When we finished reading this story, we involuntarily thought of Lear's pathetic words "but yet the pity of it, O, the pity of it." "Thwarted" begins as if it were going to be a good story, but before the end is reached, we feel as if the writer would have done better if he had kept the couple talking on the beach and never taken them off of the land. There are too many improbable turns in this story; for instance the finding of the small boat, and the escape of the abductors without even being seen. "Esperance" and "In the Hills of Tennessee" are both fairly good poems.

The article on Wordsworth in the *Wofford College Journal*, while it is on a subject about which there is nothing new to be said, is nevertheless well written and interesting. We hear a

good deal of complaint about the trite subjects that are written about in college magazines, and we feel that there is ground for some complaint, but not for much. Those who read our magazines should remember that the college man does not know it all, that what is long since threadbare to some is new to him, and that in literary study he must travel over the same road with the same writers that more advanced students may think they have passed by never to return. It will do any one good to write out an estimate of say Byron, Shelley, or Wordsworth, and we commend what the writer in the *Journal* has to say of Wordsworth. We differ from him, however, in one respect, namely, his placing Tennyson and Browning ahead of Wordsworth as a poet. This is rather unusual but of course matters little, for that is simply a question of preference. The essay entitled "Is Wealth a Curse to Us?" is thoughtful and convincing, and is touched by a genuine feeling of kindliness for the man of wealth who has largeness of soul and breadth of sympathies. The writer of this article believes with the President, and rightly so, we think, that the remedy for the existing evils in our industrial system is a "most thorough system of national control over all the commercial combinations of this country" a more beneficent co-operation of laborer and capitalist and not the disorganization of combinations of capital or even of labor organizations. "A Revelation" is a revelation indeed of the devilishness of woman and the foolishness of man. "Walter Scott and His Own Country" is instructive, we enjoyed reading it, but we were a little surprised when we came upon this bit of information: "It is seldom that we find a poet whose fame has been as wide spread as Scott's, and many hold the opinion that he was the greatest poet and novelist of the past century." If the writer means poet and novelist combined, that may do, but it is certain that Scott as a poet would not have a widespread fame if his poetry were all we had of him. We can't mention all the articles in the *Journal*, but before laying it aside we wish to commend the editor for his editorial on "The Confederate Pensions." It is good.

The University of North Carolina Magazine is one of the best that we received this month. It is neat in appearance, the material is well arranged according to the subject matter, and,

what is uncommon in a college magazine, full page illustrations accompany one of the articles. The conclusion of "The Last Tourney at Castle Vere," a recast from the Lingua Franca of Blondel, is cleverly done, and deserves first place in the magazine, while the poem "Mother's Love," is the most beautiful piece of verse that we have found in all our exchanges. It is exquisite in form, the theme is beautiful and the lines are full of a sweet and tender melody that is in harmony with the thought. We would like to quote the whole poem, but it is too long, so we will just say that if we know what the gift of poesy is, "N. W. W." has a genuine muse. The best article of general interest, "The Proposed Southern Appalachian Forest Reserve," may be considered an argument in favor of the bill now pending in Congress. It is an able statement of the points in favor of the measure. The writer shows that the preservation of the magnificent natural scenery in the Appalachian System is incidental to the protection of our material wealth; that in 1901, $18,000,000 damages was caused by floods along watercourses which rise in this region; that the unusually heavy rainfall in the region embraced by these mountains should have a natural reservoir in order that it may be distributed gradually to the streams which supply the Southern States; that there is no lake in which to store all of this water, and hence what we need is to preserve our forests for, in the absence of a lake, the dense under growth of the forest acts as a "check against the excessive rainfalls" and diminishes floods. The rapid erosion that follows the clearing away of our forests soon leaves the land worse than useless. It is certainly no good to the lumbermen, for the trees are gone; it can not benefit the farmer, for the soil is washed away; and it is not fit for stock raising, for grass does not grow where there is no soil. Another excellent point in this article is that more of the available water power on the rivers amounting to something like a million horse power, of which only sixty thousand horse power is now utilized, may be utilized if the uncertain and destructive flow of the water is averted. Finally, the remedy for present and future evils is the establishment of a National Forest Reserve.

In the department of "Letters" we find an excellently written article on "The Dramatic Monologue of Tennyson and Brown-

ing." The writer shows that in Tennyson's poems "types rather than distinct individuals, are portrayed," and they are portrayed clearly and simply, while in Browning there is a subtle suggestiveness and setting of relations. Browning is an exponent of the doctrine of the supreme moment; Tennyson takes his characters at the normal, commonplace moments of their lives. This article is an excellent study of Tennyson and Browning, and the bibliography appended at the end of it, shows that the writer went to the right sources for his information. We think, however, that he would have got many suggestive hints from Shairp's admirable life of Browning.

"Dromgoole" and "Two Raleigh Fairs" are the two best peices of fiction in the magazine. We doubt if there is much fiction in the latter. The first shows what can be made out of a legend, and the latter what charmingly unconventional persons one sometimes runs across at Raleigh Fairs.

The Clemson College Chronicle has the neatest appearance of all of our exchanges, and is generally filled with very readable articles. This month, however, there is a decided falling off in the merit of its contributions. With the exception of "A Young Hero," and "Letters from an Old Graduate to His Son," there is little in the magazine above mediocrity. "A Young Hero" is really a well conceived and well written story. Both the character of the young editor and the kid stand out clearly and we admire them as well as the beautiful constancy of the heroine. We were a little bit surprised, however, to run up on the word "enthused" in this piece. "Enthused" is a word often heard and many times used by people of some refinement, but it is slang nevertheless.

"Letters from an Old Graduate to His Son," contains much good common sense and practical advice that would be very profitably read by any college student. "Loves Rhapsody" and "She Fell" have too much of the smack of autobiography in them. If "She Fell" as far as the writer of this article says she did, he ought not to have had her falling quite so readily on the first meeting after they had been apart so long. We would think a little more of her if she had waited a while, in the story at least. The *Chronicle* is sadly lacking in good essays and poetry. Judging from the fulness of the editorial departments,

we should infer that the editors are doing their part, but that the students are not supporting them as they should. No magazine can exist without the co-operation of the students.

In our "Exchanges" this month we have gone upon the principle that it is better to review a few magazines rather fully than merely to mention many. Our department is more for review and helpful comment than for the selection of a few appropriate adjectives and classifying articles according to the words that we think will fit them.

We acknowledge receipt of the following magazines: *The Winthrop College Journal*, *Guilford Collegian*, *Hendrix College Mirror*, *Howard Collegian*, *Baylor Literary*, *New England Conservatory Magazine*, *The Vassar Miscellany*, *Monthly Maroon*, *Central University Cento*, *Limestone Star and Catawba College Educator*.

CLIPPINGS.

He met her in the meadow,
As the sun was sinking low;
They walked along together
In the twilights after-glow;
She waited, while gallantly
He lowered all the bars;
Her soft eyes bent upon him
As radiant as the stars;
She neither smiled nor thanked him
Because she knew not how,
For he was only a farmer's lad
And she a Jersey cow.—*Ex.*

The College men are very slow:
They seem to take their ease,
For even when they graduate,
They do it by degrees.—*Ex.*

Dan cupid is a marksman poor,
Despite his love and kisses,
For while he always hits the mark,
He's always making Mrs.—*Ex.*

Names of Seniors all remind us
We can give our names renown,
And departing leave behind us
Books for sale, and caps and gown.—*Ex.*

Mary had a little lamp,
A jealous lamp, no doubt;
For when Mary's beaux went in,
Why, the little lamp went out.—*Ex.*

Though memory recalls all things
Our griefs and pleasures spent,
It can never bring back to us
The money we have spent.—*Ex.*

SILENCE.

I know a place where the still pines grow,
Where the tide of the world seems to ebb and slow;
Its silly din and its gaudy glare
I leave behind when I enter there.
And into my heart with sweet caress
Steals, like a friend, the loneliness.—*Vassar Miscellany.*

A dashing and debonair Mr.
Fell in love with a maiden and Kr.
But his ardor too great
Turned her love into hate,
For it raised a most huge fever Blr.—*Ex.*

A JUNIOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

Who of professors have no fear,
Address the seniors as "my dear,"
And for the junors loudly cheer?
The Freshman.

Who think they know a thing or two?
Who tell the freshmen what to do?
Who romp and play the whole day through?
The Sophomores.

Who, though they're called the jolly class,
Must gring away on Ec?—alas!
And who consume the midnight gas?
The Juniors.

Who are examples to us all
In matters large and matters small,
Though they are noisiest in the hall?
The Seniors.—*F. W., Vassar Miscellany.*

SUMMER.

They stood beneath a spreading tree
And talked as lovers should,
And then to seal the compact, he
Cut "Mable" on the wood.

AUTUMN.

Now back to town they both have strayed
One day they chanced to meet
And then and there that selfsame maid
Cut "Charlie" on the street.—*Ex.*

FOR MEN ONLY.

There's nothing a girl would like to find out
Better than that which she ought not to know
And we bet she'll find it out somehow,
If given a shade of a show.

We're willing to bet dollars to doughnuts
That this poem (?) she's already read,
We know she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.

—*The Krishna.*

We will never buy your dry goods;
We don't like you any more,
You'll be sorry when you see us,
Going to some other store.

You can't sell us any sweaters,
Four-in-hand or other fad;
We will never trade at your store,
If you don't give us your "ad."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

ABNER C. GENTRY, Editor.

'99. W. A. Bradsher is studying medicine.

'01. C. N. Peeler is teaching at Selma, N. C.

'01. Rev. G. T. Watkins is a prominent pastor at Roxboro, N. C.

'98. J. C. Howard is superintendent of schools in Granville county.

'98. Rev. E. Y. Pool has an excellent field in Eastern Virginia.

'77. W. L. Poteat has recently been elected President of the North Carolina Historical Association.

'88. At present Hon. Claude Kitchin is the youngest member of Congress. Hon. E. Y. Webb ('93) will have that honor during the next session.

'74–'77. A. McA. Pittman is now sole editor of the South Carolina Baptist, his associate, J. W. Perry, having retired from the editorial staff.

'01. J. Q. Adams, who was last year connected with the Morson School, Raleigh, N. C., is now taking a course in the University of Chicago. It will be remembered that Mr. Adams was Salutatorian of his class and editor of THE STUDENT during his Senior year.

'92. The church at Whiteville now has a nice parsonage. The work there has steadily progressed under the leadership of Rev. Jos. G. Blalock.

'97. J. Hamilton is principal of Gold Hill Academy, a flourishing school at Fort Mill, S. C. Prof. Hamilton is doing more perhaps than any of his class-mates in arousing interest in education.

'96. Rev. Bruce Benton, one of the many noted sons of Union county, is doing excellent work as the pastor of the First Baptist Church, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Among the speakers in the "School of Methods" to be held in Macon, Ga., the last of February, are R. T. Vann ('73) and B. W. Spilman ('91).

'93. R. E. Stallings is teaching in the Philippine Islands, and is also employed by the United States government to do some geological work there.

'92. Rev. J. W. Millard is the author of a little tract entitled "Christ's Second Campaign." It has recently been issued by Dr. Willingham. It is said to be an inspiring utterance.

'97. Another Alumnus has gone to the Blue Grass State for a "better half." This time it was H. H. Mashburn, of Louisburg, who was married shortly before Christmas.

'00. We notice with pleasure that Rev. Geo. E. Spruill, of Pelzer, S. C., received a heavy pounding from the members of his church at Shady Grove as token of their appreciation of his efforts among them.

'96. Wingate High School is flourishing under the management of Prof. M. B. Dry. This school is sending nearly as many students to the different colleges of the State as any other high school, and in no case is it excelled in the preparation of its students.

'68. This week we are showing the face of Prof. F. P. Hobgood, who has done so much for the womanhood of our State, and he is just now at the zenith of his usefulness. He has for many years been a faithful trustee of the Orphanage.—*Charity and Children.*

'98. Mr. Richard J. Biggs, Jr., has written an article to the Baltimore Sun about the spending of Christmas in Porto Rico. Mr. Biggs is now at Yapucoa, P. R., and is in a position to learn the habits of the natives. His article, too long for copying here, is quite interesting.

'91. The North Carolina Baptist is to be enlarged and improved. Editor Oates is full of energy and enterprise, and in every sense of the word he is a wide-a-wake newspaper man. The Baptist wields a wide influence and its circulation covers a large part of North Carolina. It has made a name for itself as the foremost champion of the great cause of temperance.—*Charity and Children.*

'91. Rev. R. G. Kendrick, who was mentioned some time ago in THE STUDENT, is doing excellent work in his new field. It is gratifying to clip the following report: "We are glad to hear that Rev. R. G. Kendrick has made a most favorable impression upon the churches (Laurinburg and Spring Hill) he is serving. One of the leading members at Laurinburg writes us that their long wait was richly rewarded. That is a very fine field and they have a pastor quite worthy of so good a people. May the Lord bless them all."

'79. The likeness of E. F. Aydlett, the able attorney who recently defended Jim Wilcox for the second time, occupies a part of the first page of *Charity and Children* of January 16th. It has the following to say of him: "Mr. Aydlett is one of the foremost lawyers of the State, enjoying a large and lucrative practice. He was elected last year a trustee of the Orphanage, though he has been a life-long supporter and friend of the institution.

'93. We copy the following from one of the leading religious papers of the State: "The address of the Executive Committee of the Anti-Saloon League will be found on our first page this week. Mr. J. W. Bailey is in charge of the work of pushing the proposed legislative reforms, and we certainly hope he will meet with the success the cause demands and deserves. No more capable citizen in all the State could have been selected for this important work than Mr. Bailey."

'89. One of the most liberal pledgers at Winston-Salem was Rev. A. L. Betts, and he was very ably seconded by his excellent wife. They gave and gave and gave and gave again. Not a rich man, and pastor in an Association that had not been active in this cause, perhaps some wondered how he would ever meet his pledges. Well, he met them, promptly, to the last cent, good measure and running over! How did he do it? One word, he worked. The committee was looking about for a man to succeed Bro. Fry in this work. They were unanimously for Betts. He is now in the field and at work. The world waits for the man who can. His friends may address Bro. Betts at Washington, N. C., for a time.—*Biblical Recorder.*

'01. The *News and Observer* says of Prof. R. E. Sentelle: "Prof. Sentelle will be remembered as a candidate before the primaries for the nomination as Representative. Prof. Sentelle made a good race and showed himself to be well posted on all public affairs. He is conducting 'The Wakefield Classical and Mathematical Institute,' and has made it through his untiring efforts a high-class school. Think of over two hundred pupils being enrolled in a school situated in a town of about 200 inhabitants, twenty miles from a railroad. This is just the case with Prof. Sentelle's school. He is an enthusiastic educator and his efforts have stimulated the people in the Wakefield section along educational lines."

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

E. J. SHERWOOD, Editor.

HAVE THE Anniversary invitations come?

TELL ME ABOUT that "Howler." Coming? "Sho."

MISS ADA LEE TIMBERLAKE, of Louisburg, is visiting in the home of Mrs. Simmons.

MISS MARY TAYLOR is off the "Hill" on an extended visit to her friend, Miss Elizabeth Briggs, of Raleigh.

MISS BETTIE HALL, of Louisburg, is visiting her sister, the Postmistress, Miss Lou Hall.

MR. JOHN M. DE VANE, who is very pleasantly remembered as a student a few years ago, is visiting his mother and sisters on the "Hill."

IT WAS A PLEASURE to see Messrs. Charles McNeill, E. J. Britt and W. G. Duncan, on the "Hill," Sunday the 18th. These gentlemen are all prominent young attorneys and members of the Legislature. They expressed a delight at being permitted to spend a day away from the dust and noise of the political arena and get a good breath of *country* air.

TRULY "THE FIRST shall be last and last shall be first." According to the new arrangement of seats in the chapel, the students on entering are seated in order of *importance.* The humble freshman are satisfied to find themselves occupants of the rear seats; the self-important "Soph" is a dweller of contiguous territory; the stately Junior is advanced only a few seats, while the lordly Senior, despite his dignity, is not too blind to see the great gulf between his position at the front and that of the Faculty on the rostrum.

MISS BESSIE KEARNEY who has been on a visit to her cousin, Mrs. Priestly Mangrum, returned to Louisburg Saturday the 24th. Miss Kearney made many friends while in the community who regret very much to see her leave. Mr. Needham Mangrum passed through town a few days ago en route to Louisburg, *prospecting*, with a view to opening up a law office at that point.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS, after being fully assured that no interference would be made by the upper classmen, succeeded in getting a majority of its members into one of the Society halls and installed the following officers: Heber Vann, President; George T. Goodwyn, Vice-President; C. Ray Smith, Secretary; Bruce Powers, Treasurer; and George Spence, Historian.

AS MATERIAL FOR the "Howler," several local County and State Clubs have been organized, each having offices characteristic of the county or State represented. One young ministerial student seems very much enraged over the fact that he has been elected "corkscrew" by his club ---- ----, he will be too much in demand.

REV. J. E. MCCULLOCH, travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Missions, spent a few days in College in the interest of his work. While here he held a conference with the cabinet of the Y. M. C. A. and on the morning of the 25th he addressed the student body on the "Importance and Progress of Foreign Missions." Mr. McCulloch is an earnest and fluent speaker and is devoting his life to the cause of Missions.

"SERVE!" Tennis is in vogue now, and many are the participants. At a recent meeting of all interested in this game, a general club was organized with the following officers: President, Edward Hobgood; Vice-President, Benjamin W. Parham; Secretary and Treasurer,

William H. Pace. Immediately after the election of officers, the club discussed the best means toward promoting interest in tennis and succeeded in arranging for a tournament to be held the first Friday and Saturday in February.

ATHLETIC SPIRIT among the students at present is above par. On Tuesday the 27th, there was held a very enthusiastic meeting of the General Athletic Association. Several new names were added to the roll and officers elected for the field day exercises which are to come off some time this spring. Mr. Burton J. Ray was elected Chief Marshall for that occasion, with Messrs. Norfleet and H. R. Harris as assistants. The second ball team was reorganized with E. J. Sherwood Business Manager, while Mr. T. W. Brewer will assume his duties as Manager of the track team. Our manager, Mr. John C. Sikes, gave us some very encouraging remarks in regard to our winning ball team, saying that he had signed up with Mr. J. Lawrence Stewart to coach the team during the ball season. Mr. Stewart is a crack pitcher, having made an enviable reputation with the Wilmington team in 1901, and later with New Orleans. He has since signed up with the Chicago League for the summer.

MR. T. NEILL JOHNSON, the State Secretary of Sunday Schools, is now at Wake Forest assisting Prof. Cullom in conducting the "Bible Institute for Ministers." He also has a large and enthusiastic class of young men whom he is instructing in the principles of teaching as applied to Bible study. No man in the State is better qualified for this work than Mr. Johnson. He is a man of scholarship, thoughtfulness and consecration, and we feel sure that his stay here will result in much good to the Baptist cause throughout the whole State.

THE FIRST OF a series of lectures to be given monthly by members of the Faculty was delivered on January 15, by Prof. Poteat. His subject was, "Science and Life," being the presidential address recently delivered in Durham before the North Carolina Society for the advancement of science. The speaker showed how science once regarded as partaking of magic and the occult, has in these later centuries gained recognition as an humble servitor of mankind, a seeker after truth, and a handmaid of literature and religion. The speaker was in his happiest mood and the audience very appreciative. We understand that the lecture will be published in "*Science.*"

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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OPTIMISM.

JO PATTON.

Now what am de use er whinin'
An' er sighin' an' er pinin',
While de sun keep on er shinin',
On yer corn.

Don't yer hear dat thunder rumble,
An' dem dark clouds moan an' grumble,
How dem hard clods gwinter crumble,
On yer corn!

Quit yer growlin' bout no money,
Mek out like hard times am funny,
Kaze de price am risin', Honey,
On yer corn.

Sometime when you're a snoozin'
Jest you 'member how ermusin',
Gwinter be dat Christmas boozin'
On yer "corn."

ROLLING THE OLD BLACK BULL.

ROGER G. LEWIS.

"In all your experiences in the West did you ever hear anything of the custom of 'Rolling the old Black Bull?' " I asked my friend Mat DeCosey one night as we lighted pipes and settled in our chairs for a comfortable chat. Before proceeding further I will say that DeCosey is an old-timer who, when a boy, went into the 'Wild and Wooly West' and grew up with the country in true dare-devil style.

"Yes," replied DeCosey, "and it makes me laugh even now when I think of the first time I 'Rolled the old Black Bull,' and if you care to listen I'll tell about it. As you already know, I was a fireman on the Kansas Pacific Railroad when I first went West, and Ed French, a typical, six foot, heavy-mustached Westerner, was the engineer. I hadn't been with him long before one night as we were rushing across the prairie he turned to me and said 'Sonny, I'm goin' ter roll ther ole Black Bull through ther streets er Denver ter night; don't yer wanter go with me? It'll be ther biggest thing yer ever see.' I had never heard of 'Rolling the old Black Bull,' but being green as grass, I didn't want Ed to know it, so I told him 'Yes, sir-ree, I'll help you roll the devil through Denver if you want to.' Ed laughed a little and replied, 'Waal, meet me et ther roun' house et nine er'clock, tenderfoot, an' we'll see ef yer wants ter roll ennything else arter we git through with the ole Black Bull.' As I passed through the railroad yard on my way to supper, one of the employees hailed me and asked what I was going to do with myself that night.

'Roll the old Black Bull with Ed French,' I confidently and innocently replied. 'What, roll the old Black Bull with Ed French? Now, look here, tenderfoot, you've just come out here and don't know what you are talking about. Take my advice and keep out of Ed's way when he's rolling the old Black Bull.' With the remark that I could take care of myself I walked away.

"Nine o'clock found me at the round house. Presently Ed came. Around his waist was a belt full of cartridges, a long Bowie knife stuck through it, and two 44 Colt six-shooters hung at his sides. 'Waal, sonny, I war er feared yer mought git skeered an' give me ther slip, howsomever, I see yer's got nerve, so come er long and lets roll ther ole Black Bull through ther streets er Denver an' see things howl as yer never did afore. I aint done it in so long thet I'm er little rusty, but I kin soon rub up.' We strolled down the street and reached one of the hotels so common in Denver in its early days, a large, one story plank building, with the front room used as an office and saloon. 'Here's er good place ter begin oppirations,' said Ed as he rushed against the swinging doors, with me close behind him. The room was full of dude drummers, and the proprietor, whose name was John Thompson, stood leaning against the bar. The loud talking and laughter ceased and everyone turned when we lumbered in. Ed, who had a 44 in each hand, straightened his arms, and pointing the guns at the two walls, addressed the proprietor: 'John, onct thar war an ole Black Bull thet use ter roll an' roll 'til yer could see his tail twis'—' at this juncture Thompson, shouting 'Look out boys, hell's ter pay,' seized his best customer by the shoulders and ran out of the back door, pushing him before, and followed pell-mell by the drummers, who sprang up from their seats, knocking over chairs,

benches, tables, glasses, and throwing away hats, overcoats, canes, and cards, in their hurried flight. In two seconds the room was vacant and it looked as if a Texas cyclone had passed through—meanwhile Ed continued, 'He's rollin' now, an' he's goin' ter roll through ther streets er Denver ter night.' When this little speech was concluded Ed, with a quick motion, brought his guns down until they crossed, emptying them as he did so, filling the room with smoke and literally smashing mirrors, glasses, show-cases, windows, and walls, with the ounce balls. Had anyone remained he could not have escaped being hit.

"'Haw! haw! haw!' laughed Ed as he sprang over the bar and pulled the trembling bar-tender from under it. 'Doan be afeared, youngster, the old Black Bull hes rolled peaceable like an' wasn't dangrus nohow. Give us er drink.' The bar-tender shook so violently that he was unable to comply with the gentle request, so Ed seized a bottle, filled two beer glasses with whiskey and turned to me, 'Come er long, sonny, an' smile ter ther success o' ther ole Black Bull what rolls good whiskey ter us an' don't as' fer no dust arned wi' ther sweat o' ther hans'.' After Ed had loaded his guns we went on down the street. The whiskey began to affect him and he amused himself by shouting 'Ther ole Black Bull ar' er rolling, rolling, rolling through ther streets er Denver ter night,' and accompanying each sentence with a shot close to some unwary pedestrian, with the result that we soon had the street to ourselves. Going on in this way we reached a saloon kept by a Jew named Ikey Einstein. 'In we goes,' yelled Ed as he slammed open the doors, with me right after. Ikey was standing behind the counter and his curly hair literally stood on end when he saw Ed raise his guns and begin 'Ikey,

thar war an ole Black Bull,' and with the exclamations 'Ach Himmel! mein Gott! Gid oud, gid oud!' he disappeared through a window, taking sash and all with him. Ed went through the previous performance of bombarding everything in sight. 'Waal, I guess Moses didn't hike ter ther promising lan' quicker'n thet Sheeny ambled outen thet ar hole thet war onct er winder,' grinned Ed as he reached for a bottle. We took several big drinks and both were now drunk as lords.

"Again on the streets, Ed stood still and with a face as grave as a parson's, put one brawny hand on my shoulder and pointing to a distant part of tbe town, proceeded to unburden his thoughts with a gravity and in a sad tone that would have done him credit at a funeral: 'Sonny, over thar es whar resides ther poor benighted haythen Chinee, er animule frum er lan' o' ice an' snow whar ther sun never rises er sets, whar no stars er moons ever rid by day, no nothin', 'cep' ther devil an' he er skunk o' er excuse fer ther rale article. Them critters hev bin campin' in mid-night darkness all ther lives an' is never hed none er ther edvantages er inlightened civilazation as we hes, an' I thinks it ar' our bounden christun dooty es feller sinners ter hike thar an' larn them er few pints er how ter conduc' theirselves es us gentlemen o' ther gret an' glorius ranch er Colorado do. T'would be railly an' act er mercy, missionary-like, yer knows.' I was not so drunk that I couldn't understand by this time, that Ed's proposed missionary tour might result in unpleasant consequences to the missionaries, so I said 'Look here, Ed, I'm not going to assist you in converting the Chinese without a weapon of some kind.' 'Take thet thar leetle toy, sonny,' growled he, handing me his Bowie knife. I put it in my pocket and away we went towards China town.

It was a long distance to Ed's mission field, but we finally arrived before a joss house and gambling den with peculiar mystic characters covering the door and windows. The confused noise of many voices issued from the building.

"'Now, tenderfoot, yer's goin' ter see how we tame thim thar skunks in ther glorious Wes'. Jest er leetle Sunny School lessun, yer know', quoth Ed as he un latched the door and stepped in. With the Bowie in my hand I went in behind him and latched the door. A moment afterward I wished latches had never been known. In the low-roofed room a dense crowd of Chinamen were packed around fan-tan tables, their long que shaking excitedly down their backs and their black almond-shaped eyes glowing through the thick smoke. Some, stupefied by opium, lay on the floor. The infernal din of 'yep, yip, hoy, thung, yip, yip, yep, hoy, yip, thung' filled the air and made one think of the infernal regions. Ed flashed his guns and I heard him say, 'Shet up yer yellin' whilst I tells yer about ther ole Black Bull what roll—' He never got any farther, for drawing their big glittering knives, and with demoniacal howls of 'Chigoo, chigoo!' those devils bore down like a yellow flood upon us. Bang! bang! went Ed's guns, but it was no go. I drove my knife into the nearest screeching demon and a moment afterward we were on the floor with that hideous mass of screaming, stabbing Mongolians on top of us. A thousand knives seemed to be cutting me to pieces at once and I thought my time had come. Time after time I drove my Bowie into yellow bodies but the air was filled with blades and I stood no chance. I could hear Ed roaring like a lion and emptying his guns at the rate of two shots a second. Another minute of this and we both would have cashed

in, but the writhing pack rushed against the door and we tumbled headlong into the street. The Chinamen, who were swarming like bees, ran back into the house and left us to do the best we could. Ed lay a clotted mass in the road, and with dust and blood I had lost all resemblance to a human being. A horse and wagon stood near, and with the assistance of several men who had been attracted by the row, we were put in it and carried to our room, where doctors worked over us all night. They succeeded toward morning in bringing Ed back to life and left us both wrapped from head to foot in bandages. About eight o'clock Ed commenced muttering 'The ole Black Bull ar' er rolling—.' 'Look here,' I shouted, 'you may roll the old Black Bull, but, dash my coyotes, if ever I do it again. There's not a sound place on my body and I've been looking straight into the mouth of hell.' 'What's thet, sonny?' as he half opened one slashed eye and peered from under a bandage. 'Aiut we been rollin' sump'n somewhar? Aint yer enjyed yerself? Hey! by all ther cayuses in Texas, whut ar ther matter with me? I can't perambulate.' I explained what had occurred the night before and after meditating a few minutes, Ed spoke, 'Waal, thet relaves me, fer I thought somewhar in my travels er slycone hed lovinly played football with me, an' ther ongrateful greasers didn't 'preciate my objic, an' tried ter mek me turn up my toes. I spec we better git out er town fer a few days, teuderfoot, and let ther little shindig blow over. Ef we laid out eny er those skunks they mout mek us plant 'em, an' fer my part I doan want ter tech ther tarnal haythen no more. They aint got sense ernough ter onderstan' when yer means ter be frienly. Blame 'em I'm er goin' ter quit carrin' toys an' tek er cannon nex' time I goes on er missionary

jarney.' Some men carried us on stretchers to the depot and we left by the next train.

"In two weeks we returned and went around to pay for the damage done on our frolic. As we entered Thompson's hotel, he started for the rear door, but Ed called him back. 'How much does we owe yer fer ther ole Black Bull's capers in yer chiner shop, John?' Thompson thought for a moment: 'Waal, arter considerin' ther damage, I reckon yer owes me fifty dollars.' Ed threw the money down. We took a drink and went to Ikey Einstein's saloon. 'Comin again?' screamed Ikey when he saw us, and with a face as pale as death he slid under the counter. Ed pulled him out. 'Now jist yer be serene, Ikey, ther ole Black Bull aint rollin' terday. He's laid upon ther bunk fer repars. Whut does we owe yer on ercount er thet little beautyus shindig?' 'Mein Vater Abraham! You owes me nottin, nottin at all, shentlemens. I never minds your leetle fun, shentlemens. No, py Shacob! I aldways happy to see your pleasand faces, shentlemen. Take a leetle drink. No, Ach Himmel! takes all you wands, shentlemen. I waits on you meinself and it costs you nottin. Der goodest in de house. Come again, shentlemen, come again, I aldways rejoices to see you come.'

"We next visited the city marshal's office, and as before, Ed acted as spokesman. 'Waal, marshell, we hed er leetle fun up ther street ther other night, does we owe yer ennything fer it?' The marshal took down an old tablet and turning over a few pages read the entry. 'Augus 28 expinsess fer plantin' 7 dedd Chinnermin 7 dolers.' Then he apologised, 'I hates ter charge yer boys so much, but it cos' thet much ter plant ther tarnal galoots an ther law mus' be uphild. Howsomever, doan be in no hurry, yer credit ar' good.'"

THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

E. WALTER SIKES.

The stress of battle and the clash of arms have absorbed the interest in the ill-starred Confederacy. Little is spoken or heard of those men who battled not less valiantly in the halls of its Congress. This Congress was born in the hour of strife, lived its life in the stormy days of war, and died in the darknesss of defeat when victorious armies were marching "on to Richmond."

Little has been written, for little is known. Most of its labor was performed behind closed doors, for the stern demands of war permitted little publicity. Its record have not been printed, and few, if any, of its members have written memoirs. Yet there were many acts that were necessarily made public. In those chambers we can hear the sound of debate, and catch glimpses of men fighting to found and perpetuate the cause they loved. In this Congress were men bold, patriotic, experienced, and wise. Many of them had been leaders in the Federal Government, some came from the Federal Cabinet to cast their lots with the Confederacy, and others from Congress. The congressional history of the Southern Confederacy divides itself into three parts. The Provisional Congress, or convention that met in Montgomery, February 4, 1861, and closed its labors in Richmond one year later; the first Congress which met in Richmond, February 18, 1862, where it held many sessions till it expired two years later; and the second Congres which met in May, 1864, and adjourned *sine die* March, 1865, on the eve of the fall of Richmond.

THE PROVISIONAL CONGRESS.

The Presidential election of 1860 was fraught with the greatest excitement. The old Democratic party

went down in defeat, for it had divided itself into two wings—the Northern and the Southern. The new and untried Republican party had succeeded in electing Lincoln President. No sooner was the news of the Republican triumph made known than secession became a burning issue in some of the Southern States, for the new President had declared on the hustings that the country could not remain "one part slave and the other free."

South Carolina was the first to act. On December 17, 1860, a convention met and passed the ordinance of secession, which repealed the ordinance of 1788 by which the State became a part of the Federal Union. Again South Carolina had become a State, separate and independent, as she was in 1788, before she had joined the Federal compact. A Governor and Cabinet were selected and commissioners appointed to the Government at Washington. Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana followed in quick succession. A call was made for these States to send representatives to a convention to meet at Montgomery, Alabama, on February 4, 1861. The purpose of the convention was to form a confederation of those States that had seceded from the Federal Government. These delegates met on February 4th, in the capital of Alabama, and so Montgomery became the "cradle of the Confederacy." They met in a hall on whose walls hung the pictures of Washington, Clay, Marion, and Andrew Jackson. Amid surroundings like this the new-born Confederacy first saw the light of day.

There were present about fifty delegates, for Texas had joined the number on February 1st.

Howell Cobb, of Georgia, who had only two months before surrendered the portfolio of the United States Treasury, was elected permanent chairman, or president, and J. J. Hooper, of Alabama, secretary.

Mr. Cobb, in his address, declared that separation was now "perfect, complete, and perpetual," that we should accord to our late sister States, who are identified with us in interest, feelings, and institutions, a cordial welcome to unite with us in a common destiny, while with former Confederates we should maintain a most friendly and peaceful relation, both politically and commercially."

The rules of procedure were prepared by Alex. H. Stephens. Mr. Stephens had had much experience in deliberative bodies and knew that simplicity was the desirable feature of parliamentary procedure. Mr. Stephens was always very proud of the simplicity of his rules. Of course, they were drawn on the principle that each State is sovereign, and hence entitled to only one vote.

The first real work of the convention was the organization of a provisional government for the States assembled. There had been little change in the State governments, but some form of union among these seven States was desirable. A committee was appointed who reported on the 8th of February. Their work was discussed in secret, but it was finally adopted. The report was that the new provisional government should be modelled on the old with a few necessary amendments. "Confederacy" was to be substituted for "Union;" the legislative power of the provisional government was to reside in the convention then assembled, which was to be called a congress, a single-chambered body; a provisional president was to be elected for the Confederacy, who was to hold his office for one year, unless superseded by the establishment of a permanent government; each State was to be a judicial district, the judge having all the powers vested in the district and circuit judges;

the several district or State judges together constituting the Supreme Court; the African slave trade was to be prohibited; and Montgomery was to be the temporary capital.

The first work of this Provisional Congress was the election of a Provisional President and Vice-President. There were several names mentioned. In the canvas of members it was found that some were for Robert Toombs, of Georgia, a staunch and bitter secessionist, whose fiery speeches in the halls of the National Congress had made his name and character well known. Others were favorably inclined toward Howell Cobb, another favorite son of Georgia, who had taken a prominent part in the secession movement. Still others looked kindly upon Rhett, but in the election that followed Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, who was not a member of the Congress, received the cordial and unanimous vote of all members. For years Mr. Davis had been one of the best known and most trusted men of the nation. As a soldier he had won an enviable reputation in the Mexican war under Taylor; in Congress he had the reputation of a scholar and statesman; in the management of the war department under President Pierce he had won merited distinction for his ability and sincerity. He had not been averse to secession as a means of righting wrongs that he thought were being heaped upon his section. He was a member of the United States Senate when Mississippi seceded. He at once bade farewell to the Senate in a speech replete with gentlemanly dignity and bearing. He was at his home in Vicksburg when news came to him that he had been elected President of the new Confederacy. In no way had he sought the office. He started at once for Montgomery. His line of travel was one long ovation.

Alexander H. Stephens was elected Vice-President. He was the very opposite of Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis belonged to the old aristocratic South, proud of its heritage and jealous of its honor. Mr. Stephens was a self-made man. Davis was tall and every inch a soldier. Mr. Stephens was feeble in body though a giant in intellect. Davis was friendly to secession, while Stephens had fought against it to the last. In Georgia he had begged his people not to join the movement. But he felt that his first allegiance was to his State, so that when Georgia joined the secession movement he followed his State. His election was expected to please those who were slow to secede.

On February 18th the inaugural exercises took place on a large platform erected in front of the capitol. Mr. Davis, Mr. Stephens and other officials appeared at noon. Mr. Davis' inaugural was a defense of the new-born Confederacy. "Thus," said he, "the sovereign States here represented proceeded to form this Confederacy; and it is by the abuse of language that their act has been denominated revolution. They formed a new alliance, but in each State its government has remained."

Mr. Davis later announced his Cabinet, which was to consist of Robert Toombs, Ga., Secretary of State; L. P. Walker, Ala., of War; S. R. Mallory, Fla., of the Navy; J. H. Reagan, Texas, of Postffice; C. G. Menninger, South Carolina, of Treasury, and Judah P. Benjamin, Louisiana, Attorney-General.

These men were for the most part men of national reputation and extensive experience in governmental affairs. They represented their States; they were now, as they had been before, the chosen leaders. They were not leaders new and revolutionary. They had been and were trusted.

Various committees were appointed to report on departmental organizatiou. One committee was to report on the adoption of a new national flag. The report of this committee provoked a warm discussion. Walter Brooke, of Alabama, declared that he was for making few changes, only enough to distinguish it from the old on the field of battle. He declared further that "the flag of 'Stars and Stripes' is the idol of the heart, around which cluster memories of the past which time can not efface nor cause to grow dim." But Miles, of South Carolina, spoke in quite a different vein. He replied that he had "regarded from his youth the 'Stars aud Stripes' as emblems of tyranny and oppression."

It was finally decided that the new flag should consist of two broad horizontal bands of red, separated by a white band of the same width, with seven white stars in a circle. This flag was first unfurled over the Montgomery capitol on March 4th. Later this flag was changed. It was so like the Federal flag that mistakes were unavoidable.

On the 7th of March President Davis was authorized to organize an army of 100,000 men "to repel invasion, maintain the rightful possessions of the Confederacy, and to secure independence against threateued assault." Gustave T. Beauregard was made Brigadier-General of the Provisional Army. He was a West Pointer and had already established a reputation for soldierly qualities.

Ou March 11th a permanent constitution was adopted by this convention-congress, but it was not to go into effect for one year. In the meautime it was to be submitted to the States for ratification or rejection. This permanent constitution was, like the provisional con-

stitution, a transcript of the Federal Constitution, with a few wise amendments. These were a clear statement of the status of slavery in both States and Territories; the President was to hold his office for six years and was not eligible for re-election, heads of departments might have seats on the floor of the legislative bodies, and appropriations to be more restricted by the President. Yancey, Mann and Rust were appointed commissioners to Europe.

This convention, having organized and proposed a permanent constitution, now adjourned, after a session of six weeks, subject to the call of the President. These men had organized the new government. They were now to rest from their labor for a season. Both the Federal and Confederate Governments stood halting. Neither knew the wise step; in neither had sentiment crystalized. Virginia and North Carolina—both Southern States—were opposed to the secession movement. The border States were very doubtful.

But things were not to remain this way very long. On April 8th Mr. Lincoln informed Gov. Pickens, of South Carolina, that he would provision Maj. Anderson in Fort Sumter at all cost. Gen. Beauregard, who was in command of the troops at Charleston, wired for instructions from the Confederate Secretary of War. The government ordered him to compel the evacuation of the fort at once. All this resulted in the firing on Fort Sumter on Friday morning, April 12th, which ushered in the civil war.

As soon as Mr. Davis learned Mr. Lincoln would provision Fort Sumter, he issued a call for a meeting of the Provisional Congress at Montgomery on April 29th. But before the Congress re-assembled, the war had begun.

Virginia and North Carolina had both refused the call of troops made upon them by President Lincoln. Virginia was quick then to secede, and at the second session asked to join the Confederacy. Missouri also was admitted. North Carolina had not yet seceded, but Thos. L. Clingman was present and announced that his State would co-operate with the Confederacy. President Davis, in his call for this meeting, said that it was for the purpose of "meeting the hostile declarations of President Lincoln, sent to the government of South Carolina." In his address Mr. Davis reviewed the history of the country, his sending "three peace commissioners to Washington who were deceived by the crooked paths of diplomacy" of Mr. Seward, of the affair at Fort Sumter, and recommended increased activity in every department.

The Congress adopted resolutions declaring that a state of war existed between the Confederacy and the United States, for the months of April and May saw many troops pouring into the City of Washington. This session was very short, not lasting longer than three weeks—April 29th—May 22d. Little was done, for it was thought that the government had ordnance and ammunition enough for 150,000 men. An enlistment act was passed without any time limit; $50,000,000 in bonds, payable in 20 years, at not more than 8 per cent, as the treasurer preferred, $20,000,000 in treasury notes of not less than $5 denominations were ordered to be issued.

Congress now determined to change its place of meeting. It was ordered that the President and all the departments be removed to Richmond, and that the next meeting of the Congress be held there. Virginia had joined the Confederacy, and it was thought that this

move would give the new government all the weight of Virginian influence. Early in the struggle it was seen that the Potomac would be the battle arena. On May 22nd Congress adjourned to meet at Richmond July 20th.

But this recess of four months were not idle days. Each government felt that a critical stage would be reached soon. There was fighting in the border States and along the Potomac. The government of the Confederacy moved to Richmond, and a line of batteries were placed along the Southern side of the Potomac. Little Bethel was fought, Virginia was invaded. Troops were rushed from the more Southern States to guard the soil of Virginia and the government at Richmond. On July 21st, the day after the meeting of the Congress in Richmond, the first great fight and Confederate victory took place at Manassas.

The Congress that now met in the third session was full of joy and buoyancy. Hope sprang high in their breast, but Mr. Davis knew that though a battle had been won, no victory had yet been achieved. He urged that the Congress devote itself to ways and means for further conduct of the war. He realized that the sting of defeat would only madden the North and make them more to be feared than ever. Congress authorized Mr. Davis to accept the services of 400,000 volunteers for at least one and not more than three years; to take control of telegraph lines, to expel aliens, to sequester the property of alien enemies as a retaliatory measure for Federal confiscations. More bonds were issued—the amount not to be more than $100,000,000, and treasury notes payable after treaty of peace. Then followed the war tax of fifty cents on the hundred dollars. Such legislation was the beginning of that financial system

that laid its hand upon all property and caused such grievous losses.

Mr. Davis was very anxious that the Confederacy should receive the recognition of European governments, and still other commissioners were appointed to follow Yancey, Mann, and Rush to Europe. These appointees were Mason and Slidell, both of whom had been U. S. Senators. To place the new government in a favorable light before Europe, Congress adopted the principles of maritime law agreed upon at the Paris Convention of 1856, except the right of privateering.

Congress then adjourned to meet on November 18th. At the appointed hour this Congress met in what was to be its last session. To all now it was evident that the battle at Manassas settled nothing. During the year North and South Carolina had been invaded on the sea-coast, and Louisiana was soon to be threatened. The ports were guarded by Federal war vessels, and McClellan had been ordered to train a great army for the conquest of Richmond. The mighty North was awakening to the task, but the South was confident that all invaders could be expelled.

Sixty-six million dollars was voted to the army while only $4,000,000 for the navy. The South did not realize that her greatest foe was not the land forces of the Federal government, but those fearless watch-dogs of the navy that guarded the entrance to her ports. To supply these funds, in addition to the Treasury notes and Government bonds that had been issued, the government proposed that planters should subscribe for bonds and pay for them when the cotton crop was sold. The banks in the Confederacy tried hard to float all these loans, the bankers met at Atlanta in June and agreed to receive

these notes in payment of all dues. They adjourned and met in Richmond, where they declared that it was the duty of banks and capitalists to aid the government with all their resources. They urged that the war should be conducted vigorously.

This session continued till February 7, 1862, when the provisional government expired and the permanent government in a few days took its place. This ends the first year of the civil history of the new-born Confederacy. During this time the Southern tier of border States had joined the Confederacy, the new constitution had been adopted by the States, election had been held and Senator and Congressman were now wending their way to Richmond to take their seats in the First Congress of the Confederacy. With regret Mr. Davis saw this body break up. He had become very much attached to them. They had been the leaders, the fathers of the new Confederacy, and appreciated the task of making a new government. Of this body Mr. Alexander H. Stephens said that it was the ablest body with which he ever served, and singularly free from revolutionary spirit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRUE TO THE LAST.

GEORGE E. KORNEGAY, JR.

Donnizell and Rose were little playmates and lived side by side. Rose's home was a mansion. Donnizell's, a cottage. Donnizell's parents were of noble birth and had once enjoyed the luxuries of life. A bad investment caused them to lose their wealth, when Donnizell, their only child, one of Heaven's gifts, came to gladden their hearts. Dr. Laurinmore, his father, and Mr. Manning, Rose's father, had always been true friends, and their mothers had been room-mates at college and were devoted to one another. When misfortune overtook Dr. Laurinmore, Mr. Manning did not desert them, but proved that he was a friend indeed.

Donnizell was three years older than Rose, and he assumed the position of her protector. They played together from babyhood and loved each other as few children ever loved, and would play the live-long day, never disagreeing. Sometimes it was dolls and keeping house, or riding in the little goat cart with their dolls and dog by their side. One of their favorite resorts was the seashore, for there they could gather beautiful shells and fill their pails with sand. They could often be seen sitting hours at the time watching the white sails of the fishermen. When tired of the sea, in a meadow near-by were shady nooks, where the warm rays of the sun and the sea breeze made a sweet resting place. Here the violets and daisies met and the butterflies came to play and listen to crickets chirp in the grass. Thus they spent their childhood days.

When Donnizell was twelve years old his father died

and left him a penniless orphan. The little fellow was heart-broken, for he loved his father devotedly. When his mother took him to the coffin for the last kiss, he gazed at his father as in a dream, and then looked up at his mother and said in a piteous wail:

"O! mamma, I've got no papa now. What will we do?"

Little Rose was standing by her friend and her heart was bleeding to see him sobbing. She threw her arms around him and said:

"My papa shall be your papa too."

It so touched Mr. Manning that he swore by the coffin of his dearest friend that he would be a father to this little boy, and he kept his vow.

At eighteen Mr. Manning proposed sending Donnizell to college, as he wanted him thoroughly educated, so that he might be able to fight life's battle and win for himself a name.

"Dear Mr. Manning, I thank you from the depths of my heart. You have been a father to me and I love you more than I can tell. Now, won't you let me work for you to show how I appreciate your kindness? You have already given me a good education, and if you are willing, I would rather not go to college. I am old enough now to support myself and my mother, and you need more help in your business; won't you please give me the place? I will never tire of trying to please you."

"Certainly, my boy, I will gladly give you the position, and hope to see you rise and take charge of my business, noble boy that you are. I am glad you have made this wise decision. God bless you, my dear boy."

Donnizell entered into his duties with a grateful heart, but not a happy one. Rose, his darling, whom he had always loved, was to leave the next day to enter Welles-

ley College. He was now taking his last stroll with her. They wandered along the seashore, which had always been a favorite place since childhood, for here they could watch the restless waves that came rolling, tumbling, dashing in from the sea, little foam-wreathed breakers that burst upon the shore. To him this was a paradise of beauty, but still he was sad. He was thinking of the separation. As he stood there looking into her beautiful face he thought, "If I could only tell her how much I love her! But no, I cannot ask her to share my poverty." Rose saw his expression and asked him why he looked so sad.

"I was thinking that you would soon leave me, and this is our last stroll."

"Come, Donnizell, let's go to that old rock. Do you know that it is the dearest place on earth to me? How I wish that little cottage up there on the bank was mine; then I could always watch the white sails and listen to the roaring sea."

"I have often wished the same thing, Rose, and I have told mamma so many times if good fortune ever came my way I was going to buy that place."

"I shall always love this place. On the rock we are sitting papa told mamma of his love and placed the engagement ring on her finger."

The next day he bade Rose good-bye. As he grasped her hand the forbidden tears rolled down his cheeks, but he did not tell her of his love. He wondered if she would be the same when she came back from college, would separation cause her to forget him. How his heart ached, for there was no happiness for him without her. "If I could only marry her," he thought, "but I cannot. Poverty is so great a barrier. I will work as

man never worked before and will one day offer her wealth." Rose was his idol. She was his shrine and at no other did he worship, save his mother's.

Ten months soon glided by and Rose was coming home. Could he stand it if she had changed toward him? He felt his heart throbbing with joy as he heard the engine's whistle giving notice of the approaching train. Donnizell was the first to board the train, but before he could enter the car Rose rushed out to meet him, and, with the same sweet smile, she said:

"I wondered if you would come to meet me. I am so glad to see you."

"Rose, I am so happy to see you once more; I thought you would never come."

Once more they are strolling together along the sandy shore of the ocean and wandering through shady dells where the wood doves coo, and listening once again to the mocking bird wooing his sweetheart in the orchard, and the slow tinkling bells of the cows as they graze in the meadow.

"Donnizell, I have often thought of our childhood's happy hours; do you think we will ever be so happy again?" He looked at her as she chatted so gayly and wondered if there was another so beautiful. He did not answer her question, for he knew he could not control himself, and he thought she only loved him as a brother.

The lovely summer days soon passed away and a sweet merry voice that so bewitched and dimpled time's dull stream into bright rippling currents was gone. Two long years before she would return again. After her graduation her parents were to take her abroad. While she was at home he had lived his old glad life over again, but now everything was dark and dreary. She was

gone and not one word of his love had he spoken. Did she love him only as a brother? But he must kill his love; he was only a poor boy. She would go into society, and be sought by men of wealth and fame. His brain grew dizzy as he pictured his idol as the bride of another. He felt that he was doomed, but she should never know of his love.

A few weeks later as he was putting the last book in its place, Mr. Manning came in.

"Donnizell, I want to have a talk with you;" so they sat down on the lounge. "My boy, you have been faithful, you have worked hard and my business has doubled. I have the papers here showing that you are my partner." Poor boy! He turned ghastly pale and his lips trembled. A wild, wild dream was rushing through his brain. Hope, blessed hope, it set the joy bells ringing in his heart. Tears streamed down his face as he thanked Mr. Manning for this great honor. He hurried home with a quickened step and happy heart to tell his mother of his success. She was anxiously waiting his coming, for she too, had glad tidings. She noticed the bright look in his face, but she did not give him time to tell his story. She threw her arms around him and wept, then she showed him a check for a large sum of money. Her brother, whom she thought dead, had returned home from the gold mines of California immensely rich and had just heard of their misfortune and hastened to relieve them.

Not many days passed before Donnizell sought permission of Mr. Manning to woo his daughter.

"My boy, you surprise me. I thought you and Rose had always been engaged."

"I have never told her of my love. Mr. Manning,

you have been a father to me and I could not take advantage of you. I had too much gratitude to ask your daughter to marry me, a penniless boy, and I thought you would want her to marry a man of wealth and position."

"Well, Donnizell, I am perfectly willing. Your mother and hers planned this when you were babies. I cannot understand it. I could not have acted so manly. If it had been any one but you I would have said he was a fool, but you are so honorable you could do no other way. You are in the highest sense a gentleman."

The silver lining was visible now. How happy he felt as he thought of his future life, even the little birds seem to guess why. The robin in the cherry tree and all his feathery tribe were singing merrily; their songs were full of wild delight and to him sweeter than ever.

Beautiful Summer has come home again and brought with it his more beautiful Rose. To-night he would tell her of his love. She stood before him more beautiful than ever before. She wore a dainty white dress bedecked with laces, on her bosom was a pure white rose, around her neck were pearls, and on her finger a diamond which flashed like a star as she moved her fan to and fro. As the soft glow of the moon shone out from beneath that silvery cloud that drifted away like tangles of lace, he whispered these words so soft and low, the same sweet story as old as Eden's birth, "Rose, I love you, will you be my wife?" Beneath the oak tree where the dew gleamed forth in the grass they vowed that nothing but heaven should tear their lives apart.

"Rose, will you always love me?"

"Yes, always and forever."

Great preparations were being made, for the marriage

had been anuounced and everybody, rich and poor, of the village had been invited to the wedding. The ceremony was to be performed out on the lawn under the old oak tree, where he had first told her of his love, so that the people might witness the happy scene. The grounds were beautifully lighted with colored lanterns and a place like an altar was fashioned under the giant oak and was festooned with evergreens and pure white roses. An arch was raised over the place where the bride should stand and a marriage bell was hung in the center, and above it seemingly hovered a pure white dove. The walks that led to the mansion were carpeted and ou either side were palms and ferns. Rustic seats were placed here and there for the comfort of the guests. On one side of the lawn were long tables spread with snow white cloth and over them, festooned in the branches of the trees, were chandeliers that sparkled like diamonds. Huge vases filled with flowers, silver ware and rare old china ladened the tables.

Rose came out just as the sun was sinking low to admire the beautiful scene. As she entered the veranda Donnizell passed by in a carriage and made her a graceful bow. When she saw him somethiug made her shiver as with cold. Her engagement ring slipped from her finger aud rolled on the ground. Old Aunt Sallie, her mammy, saw it fall.

"Laws er massy, honey. I alers hearn dat wuz er bad sign ter drap yer 'gagement ring, dat yer nebber marry de man w'at giu it ter you in de kingdom come. But sho' Lord dat ain't so dis time. Ole marster useter say de wuz 'ceptions ter de rules in wet and dry wedder, so dis am de time."

The many friends and relatives had begun to assemble

on the lawn and the orchestra was playing some sweet low melody, for the eventful hour was drawing near. The bride was clothed in a dress of snowy whiteness and her long white veil reached down to her feet. In her hand she carried white roses tied with broad satin ribbon. Her waiters and little flower girls were all dressed in white. She remarked to her maid of honor: "I am a happy bride, in a few more minutes I shall be a happy wife and Rose Manning no more." Hearing footsteps in the hall, and thinking it was Donnizell, she hid behind the door just for fun. When the door opened, instead of Donnizell, she saw her father pale and trembling.

"O! papa, what has happened? Is it Donnizell?"

He clasped his darling child in his arms:

"He was thrown from the carriage and is fatally hurt."

"Take me to him, papa, take me to him," she cried piteously.

They took her to the bedside of her dying lover and kneeling beside him she kissed his pale lips. He opened his eyes:

"My beautiful bride, will you always love me?"

"Yes, Donnizell, you only and no other."

In a few short hours Donnizell was dead. She, kneeling beside him, called him in the old sweet way, "Donnizell, Donnizell, I cannot live without you."

They laid him to rest by the sad sea waves on the spot he loved so well, where the mocking bird sings his love song. And when the sunbeams play on his grave in the early morning the widowed bride strews her lover's grave with flowers.

Years passed. Her parents urged her to go into society again, but she refused. Men of wealth and title paid her attention, but to all she said:

"I am married to him in Heaven."

While her life was filled with sadness, she did all she could to make others happy. Strange to say, she never called his name but once, and then the good angel of childhood was hovering over her; she was dying, dying murmuring his name, "Donnizell, I see you at the beautiful gate. I so long to be with you." They dressed her in her bridal robes, and by the side of him she loved so well she is sleeping. The birds still sings on the marble of their tomb and old ocean's waves come rushing on and break gently upon the shore and die away ever murmuring, "Rest, Rest," as they unfold upon the shoal.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS AND THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

H. E. CRAVEN.

The comparative study of literature is probably the most fruitful method any one can adopt, for such a study brings the discriminating mind face to face with the similarities and differences both in material and treatment of all literary work. It shows things to us in their true relations; it gives us the perspective necessary for all study, and develops in the student a keener and more refined sense of appreciation. Such a method of study, not in the one-eyed, coldly analytical sense, but in an appreciative, sympathetic, responsive manner, is, moreover, absolutely essential to the development of sober judgment in literature. As a short exercise in this method, we wish to compare Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors with the Midsummer Night's Dream.

The exact dates of these two plays are not known, but both are mentioned by Meres, in his Wits Treasury, 1598, and are undoubtedly among Shakespeare's earliest plays. Dowden places the composition of the Errors as early as 1591 and that of the Dream between 1593 and 1594. The light or weak endings, which are the true marks of Shakespeare's later work, do not occur a single time in the Comedy of Errors and only once in the Midsummer Night's Dream. Other evidences of early authorship are the scarcity of double endings—there are only twelve in the Errors—and the frequency of rhyming lines. The Comedy of Errors has 380 rhymed lines out of 1,530, which is about one out of four, and the Midsummer Night's Dream contains an even larger pro-

portion. End-stopt verse is almost invariable in both plays, breaks and pauses at other parts of lines being infrequent. Both dramas abound in puns, conceits and witty jokes, but there is a much greater amount of this sort of fun, especially of the coarse kind, in the Comedy of Errors than in the Midsummer Night's Dream. There seems to be greater flexibility in the verse of the Dream than in the Errors. The verse of the former is more imaginative, and therefore less restrained and mechanical. Poetic feeling gets the upper hand of the conscious artist in the land of fairies and farces, giving us a large proportion of genuine poetry in the midst of an immense amount of fun.

So much for the date of composition and the merely technical characteristics of the verse in these two dramas. In this respect we see that both comedies are somewhat on the same order. And yet the two plays are in reality very different. In what does the difference consist? In the Comedy of Errors we have less genuine poetry than in the Midsummer Night's Dream. There is an airy fancifulness, a sweet melody and richness of expression, an indefinable feeling of enchantment, a something that "gives to airy nothingness a local habitation and a name," in the Dream that we do not find in the Errors. And then the occurrence of such beautiful songs as

> "Where the bee sucks,
> There suck I,
> In a cowslip's bell I lie."

Such beautiful descriptions of nature as the lines beginning

> "I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,"

raise the Midsummer Night's Dream to a poetic height incomparably superior to the Comedy of Errors. We feel that there is alway present in the Dream a glimpse of "that light that never was on sea or land," but which in our imagination we have all seen.

Of course Shakespeare could not have made a beautiful poetic creation out of the "Comedy of Errors." The subject did not admit of it, and he did not intend it as such. He doubtless made as much as could have been made out of such material, as Schlegel observes, and yet that does not keep us from contrasting the one play with the other, and seeing that the Midsummer Night's Dream is an expression of the exuberant wit and fancy of Shakespeare in the midst of some of the most beautiful poetry in the language, and that the Comedy of Errors is hardly more than a series of laughter-moving situations with very little poetry.

As Dowden says of the Errors: "Its sources of laughter lie almost wholly in the situations and incidents, hardly at all in character. The spectator is called on to accept much that is improbable and all but impossible, not as in the Midsummer Night's Dream, for the sake of freer play of imagination, and because the world pictured by the poet is a fairy world of romantic beauty and grotesqueness, but for the sake of mere fun and laughter-stirring surprises."

The source of the innumerable errors arises out of mistakes of identity between twin-born children. Wives are mistaken as to husbands, servants as to masters, masters as to servants, and all the ludicrous situations resulting from these mistakes give us a glimpse of the Elizabethan's joy in looking at a farcical play and of Shakespeare's ability to produce work that would appeal

to the humor of his age, which was bold, rollicking and boisterous as well as gay, fanciful and airy. The Midsummer Night's Dream contains both kinds of humor in marked contrast, the "hempen homespuns" representing the one and the devilish sprites the other. The Comedy of Errors appeals only to the plain and coarser sense of humor; when we read it or see it acted we feel that there is nothing to do but to hold both sides and laugh. It is explosive fun, essentially the fat-producing kind. The wide range of Shakespeare's humor exhibited in these two plays alone is a striking illustration of the wonderful versatility of his genius.

Dowden makes a fine distinction between the two comedies when he says: "—in the Errors the confusion is external to the mind, here (in the Dream) it is internal; in the Errors the feelings of the actors remain constant, but the persons toward whom they are directed take the place, unobserved, of one another; here the persons remain constant, but their feelings of love, indifference, or dislike are at the mercy of mischief-making accident."

There is little attempt at the definite clear-cut portrayal of character in either drama. Lysander and Demetrius are indistinguishable lovers. The only difference between them is that they loved different women. Hermia and Helena are a little more different, one being taller and less high-tempered than the other. Theseus has been called Shakespeare's early hero, and he does stand out rather prominently as a young man magnificently endowed, conscious of his ability, and glad that he is living. The "rude mechanicals" represent the boorishness and clumsiness of incompetent and pretentious actors and it seems to me that Shakespeare

meant them to be the impersonation of some inferior playwrights of his own acquaintance, but of course this is mere speculation. We have no way of knowing his purpose. In the Comedy of Errors, the differentiation of characters is even less pronounced than in the Midsummer Night's Dream. The Antipholuses are alike not only in features and size; they are indistinguishable in temperament and speech. Living in different cities has not even changed the appearance of either. The Dromios are the same way. Both are mere echoes, one of the other, and both play the role of jester to perfection. They are nimble-witted even when under the lash of their misunderstanding masters, and their brightness is the very life of the play. Of course all of this similarity is intentional. Old Aegeon, the father of the two Antipholuses, gives a rather pathetic setting to this otherwise wholly farcical play. The finest lines in the play are those spoken by the old man when his sons and their servants fail to recognize his voice. He says in words worthy of being in the mouth of Lear:

> "Not know my voice! O time's extremity!
> Hast thou so cracked and splitted my poor tongue,
> In seven short years, that here my only son
> Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
> Though now this grained face of mine be hid
> In sap-consuming winter's dazzled snow,
> And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
> Yet hath my night of life some memory,
> My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
> My dull, deaf ears a little use to hear;
> All these old witnesses (I can not err)
> Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus."

There is no pathetic vein like this in the Midsummer Night's Dream.

The final difference that we would suggest between

these two plays is perhaps most explanatory of all the other differences we have noted. It is this: Simply a difference in subject matter. The Midsummer Night's Dream is a romantic love story told in the form of a bright comedy, and the Comedy of Errors is a mere burlesque without any chance of making much poetry out of it.

TAD, A HERO.

ARTHUR L. FLETCHER.

The forest-clad slopes of the Blue Ridge were all aglow with the many-hued foliage of October. The fields were lit with the autumn blaze of the golden-rod and the little brook that flowed through the fruit-laden orchard was freighted with the gold and purple of the birches, oaks, and maples from the maze of forests. The dreamy haze of Indian summer still hung over the land, and there was just enough of winter's approaching chill in the air to make the warmth of the sun agreeable.

Lying flat of his back on the little bridge that spanned the brook was a negro boy. He was gazing upward at the gray clouds lazily drifting across the sky. His face wore a thoughtful expression. He was going over in his mind his fourteen years of varied experiences. He could remember no event of importance in his life up to the time the war broke out, except the marriage of one of his young mistresses, Miss Helen. This had been a great event in his life; for hadn't he been one of the waiters at the wedding feast? A grin overspread his face as he thought of the feast of good things he enjoyed that day. But it quite disappeared when he thought of the dark troubled days following the outbreak of war. His two young masters rode away to return no more. One fell at Bull Run; the other at Malvern Hill. His mother, Aunt Judith, died. The old plantation was raided time and again by Yankee troops. Then came the day when "Big Sam" rode home from town, where he had been sent on an errand—wild with excitement. "The negroes are free," the Yankee colonel had told

him. Then the gray-haired master called his slaves together and told them that it was true. They were all free to go wherever they pleased, he said. In a few days they were gone—men, women and children. The "big house" was as silent as the grave and in the "quarters" that had resounded with the happy shouts of pickaninnies at play at noon-tide and the merry sound of the banjo and shuffling feet at nightfall, not a soul could be seen. Why did they go? He could not understand. He had not felt the wild longing for freedom that filled the breasts of his fellow-slaves. To them the land beyond the mountains, the unknown, untried land of freedom, was a land of enchantment, full of golden promises. For his part, he would stay with his dear old master.

He was roused from his reveries by his master's voice calling him.

"Tad, where are you? Come here a few moments. I need you."

Tad sprang up quickly to answer the call. He found the old man—Squire Davidson, his neighbors called him—standing at the gate.

"Tad," he said, as the boy came up, "I wish you would harness the horse for me. Mother and I want to drive over to Helen's to-day and bring Annie back with us, if she'll let her come."

Annie was his little five-year-old grand-daughter, a winsome, bright little creature, the pet of the household.

After the old folks were gone and his chores about the house were done, Tad took the Squire's old musket and went "hunting." This musket was Tad's special delight. Many a happy hour had he spent in the woods

down back of the barn with the old gun lying across his knees, watching the chipmunks playing hide-and-seek among the leaves and the brown-coated wood-thrushes flitting about in the bushes. Tad's disagreeable thoughts all passed away and almost before he knew it the sun was sinking behind the tree-tops.

Hurrying homeward, merrily humming an old plantation song, he almost ran into a wicked-looking man hiding among the hay stacks behind the barn. The man caught him by the shoulder roughly.

"What are you doin' here?" he snarled.

Tad was so frightened he could hardly speak.

"I'm a great mind to kill you," the man continued, "an' don't you dare tell anybody you saw me here. If you do—" He showed Tad a murderous-looking knife. Tad understood, and when the man let go his shoulder, he picked up the old musket and fled with trembling haste to the house.

The Squire had just driven up to the front gate when Tad reached the house. Mrs. Davidson, with little Annie, had alighted from the cart and the old man was preparing to drive on to the barn.

"Wait, Marser," Tad cried, breathlessly. "Don' you go. Lemme put up de hoss!"

What could that man be doing, hiding around in such a way? He knew that some folks thought the Squire had money. Maybe the man was going to rob his master. Anyway, he thought the Squire had better stay away from the barn. So he put up the horse and fed the cattle in their stalls. He saw no sign of the man who had threatened him. Perhaps he was nothing more than a passing tramp. The Squire's health since the close of the war had been bad. He was weak and ner-

vous. Tad decided it would never do to tell him about his encounter.

For once in her life, little Annie found Tad unresponsive to her charms. Miss Mattie, the Squire's daughter, noticed the look of fear in the boy's face. She questioned him, but Tad's answers were evasive. She knew that something was wrong.

Bed-time came at last and Mattie carried Annie to her room. The old folks retired and Tad crept away to his little bed-room at the head of the stairs. Soon all was still in the house.

Tad could not sleep. He lay there on his little cot, staring with wide-open eyes into the darkness. He could not forget the wicked eyes, the harsh voice, and the rough grasp of the tramp. He had lain there for hours, it seemed to him. He could stand it no longer. He knew that something was going to happen! He got up softly, and lifting the old musket from its corner, he pushed aside the curtains and quietly raised the window. For a long time he waited. The frosty air coming in through the half-opened window, chilled him through and through. Then *it* came. A stealthy figure crept out of the lilac bushes and began to climb the lattice-work. Tad's heart almost stopped beating. Trembling violently, he raised the gun to his shoulder. His courage all but failed him. But he thought of his weak old master, of his mistress and Miss Mattie—of their many kindnesses to him—all these thoughts passed through his mind like a flash. He shut his eyes and fired. The man dropped to the ground with a cry of pain.

"That nigger done it—curse him!" he groaned through his set teeth. "But I'll fix 'em!"

Then he crawled painfully out of sight around the house.

A few moments later Tad, stunned and bleeding from the recoil of the gun, was startled by the smell of smoke. The tramp had fired the house. He rushed to Miss Mattie's room.

"Laws, Miss Mattie, de house's afire! De house's afire!" he shouted excitedly.

Half dressed, Mattie ran down the stairs. She found the kitchen and dining-room ablaze. The parlor, too, had been set on fire and the greedy flames were eating their way swiftly towards the stairway. She rushed back to her mother's room. Tad was excitedly trying to tell the bewildered old people of their danger. With much difficulty, she and Tad half carried, half dragged the old people, dazed and trembling, down the stairs and away from the burning building.

By this time the whole lower part of the house was in flames. Suddenly the old man faced about.

"Little Annie, where's Annie? My God, Mattie! Have we left her?"

He made a few tottering steps toward the house and fell. Before he had ceased speaking, a little black form shot by him, across the lawn, over the burning threshold, and up the stairway. Groping blindly in the smoke, choking, stumbling, suffocating—he reached the bed. He wrapped the frightened child in a blanket. Then he went back through the falling timbers.

They saw him coming—little flying column of flame—bearing in his arms the precious bundle. Mattie caught the child from his arms as he fell. Little Annie was uninjured; but Tad—his life was over.

SENECA'S DE BREVITATE VITAE.—MODERN APPLICATIONS.*

H. F. PAGE.

Among Roman philosophers none can claim a higher place than Seneca. For clearness of thought and forceful expression he stands among the very first of the great Stoic teachers. Few, even in other ages than his, under far more favorable circumstances, have been able to seize the great ethical principles of life with a firmer grasp than he.

His works show clearly that he was familiar with the powerful forces that had molded his country's past history, and that he was in vital touch with the various tendencies of his time. He knew and honored his country's greatness. He felt, as every truly patriotic Roman citizen felt, that loyalty to her time-honored prestige, to her world-famed institutions was his first duty. Many of the mistakes of her past he saw and regretted. Many of the errors of his own day he saw and deplored.

The vigorous days of the Republic had long since passed. The voices of its Catos and Ciceros had long been silent. The Golden Age of the Empire had reached its zenith and was now tracing its westward azimuth. Here and there in politics and social life could be traced unmistakable signs of corruption and decay.

Seneca, with a mind ever alert to the forces at work about him, caught the murmur of unrest and discontent which came from the higher circles of Roman society. This he considered an ominous sign of lowering ideals

* Paper prepared in Seminary Latin.

among his countrymen. He saw them disregarding truth, and in many instances scorning and sneering at virtue. Some ambitious aspirants for public favors he saw seeking recognition, but not from high altruistic principles. Others, absorbed in nothing higher than the mere luxury of living, he saw seeking for selfish pleasure, regardless of those supreme ethical laws which should mold men's purposes and direct their conduct.

Such a spirit can never be productive of anything noble. It can never look beyond self and see the larger meaning of life. Its natural result is that life centered in self becomes dissatisfied with self just when it hopes to reap its best pleasures. The first stern fact that confronts it is its own uncertainty, its own brevity. This hangs like a shadow over the self-centered life, an ever-deepening source of fear and unrest. And saddest of all is that the deeper the shadow grows, the further into dissipation the victim is driven.

Seneca, standing on the verge of that fearful vortex of cruelty and moral corruption which swept the Roman world during Nero's reign and after, seized upon this characteristic of his time, and from it drew, in his *De Brevitate Vitae*, some of the strongest ethical lessons that Latin literature contains.

The greater part of humanity, says Seneca, complain because Nature has made life so short, so uncertain. This is a mistake. All things are arranged to man's advantage, if he only knows how to recognize it.

Doubtless thinking of those Roman officials who wasted their lives in vice and easeful luxury, he exclaims:

"*Non exiguum temporis habemus, sed multum perdimus.*"

Life is long enough. Our greatest trouble is we do not appropriate it to its highest purposes. Fate has allotted to every man sufficient time to complete his destined work. To those who work in harmony with her plans, she passes the cup of happiness and contentment.

To illustrate Seneca's views, may we not say that every man's life is a blank sphere, upon which his own ideal conceptions are to be engraved? Upon it he may outline, in delicate tracery, whole continents and empires of noble thought and exalted action, which will serve as a guide, an inspiration to others who are seeking the way to a useful career; or he may mar its virgin beauty with the corrosive blots of vice and intemperance.

Will that sphere be covered with an unintelligible mass of formless, meaningless figures? Will it be mercilessly crushed, and drift here and there, ruined fragments of what might have been a well-rounded, symmetrical life? Each one decides this for himself.

Each of us holds the magic wand which controls our destiny. And if we give it the fatal twirl that blights all the greatest possibilities of life, and causes its fairest promises to vanish, its brightest hopes to darken in the gloom of failure and despair, we can only say with Seneca:

"*Ita est, non accepimus brevem vitam, sed fecimus.*"

The world's greatest lesson, and one which it has required a longer time to learn than any other is: How to use life. How to recognize and appropriate the advantages life holds, is the all important question. To yield ourselves to its purest impulses, to shape our conduct to its highest ideals, should be our supreme purpose. To

see the good, the beautiful around us, to recognize the service due our fellowmen, this makes life sublime. He who realizes the exalted mission of life, who moves in touch with the thoughts of the great, who sheds the lustre of an irreproachable character upon a darkened world, will have no grounds for regret when life closes; for says Seneca:

"*Vita, si uti scias, longa est.*"

This view of Seneca finds its counterpart in the teachings of our greatest modern thinkers. The great trend of present day effort is to teach men how to use life, how to live. The most fatal mistakes that men have ever made are traceable to a lack of foresight in meeting the opportune moments of life successfully.

"To take the tide at its flood." To pluck the fruit of occasion before it falls and is dashed to pieces against the common wayside stone, is a blessing possessed even to-day by only a few. Life consists more in counting successful achievements than in numbering so many summers and winters of mere nominal existence. Sir Walter Scott gives us the poet's version of this truth in the lines:

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

How to reach the "one crowded hour" is the problem with many. Our immediate surroundings seem so uneventful, so void of interest, that we are inclined to exclaim with the Latin poet whom Seneca quotes:

"*Exigua pars est vitae quam nos vivimus.*"

But when we consider it rightly the most humble life comes in touch with opportunities worthy of the efforts of a king, if we only know how to see them in their true relation. Why should we stand among the foot-

hills of a mountain range and gaze longingly at the beautiful mist-crowned summits beyond, while scorning to place our feet upon the dull, grey stone that marks the first upward step?

Life is a gradation of events. Whether its trend be upward or downward lies within the power of each individual. Whether its sphere of influence be broad or circumscribed is determined largely by our own efforts, by our own attitude toward the world of men. As long as there is a child to teach, a sufferer to help, a truth to reveal, let no man think his is a narrow life.

This leads us to the consideration of service. Our age is preeminently an age of culture. But culture itself occupies a low place when sought solely from some selfish motive. In its highest sense culture is only a preparation for a larger sphere of service. When service is directed to a noble end it becomes more or less heroic. The very essence of heroism is sacrifice for others with no thought of personal return. If

"*Alius in alium consumimur.*"

as Seneca puts it, with the purpose of contributing to the happiness of others; with that lofty conception of duty which forgets self in the larger joy of administering to the needs of those less fortunate than ourselves, we will find that the thought of living and enjoying will be lost in the greater thought of doing and serving. For

"*Nihil minus est hominis occupati* [*actionibus dignis*] *quam vivere.*"

In the human heart there is a constant longing for achievements yet unattained—for those often unattainable. It is fortunately so. For, by listening to this inward voice, men are enabled to rise upon their "dead

selves to higher things." Opposite to this rises that fear of failure which ever attends an over-sensitive consciousness of our limited powers. These conflicting impulses Seneca expresses thus:

"*Omnia tam quam mortales timetis Omnia tamquam inmortales concupiscitis.*"

But elsewhere he tells us that he who acts from the purest motives has no cause for fear. When we realize that higher attainments are yet possible, when we stand and gaze into the illimitable universe of thought, and see a new light flash upon the outer verge of our narrow horizon, if we will but let it, it will lift us by its magnetic power into an atmosphere free from doubt and moral irresolution.

Men, like Socrates, moved in this purer atmosphere. They furnish us illustrious examples of how to live. To them, as Tennyson has it:

> "Because right is right, to follow right
> In scorn of consequence."

was the only infallible rule for action. In this the *summum bonum* is found. He who shapes his conduct by this, who lets its vital strength flow into his life, who finds his supreme enjoyment in hating such pleasures as those cherishing lower ideals love, is bringing himself in touch with a power that will preserve him from any anxious questionings concerning the brevity of life. For

"*Summum bonum immortale est; nescit exire.*"

With Plato, Seneca seems to hold that the *summum bonum* gradually transforms the spirit of man into God-likeness, that its ultimate end is the possession of complete moral beauty and goodness.

And to attain this we must exercise tireless vigilance. At this point Seneca approaches the Christian standard.

Recently the advocates of the new metaphysical school have gone so far as to claim that man, as he gains in normal excellence and spiritual strength, also gains in length of physical life; and that if the human race pursues this ethical development to perfection, immortal life will be gradually attained in this life. They also claim that this is possible. Truly, correct living has a tendency to lengthen human life; but there is no sufficient grounds for their second proposition. Here all nature, and we venture to state, divine love is against them.

We hear, as did Seneca, in all nature the inevitable decree:

"*Vita festinat; mors interim aderit; cui, velis nolis, vacandum est.*"

Then what are we to do? Keep our selves occupied. "Do the duty that lies nearest," is Ruskin's phrase. Let the world feel the touch of a sympathetic hand.

Feel the suffering of the oppressed; hear the complaint of the unfortunate. Let not the helpless plead in vain for aid, nor the defenceless raise fruitless cries for protection.

Recognize the brotherhood of mankind and feel that this fraternal relation binds you to render assistance to those struggling against the bondage of ignorance and vice. Scorn not the lowliest, for,

"*Ubicumque homo est, ibi beneficii locus est.*"

One of the greatest sources of failure in life is inexcusable delay. Many another battle than Waterloo was lost because of some delay fatal in its consequence. As responsible individuals we must not idly dream of the past, nor trust the elusive promises of to-morrow, but act in the living present, for

"*Maximum vivendi impedimentum est expectatre, quae pendet ex crastino.*"

The portals of to-morrow's promises open only to those who turn the key of to-day's opportunities.

He who does not lay hold of the resources of the present, who does not throw his whole strength into the work that lies immediately to hand, forfeits his right to claim much from the store-house of the future.

But to those who use well the privileges of to-day the future presents an ever-widening sphere of usefulness and happiness. Seneca recognized individual independence and responsibility. In discussing the various courses that one may take in life he submits this advice:

"*Elige in quam adscisci velis; non in nomen tantum adoptaberis, sed in ipsa bona.*"

Whatever contains inherent goodness and beauty, Seneca teaches men to love and cultivate. Whatever leaves the stain of baseness or falsehood, he teaches them to abhor, loathe, and avoid. Sometimes he errs, but when he does, we can but think, like many another seeker for truth, he errs in an honest search.

In the corruption and dissolution of Nero's court he had fearful odds to meet. His is the one lone voice that rises above the sensual intrigue and profligacy of a time steeped in vice and intemperance. He struck one blow for the truth when none other dared to strike and his service is not lost to the world.

When John Barrett went from the United States as minister to Siam, a representative from one of the European powers approaching him, said, "Mr. Barrett, you must discard your American way of doing things in a straightforward manner if you would succeed in an Oriental court."

"If truth is unknown in the diplomatic relations of

the East," Mr. Barrett promptly responded, "then let me, as an American, have the honor of first introducing it."

A glorious privilege this—to introduce truth to the world. To-day, as in Seneca's time, Truth needs defenders. There is yet truth to be revealed, yet error to be exposed. To-day there are waiting thousands, longing, hungering to know the truth. 'Tis ours to bear aloft the ensign of Truth, in all its unsullied beauty, to tear away the vice of false illusion that yet darkens the souls of men, and lead them to the light.

Doubtless Seneca felt with Bryant that,

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> But Error wounded writhes with pain,
> And dies among her worshippers."

Truth is the central sun around which all virtues revolve. It is the one white ray composed of all the prismatic colors of perfect character.

If courage, honesty, integrity, prudence, temperance, fortitude, and all their attendant virtues blend in our lives, unfolding to us all that is best in our nature, and revealing to us our relation to the world of men, giving us faint, far glimpses now and then of that infinite life which lies as yet beyond the reach of our narrow vision, this uncertain transitory existence which we now live will give us but little cause for anxiety.

When we seek virtue for its own reward, when we love truth, beauty and goodness for their own sake, we too will hear with Seneca the voice of divine assurance:

"*Hi tibi dabunt ad aeternitatem iter et te in illum lacum, ex quo nemo deicitur, sublimabunt; hæc una ratio est extendendae mortalitatis, immo in immortalitatem vertendae.*"

A TALE BY THE WAYSIDE.

GEO. J. SPENCE.

We five boys were seated under a large old moss-covered oak along the roadside one bright day in June, eating the lunch we had brought to the picnic. Jokes were being cracked and toasts given, when suddenly we were interrupted by the appearance of a dusty, travel-stained tramp. He had a stick extended over his shoulder, and tied to the end of this stick was a little red cotton handkerchief containing all his earthly possessions. His step was slow and painful and his eyes were hollow and sunken. Nevertheless, there was something about this strange personage which attracted our attention.

"Why, hello, old fellow," shouted Hal Jones. "Come over here and join us. You look as if you had been fasting for forty days."

The old man stopped, looked around, and then approached us. We could see his mouth was just watering for some of the good things we had.

"Sit down here on the grass beside our spread the best way you can. All these things are paid for, so don't be bashful at all, but just fall in and help yourself."

The old man sat down, bowed his head in silence for a few minutes and then uttered a few unintelligible words. Arousing from his reverie he began to devour whatever he put his hands on first. He didn't seem to be choice at all, but ate cake, chicken, pickles, ham, and anything else he happened to pick up.

We all wanted to laugh, but were afraid we might offend the old man. I looked at Tom Simpson and he

looked as if he would have to laugh or die, but John Stanford looked serious because he was afraid there wouldn't be anything left for us if the old man kept up that rate. Presently our visitor slacked up, but the famished look with which he still eyed what little was left showed that his hunger was only half appeased. We thought it dangerous to urge him further.

"Well, stranger," said Bill Peters, "I guess you have enjoyed your meal. How has the world been serving you? Come, now, tell us a story."

"Well, boys," these were the first words he had spoken to us. "I will tell you a true story. I am now fifty-nine years old. Once my father was very wealthy and I was his only heir. But in '61 the bugle called us to arms to fight for what we thought was just and right, and soon the Third Regiment of North Carolina was marching gaily onward to the merry tune of 'Dixie.' My step was sprightly then and my heart was glad, because I had the promise of a bright-eyed maiden that when the war was over she should be mine.

"We first met the Yankees at Bull Run. My, how old Stonewall fought that day! After that we marched aud counter-marched all over Virginia. Boys, here is a souvenir I brought off from Gettysburg."

The old fellow rolled up his sleeve and showed an ugly white scar on his dirty, hairy arm, where a Miuie ball had entered.

"Burgwyn made a grand charge that day."

The old man's eyes were sparkling and his face was animated as he fought his battles ouce again, weeping over his defeats and rejoicing over his victories.

"I tell you, boys, old Stonewall ou his knees in his tent just before a battle was more powerful than an army of a hundred thousand Yankees."

The poor old fellow seemed to be suffering intense mental anguish.

"And then you remember we fought at Chancellorsville. You are too young to remember that, but only too well do I remember it. Boys, we fought that day. Old Stonewall was everywhere. His smile was a benediction, and when he spoke it meant action. Inch by inch we drove them back, and when merciful night closed down upon the scene we were the victors. In the morning we intended to follow up our advantages. General Jackson had gone forward with his staff to reconnoitre the vacant battlefield. I was unaware of this, and my men were stationed on the outskirts of the camp, doing guard duty.

"Presently the sound of galloping horses fell upon our ears, and then there burst into view what we thought was a detachment of Yankee cavalry coming directly towards us. In the gathering darkness we were unable to tell who they were. Nearer and nearer they came. I gave the order to 'fire,' and eight saddles were emptied. We rushed forward, but instead of Yankees, we found our own beloved General writhing in agony, and I had given the command which brought him to his death."

The old tramp spoke the last few words in a whisper. Slowly he arose from his seat on the grass.

"Boys, I thank you for your kindness," and the sorrow-stricken man lifted his hat and passed on.

THE SOUTH WIND.

BY G. W. PASCHAL.

I.

The wind is blowing from the South,
All day long,
It tunes the chirping swamp-frog's mouth,
With love's sweet, drowsy song;
All through the lonesome, dreamy night,
Careek, careek, careek;
What joys their swelling hearts incite!
Careek, careek, careek,
How all the rushy marshes ring,
Careek, careek, careek,
With unlearned messages of Spring,
Careek, careek, careek.

A maiden sits and listens
And drops her soft blue eye,
Her bosom heaves with longing
And half she wonders why.

II.

Again the South Wind blows and brings
And sprinkles on the trees
A hundred throats whose music rings
With love on every breeze.
Outlined against the warmer sky
Tu-whit, tu-whit, chirree,
On barren twig and branch on high,
Tu-whit, tu-whit, chirree,
They sit and pour their liquid notes
From throbbing heart and pulsing throats,
To greet the larger light above
In this glad prelude to their love.

O, maiden, dost thou not hear it,
Love's plaintive, longing call?
The wooing of this music,
The spring-time comes for all.

III.

With warmer breath the South Wind comes
The maple buds to woo,
Till in the reddening branches hums
That busy-winged crew;
It comes and drops along the brooks
That feed the stream of Neuse,
On sunny slopes and hidden nooks,
The scented flowers profuse;—
Violet and marigold,
The twisted columbine,
Hawthorn and apple-bough,
And modest eglantine,
Harebell and butter-cup,
Lilac and rose,
Jonquil and daffodil,
And every flower that blows,
All glad and fragrant all and fair
With joy, their love, their love declare.

O, as the maiden caresses,
These glories of yard and field,
May they breathe her heart their message,
And teach her soul to yield.

STORIETTE DEPARTMENT.

HOW BRER RABBIT LOST HIS TAIL.

BY G. E. K., JR.

It had been a dull week for the little boy. Uncle Moses had refused to allow him to enter the cabin since he had knocked over his can of earthworm grease. Uncle Moses like all Southern darkies believed that earthworm grease was an infallible remedy for rheumatism, and when the little boy rushed into the cabin one morning to tell him that the speckled pullet had layed, and knocked over the can which contained his "sho' cure" he was angry indeed, and for the past week the little boy had been in disgrace.

It is customary in the South on Saturdays to bake the cakes for Sunday. When Saturday arrived the little boy was happy, for he knew a piece of cake would reinstate him in Uncle Moses' favor. After supper his mother gave him a large slice and off he went in a run for the cabin.

"Heah you come" said Uncle Moses "jes like er hurricane, I spec you'll tar down de house dis time fer sho'."

"Now Uncle Moses, you know I didn't go to turn over your can and I have brought you some cake."

"Has you honey? Law chile I won't mad, but I'se jes bleeged ter 'monish yer er yer'll be deaf er dis old nigger. Honey lemme see de size er dat cake, for I'se mos' enginerally got er mighty sweet toof fer dat ar-tickle."

"Here's the cake, and you know you said you would tell me about how Brer Rabbit lost his tail if I was good."

"I clar ter gracious honey yer doan forgit nuffin', but yer jes wait twell I sorter takes de bad taste out'n me mouf an' I'll 'ceed wid dat tale, fer dar'll be no peace er mind twell I tells yer."

"Ole Brer Rabbit waz alers tryin—Honey does yer see dat ole pipe? I kin alers bring my 'mimbrance ter mind w'en I gits her er goin'. Ez I wuz sayin' Brer Rabbit he alers tryin ter git er head er Brer Fox, but somehow er udder Brer Fox hold he own

mighty well. Every time dey goes ter Miss Meadows' Brer Fox he 'low he de bes' swimmer in de country. Dis git erway wid Brer Rabbit mighty bad an Brer Rabbit he tuk a chaw ter backer an say he blest if he aint gwinter learn how ter swim er bus'.

"One day atter dis w'en Brer Rabbit wuz comin' up de road he met up wid Sis Goose. Atter dey pass de howdies an acks bout de fo'ks Brer Rabbit he ups an say, sezee:

"'Sis Goose does you 'spose I kin learn how ter swim?'

"'Why course you kin Brer Rabbit, jes ez easy ez follin' off er log.'

"So dey 'pinted er time an w'en de day 'rived dey wuz all dar. Brer Fox come 'long wid Mis Meadows an de gals an Brer Possum he 'scorts Sis Coon. Brer Possum wont 'vited but ez dey wuz ter 'stribulate 'simmon beer atter Brer Rabbit learn how fer ter swim, he low he sho' hatter be dar to he'p do de passin' 'roun'.

"Brer Fox he up an tells de objeck ob de meetin' an Brer Rabbit he circumfy he am ready. Sis Goose low she ready too. So dey bofe go down ter de water. 'Fo dey goes in Sis Goose argufy dat she got some 'reckshuns 'fo dey 'ceeds. Atter Sis Goose confab wid Brer Fox, she up an say, sez she:

"'Brer Rabbit w'en yer gits in de water, you mus strike out wid de right foot fus' an' den de lef, jes like yer wuz walkin'. Brer Rabbit low dats zactly w'at he gwiner do. An' yer mus' keep yer tail out'n de water.'

"W'en Sis Goose gin de word Brer Rabbit he spit in he hand an'—.

"Why Uncle Moses did Brer Rabbit have hands?"

"Now if I be's tellin dis tale I'll 'ceed, ef yer knows more'n I duz why I'll jes go on wid my wuk." (The little boy did not interrupt him any more and Uncle Moses continued.) "Ez I wuz sayin' Brer Rabbit spit in he hands an sail in an' he swum mighty fine fur de fus' time. Brer Rabbit wuz jes so tickled he hatter sho' off. He jes kep' er swimmin furder an furder frum de bank twell he git over ter whar Brer Mudturkle live. Sis Goose she sing out; 'yer tail am dropping, Brer Mudturkle git yer sho'. Brer Rabbit he holler back: 'Whose skeered er ole Brer Mudturkle'? Sis Goose she sing out er gin; 'Yer tail am er drappin'.' Brer Rabbit he git mighty mad at dis an holler back: 'Ef it is I reckon hits mine.'

"Fus thing yer knowed somefin' cotch Brer Rabbit by de tail. Brer Rabbit he holler; 'Hep me Sis Goose, hep me Brer Fox, Brer Mudturkle got me sho'.' Wid dat Sis Goose and Brer Fox dey sails in and Brer Possum an Sis Coon an Miss Meadows an de gals dey all sail in ter hep Brer Rabbit. Dey pull an dey pulls but Brer Mudturkle still hold on. Den dey all gits a better holt an ginner jirk an' fo' yer knowed it Brer Rabbit's tail done pull out by de roots, and dats how come Brer Rabbit aint got no tail."

"Was Brer Rabbit mad with Sis Goose and Brer Fox" asked the little boy.

"Gentermens Brer Rabbit de maddest man yer ever seed. He jes low'd dat Brer Fox and Sis Goose de cause er he losin' he tail."

"Did he ever get even with them?"

"I reckon he did honey, but I speck yer mammy's callin' yer, an I'll hatter tell yer 'bout dat de nex' time."

THE OLD BOWIE KNIFE.

ROGER G. LEWIS.

The hour was late. Books had long been cast aside and I sat listening to the wintry wind and watching the smoke curl gracefully upward from my pipe. A knock sounded on the door and a fellow student entererd.

I greeted him with, "Hello! John, come in, light a pipe and sit down." After a few minutes of silent smoking, John glanced at the wall and remarked: "That is an ugly old knife you have hanging up there; is a story connected with it?"

"Yes," I replied, "I got it last winter from an old cowboy down on the plains of Texas. It possesses an interesting history and all the money in College could not buy it from me."

"Go ahead and tell me about it," said John as he settled himself in his chair.

"Well," I began, "as you know, I roamed through Texas a little while back and came in contact with many sorts of people. I had been riding all day with a gang of cowboys and when

night came on we turned our horses loose and pitched camp by a little stream. After supper the boys gathered around the fire to smoke and tell yarns before turning in. I sat and listened to their wild stories and rough laughter and thought what a scene it was for an artist to paint.

"One grizzled old fellow who had thus far taken no part in the conversation, but sat looking grimly at the fire, removed the pipe from his lips and turning to me drawled 'Ever been ter San 'Tone, youngster?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'Just came from there. The Alamo has long been the Mecca of my dreams, ever since back in North Carolina, I listened to Governor Bell's account of the time when he and his Rangers rode to the rescue of Travis and his gallant band but arrived too late.' Springing to his feet the old man grasped me by the shoulder, 'Lively boy, do yer mean Peter Bell? Whar is he?' 'He is dead,' I replied. "He lived for a long time in my town in old North Carolina and died there. I visited his grave just before coming here. I used to talk much to him about Texas.'

"The others became silent and gathered around. The old man slowly resumed his seat on the ground and brushed a large tear from his eyes, as he mumbled 'So po' ole Peter's gone. Ther Inguns an' Greasers an' bars couldn' kill 'im, but he's cashed in at las', an ter think he done it in bed, wen he allus wanted ter go wi' his boots on an' shootin' irons in han'. They're narly all gone now, an soon I'll be ther las', but I wont hol' out much longer. Ther good ole days is gone an' I guess we'd better go too.' Then turning to me, 'Stranger yer's er tenderfoot, but ef yer knowd Peter Bell I'm yer frien'. He's ther bes' pard I ever had, an I'se seen many er good un. Wen thim Sioux devils tied me ter er stake an wer howlin lack coyotes all aroun' thinkin what a good roas' I'd make, Peter charged in thar an let er hole through some er ther skunks an' kar'd me off right before ther eyes. Arter that we was brothers.

"I wants ter give yer somethin valyble, friend, but aint got nothin 'cept this old Bowie knife. It hev hung on this belt many er long year, an hev been er trusty frien' in many er har raisin fout, an ef I wan't drawin' nigh ter ther close er my jarney all the ranches in Texas wouldn tar it from me an' I hed sorter intended hevin it put under ther sod wi' me. Mebbe ef I tells yer

how I got it yer will valy it mo' an sometimes wen yer looks at it mought think er ther ole cow-puncher under ther sod on ther lonely plains er Texas.

"'Back in '35 wen we was fightin' ole Mexico fer ther inderpendence er Texas me an Peter Bell headed es good er ban' er Rangers es ever straddled horses, yer knows what Rangers wuz. Waall, one day thar rid inter camp er man who says thet Santa Ana an' his tarnal Greasers wuz killin' our boys over at ther Alamo. He says that ther Greasers wuz thicker than prairie dogs' holes, but it made nary difference, we wuz goin thar an' save thim boys er cash in wi' 'em. All day and night we rid, an whin we arriv in sight not er Greaser wuz ter be seen. All wuz quiet like an we 'gin ter think we wuz fooled. But once thar an er sight met us I'll never fergit ter my dying day.

Ther place looked 's ef er harricane hed been erlong. Things wuz all tore to pieces. Inside the walls Kunal Travis, Dave Crockett an' all ther rest of ther boys wuz lying jest ez they fell foughting ter the las' wi' ther boots on. Ther Greasers war piled up lack jack rabbits, erbout six aroun' each Texan. I goes in ther house an' the sight thet I sees makes me maddern er wile steer. Jim Bowie ez spunky er man ez ever live, wuz hangin half off er bed an' holing er Greaser by ther har wi' one han' an' wi' tother he hed driv this ole knife ter ther 'hilt inter ther skunk's neck. Dead Greasers wuz piled up all over him an' it made me cuss ter see how many er ther critters hed jumped on one man an' he sick too.

"'Waal we couldn' do nothin so we hed ter leave them thar in ther glory. But I tuk this ole knife from ther cole han' er Jim sorter ez a 'minder of 'im. She wuz kivered wi' blood thin an' hes been many er time sence, but er better han' never handled it than Jim's.'

"The old ranger loosed the sheathe from his belt and drawing the bright blade from it, passed his fingers long and lovingly over its keen edge and with a compulsive movement he kissed it passionately as one would a long lost love. Then murmuring 'Good bye, ole frien', good bye, yer hes stood by me through thick an thin an' now I'm desartin yer like yer Greaser, but ther ole man is ready to cash in, an' he can't take yer wi' 'im wen he goes to jine Peter an' ther boys,' he passed the knife to me and with bowed head, slowly disappeared in the darkness.

"Early the next morning I went to where the old Ranger lay wrapped in his blanket and called him, but received no reply. Drawing aside his blanket I looked at his face. A peaceful smile was spread over the rugged countenance and the storm-tossed soul had taken its flight to 'jine Peter an ther boys.'

"We buried him where he lay, and there he sleeps with the long prairie grass waving over his lonely grave."

THE FLIGHT OF FRIAR FULLER.

BY C. P. WEAVER.

The vesper-bell had ceased tolling. In the little chapel of the abbey the black-mantled monks were gathering for the evening service. The candles were burning brightly on the altar and the choir boys filed slowly in and took their places in the choir stand.

The first notes of the Ave Maria struck sharply on the ears of Friar Fuller as he knelt on the cold stone floor before his crucifix. He had become oblivious to everything about him in his supplications, for a heavy weight was on his heart and he had spent the whole afternoon in prayer to no avail. He arose hurriedly and crept noiselessly downstairs and into his accustomed seat in the chapel. He had not escaped, however, the sharp eye of Abbot Constantine, and he noted a shadow flit across his saintly old face as he read in mellow tones the evening message.

Night had fallen when the service was ended and the monks appeared as so many shadows flitting through the corridors. It was such a night in June when Nature seems awed into silence until she can hear her own huge heart beat.

In the stillness Friar Fuller stole into the abbey garden and knelt beside a huge oak. A foot crunched on the gravel walk and in a moment the somber-clad Abbot was over him.

"Brother Fuller, you were late at vespers this evening. Can it be that you are not able to throw off the world and live the life of self-denial as the other brothers do? Remember your vow." The voice of the Abbot was stern.

Friar Fuller did not reply. He only lowered his head.

"Come, my brother, you are guilty of some sin. I feared it when you came within our walls. You were not made to be a monk."

"My father, you are right. I have sinned. I love the world; I cannot give it up."

"My son, what wickedness is this? The devil is knocking at your heart. Defy him and he will flee. Go to your cell and I will pray for you."

The young man arose and returned to the abbey. In the dim light of his room his eyes fell on the portrait of the woman he loved. He had painted it not without many a struggle with his conscience in the early morning hours when all the abbey slept, and once each day he stealthily but ardently kissed the face.

He had tried to give up the world, but the face haunted him and drew him back.

The summer moon was rising and its pale light beat softly through the grating of the cell. It rested on the face and in the soft light it seemed transfigured.

Friar Fuller dropped to his knees before it, his hands clasped before him. He tried to pray, but the words refused to come. The face seemed alive. Even the eyes sparkled as of old. The cheeks glowed with health.

Hours passed and still he knelt enraptured before the face. He no longer tried to pray. It was impossible.

The moon no longer lighted the room. The taper had burned down and it was dark. The battle was over, but the world had won. He must go. Those walls were too sacred to contain his worldly spirit. Thro' the window he could see the lights of the village he had left beckoning him.

He slipped softly down the steps. A lonely light came from under one of the doors and he recognized it as the Abbot's. He paused a moment.

The Abbot was praying for him—"the wayward son," he heard the Abbot say. A flush of shame swept over him. He was half persuaded to remain. But through the window he caught sight of the village lights and the vision of the face was before him, beckoning him. And he ran, ran fast as his legs would carry him, back—back to the world and love.

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Our Advertisers.

On looking over the pages of the STUDENT we are very forcibly struck with the fact that some of the leading merchants in town do not advertise in our columns. This is all the more noticeable when we consider the circumstances. Not a single one of the three grocery stores, though enjoying the undivided patronage of the entire student body, has an advertisement in our magazine. They refuse to patronize any publication of ours, but we continue to give them our trade. Then, too, some of the clothing houses represented here, though in no way aiding us by advertisement or subscription, receive from the students equal patronage with those houses advertising in our columns. This may be said alike of engravers, banks, bands, dealers in athletic supplies, florists, and business houses which we perforce *must* patronize, but who in turn refuse to patronize us. There are two main reasons why we should consider this matter carefully. In the first place, our advertisements are practically the only source of revenue to the STUDENT. Without them we could not run the magazine. Then it is only just to our advertisers that we give them our trade in preference to others. Again, should we confine our trade to our advertisers we would soon

show those (especially in Wake Forest) who refuse, that an advertisement in the STUDENT carries with it the trade of the student body.

The STUDENT this mouth goes into the hands of a new business manager, and if the students will co-operate with him, patronize those who patronize us, and refuse to patronize those who refuse to advertise, we can make these pages such an advertising medium that unless they patronize our magazine these "petty local monopolies" will feel the loss of the student trade.

North Carolina at the St. Louis Exposition.

Senator London has recently introduced a bill in the Legislature to authorize the State to be represented at the St. Louis Exposition next year, and appropriating $30,000 for this purpose. This bill will, no doubt, meet the approval of both branches of the Legislature as well as of the people at large, who are interested in the advancement of the State's interests. The Exposition will be held in St. Louis in 1904 to celebrate the Centennial Anniversary of the first expansion of the Nation, a step which made possible the commercial and political development which has given the United States her present commanding position in the world's affairs. These expositions afford to a State the best possible advertisiug medium, bringing to the notice of the world its advantages, its wealth, its resources, its climate, and its industries. North Carolina gets its best class of immigration from the middle West, people driven away from there by the inflood of undesirable immigrants. According to good authority at least 25,000 people in this section of the West have either answered advertisements or corresponded with a view to settliug in North Carolina. Such

being the case, our State, which has always played so prominent a part in the development of the South and in every line leading to the advancement of humanity, cannot afford to let this opportunity, to show the West and the world what we have and what we can do, pass without taking advantage of its possibilities. Never has North Carolina failed to derive great benefit from an exhibit of its resources. In 1883 when an exhibit was sent to Boston not only did it show to the people of New England our unlimited advantages, but even North Carolinians who attended the Exposition realized for the first time the varied industries and bounteous wealth of their own State. Laying aside all sentiment and State pride, and considering it strictly in the light of a business proposition, a liberal appropriation by the Legislature would be repaid many fold within the next few years.

The World's Fair at St. Louis will be approximately twice as large as any former international exposition. It will cover eleven hundred and eighty acres, being five times as much as was covered by the Centennial at Philadelphia, over three times the space of the Paris Exposition in 1900, and twice that of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. The construction cost will approximate $40,000,000, and both buildings and exhibits will be larger and more costly than at any previous exposition.

Lectures. It is a noticeable fact that during a session of nine months the student body is given the privilege of hearing only one or two lectures, and these, in most cases, by a chance visitor or member of the faculty. This condition of things is to be deplored. We do not, in any way, mean to reflect upon the charac-

ter of the lectures we *do* have, for the brainiest men of this and other States have, at times, addressed us. Our only complaint, and we voice the sentiment of the student body, is that the lectures are too few in number. We understand that there is a fund annually set apart by the Board of Trustees for the purpose of defraying the expenses of lecturers who shall from time to time address the students. This fund is sufficient to provide for at least ten lectures per session, the speakers to be selected from almost any of the Middle Atlantic or Southern States. If we understand aright, this fund was not touched last year, and only a small, if any, part of it has been used this session. If this money is given by the Trustees for this purpose, we feel that we are entitled to its benefits. If such a fund is not provided by them, we are of the opinion that paid lectures should be allowed. It is not right that the students should have to forego this privilege, inestimable in its results. We know that, on a certain occasion of this kind, the behavior of certain portions of the audience was not what it should have been, and the faculty may have been justified in, for a time, prohibiting any more paid lectures. But since that time, and on every occasion, the students have preserved the very best of order, and with a belief that such decorum will continue to characterize meetings of all kinds in the future, we ask, in the name of the student body, that these restrictions be removed and paid lectures allowed, or else that free ones be provided for us out of the fund set apart by the Trustees. We are a unit with the faculty in excluding lectures of the How-to-get-married-and-stay-so and Rip Van Winkle type, but when such men as Willoughby Reed or entertainments of other kinds desire to come here, we feel that an injustice is

done the students when they are denied the privilege of having them. We hope the faculty will carefully consider this matter, and feel sure they will act for the best interests of the students.

Dr. J. L. M. Curry.

In the death of Dr. J. L. M. Curry the South loses one of its most eminent men, and the country at large one of its most useful public servants. Though a native of Alabama, he belonged to the Nation, and peculiarly to the South. He was a Southern man, reared and mainly educated in the South, and in her service, always with an eye single to her good, he spent a long and useful life. Beginning his public service fifty-six years ago as a member of the Legislature of Alabama, he served his State in that capacity for three successive terms, and was a member of Congress from Alabama from 1857 to 1861, retiring with his State's delegation when the ordinance of secession was passed. He was a member of both the provisional and the regular Confederate Congress from 1861 to 1865, although during the last year he served with distinction as a staff officer of the Confederate Army uuder Generals Joseph Wheeler and Joseph E. Johnston. After the surrender he devoted himself to the cause of education, and in all the intervening years accomplished excellent work. He served as professor in two Southern colleges, and to these duties he added the cares of various trusteeships. However, it was as General Agent of both the Peabody and Slater funds that he was enabled to do an enormous amount of good to the South in the time of its impoverishment. In 1885 President Cleveland made him Minister to Spain, and this office, like all others which he held during his life, he filled with credit to him-

self and honor to his country. He made himself wholly acceptable to the Spanish Government, and when President Roosevelt desired a suitable man to represent the United States when the young King assumed the throne, he appointed Dr. Curry as special envoy, and he was received with the highest honors. "He was a man of the kindest heart, of the most engaging manners, of great learning and exalted piety. It was a most useful, unique and interesting personalty which disappears from contemporary public life. A staunch Southerner, firm in the maintenance of what he deemed essential truth concerning States, sections, and races, he was ever and above all a great American. His sympathy was as broad as humanity, and his service in education extended to all the needy and ignorant. In denunciation of wrong of every sort—political, legislative, social—he had the courage of earnest conviction, and probably no man of this generation has been more incisive in bringing home unwelcome truth to unwilling ears than Dr. Curry."

EXCHANGES.

H. E. CRAVEN, Editor.

The State Normal Magazine for this month is given up wholly to the work of the college—a thing which we cannot but regret. A college magazine should never allow the trustees and faculty to usurp its pages with matters which rightly belong to the college catalogue.

Our criticism of the *Southwestern University Magazine* is: too many declamatory essays with too little fiction. The one story which the magazine contains, however—Saint Elizabeth—is admirably written. "A Toast to St. Valentine" is a refreshing little poem, and appropriate to the season.

We review with pleasure *The College Message* for January. The literary department deserves commendation, for it contains several well-written essays and a number of readable stories, among the latter being "Forgotten," a story of sublime pathos. The editorials are somewhat brief—characteristic of the first issue of college magazines after the holidays.

The *Hampden Sidney Magazine* for February is a creditable issue. "Breaking the Kelsey Blockade" is a well-written railroad story: "A Plea Against the Publication of Love Letters" is a good argumentative essay against the airing of one's love affairs before an unsympathetic world. This number also contains a pretty poem entitled "A Meditation." The editorial department is spare, though well written.

The Winthrop College Journal is quite an improvement on last month. "The Serenade" is a prettily-conceived love poem. "The Life of Sidney Lanier" is an instructive essay on our Southern poet. It contains also a love story of ante-bellum type with the usual pathetic end. We note with pleasure an editorial on the death of N. G. Gonzales, to whom South Carolina owes much for his fearless stand in politics.

The Limestone Star is rather disappointing this month because there are so many essays of a moralistic and abstract tone in it. The essays on "Experience" and "Kindness" and "Woman" are well written, and probably all that is said in each of them is true; but such subjects are better for a periodical like Success than for a magazine representing a literary college. Bright bits of conversation like that in "If Horses Could Talk," or a beautiful allegory like "A Dream Within a Dream," are so much better for a college magazine than essays that remind us that life is all serious. Some good, strong essays on literary subjects and a few bright little stories would raise the standard of the *Star* immensely. The editorial on "The Crum Affair" is one of the best that we have seen in any college journal, and in fact all the departments are well edited, especially the art department.

The criticism we would offer to the *Central Collegian* is that the literary department of the magazine is filled up with orations entirely. There is not a poem or a piece of fiction in the whole magazine. We have nothing to say in depreciation of the orations, for they are good. But we do want to say that orations as a rule are better when delivered in society halls than when published in a college magazine, and that it is a rare thing for a young college student to write an oration worthy of being printed in a literary magazine. Let the college journal represent the best thought and the best literary, not oratorical, efforts of the student body. Another criticism which we think the editors of the *Collegian* need is that of running the departments of the magazine into one another. The general appearance of the magazine would be improved a great deal if every department were begun at the top of a new page.

We acknowedge the receipt of the following magazines: *Roanoke Collegian, The Chisel, The Vassar Miscellany, The Hendrix College Mirror, Trinity Archive, The Howard Collegian, The Baylor Literary, The Emery and Henry Era, Central University Cento, The University of Virginia Magazine, The University of North Carolina Magazine, College Topics, The University of Texas Magazine, The Criterion, The Georgia Tech, The College of Charleston Magazine, Buff and Blue, Pine and Thistle.*

CLIPPINGS.

He sent his boy to college,
And now he cries: "Alack!"
He spent ten thousand dollars
And got a quarter-back.—*Ex.*

SELECTED CRITICISM—POE'S "RAVEN."

If the lamp was on the table and the Raven o'er the door,
It must have been a crooked shadow that was cast upon the floor.

ODE TO AKER.

There is a young man with a nose
As big as a barrel of clothes,
And the oftener he
Goes out on a spree
The greater its magnitude grows.
—*Central Collegian.*

I.

We sat in a hammock,
Her Mama was by;
We sat in a hammock,
Sweetheart and I.

II.

We sat in a hammock,
No Mama was by;
We sat in a hammock,
Sweetheart
and I. —*Roanoke Collegian.*

A FULL EDITION.

May I print a kiss on your lips? I said,
And she nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press, and I rather guess
We printed a full edition.—*I. Harvard.*

SUE AND I—AND CUPID.

(A Frivolet.)

We three hung the mistletoe,
Sue and I—and Cupid.
When the lights were burning low,
We three hung the mistletoe.
I begged a k— Cupid wouldn't go.
"Why she's blind—you stupid!"
We three hung the mistletoe,
Sue and I—and Cupid.
—*L. Rutledge Whipple, in U. of V. Magazine.*

FOUR EPITAPHS.

"Deep wisdom—swelled head
Brain fever—he's dead
A Senior."

"False fair one—hope fled
Heart broken—he's dead
A Junior."

"Went skating—'tis said
Floor hit him—he's dead
A Sophomore."

"Milk famine—not fed
Starvation—he's dead
A Freshman."—*Ex.*

NAN.

There once was a man from Nantucket,
Who kept all his cash in a bucket.
But his daughter named Nan,
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.
—*Princeton Tiger.*

But he followed the pair to Pawtucket,
The man and the girl with the bucket,
And he said to the man
He was welcome to Nan,
But as for the bucket, Pawtucket.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

ABNER C. GENTRY, Editor.

'96. W. P. Exum, Jr., is practicing medicine at Salisbury, N. C.

'89-'91. Rev. R. A. Hedgepeth has accepted a call to a field at Forest City, N. C.

'93-'96. Dr. J. S. McGeachy has recently left Lumberton, N. C., for his new home in Tallahassee, Fla.

'96 Law. I. M. Meekins' appointment as Postmaster at Elizabeth City has been confirmed by the U. S. Senate.

'37-'40. The many friends of Dr. T. E. Skinner offer their sympathy in the loss of his wife, who died February 18th.

'96. We are glad to note that Mr. J. H. Gore had a prominent part in obtaining a gift of $25,000 from Mr. Carnegie for a library at Wilmington.

'94. J. E. Yates, in a recent letter to the *Biblical Recorder*, writes of his work in the Philippine Islands. He is now chaplain for a regiment stationed there.

'82-'85. Rev. P. S. C. Davis has resigned the pastorate of Warwick's Chapel, much to the regret of the church. He has accepted a call to South Norfolk, Virginia.

'83-'84. Dr. J. P. Hanly of Paris, Texas, has been prosperous in his profession and is part owner of a large hospital of that city. He has promised an article for the STUDENT.

'83. "The Leopard's Spots," by Thomas Dixon, Jr., has reached 94,000 copies and is selling faster than ever. The book is a faithful presentation of the race problem in the South.

'85-'90. Mr. Needham P. Mangum of Wake Forest, left yesterday for South McAllister, Indian Territory, to practice his profession. Mr. Mangum is a graduate of the law department of Wake Forest College and is well known by almost every student who has attended Wake Forest in the last ten years. They will all join the News and Observer in wishing Mr. Mangum much success in his new field.—*News and Observer.*

'66-'67. Mr. W. O. Allen, well known in many places in North Carolina, has been put in charge of the Baptist Book Store at Raleigh. He is an experienced merchant, and we are confident that he will build up the store.

'94. Rev. J. J. Payseur, formerly the pastor of the Brooklyn church, has established a High School at Atkinson, a village on the railroad leading from Wilmington to Fayetteville. The school is in a flourishing condition, and no doubt it will be made an Associational School soon.

'71. Rev. H. A. Brown is beginning his twenty-sixth year with his church at Winston, N. C. He has spent a quarter of a century laboring successfully as their pastor. In recognition of his work as pastor and citizen, the Masons of Winston-Salem presented him with a watch some time ago.

'93. Rev. R. W. Weaver in writing to the *Biblical Recorder* states that his church, the First Baptist Church of Middleton, Ohio, ranks twelfth in members and in financial strength among the Baptist churches of Ohio, but in mission work performed stands fourth or fifth. The church honored its pastor by increasing his salary, and during the past two years have been raising thirty thousand dollars for a new building to be erected in the spring.

'86. Rev. J. O. Alderman has recently entered upon his work in East Durham. This is one of the most important pastorates in the State, and pastor Alderman has begun under very favorable conditions. Notwithstanding the weather large crowds have greeted him every time. There were six additions to the church, and more than half the pledge for State Missions was raised at his first meeting.

'93. A correspondent to the *Biblical Recorder* says of Evangelist Porter: "Rev. S. J. Porter has just closed a meeting in my Rowland church which has resulted in several additions to the membership and a spiritual uplift to the entire town and community. This gifted brother is destined for a great work somewhere. His growing pulpit power, his clear insight into gospel truth and aptness of illustration, his lovable disposition and burning zeal for souls all fit him for the masses, whom he is bound to reach from some great centre."

The Henderson *Gold Leaf* also speaks of him: "Rev. S. J. Porter, of Fayetteville, preached in the Henderson Baptist Church last Sunday morning and night. Both efforts were good ones and stamped him as a preacher of unusual ability and power. This was the first time Mr. Porter had been heard in Henderson and the impression made was a fine one. His sermon in the morning was the subject of much favorable comment, but the one at night far surpassed it. In thought, diction and delivery it measured up to a high standard, many prominent critics pronouncing it great—one of the finest pulpit efforts they ever heard."

'80-'82. Rev. C. P. McGougan, who had expected to return to his native State with his family to live, was offered a school and changed his mind at the last hour and accepted it. So he will remain in Georgia for the present at least.

'90. Rev. Hight C. Moore, who has been at New Bern for nearly five years, took charge at Chapel Hill, N. C., March 1st. The *Biblical Recorder* says of the change: "Rev. Hight C. Moore has accepted the call to Chapel Hill. His pastorate at New Bern covers a period of five years, during which the church has grown steadily. His departure will be a blow to our work in all that section. He is peculiarly adapted to the pastorate of our church under the shadow of the University. He is a young man's man, and besides a man who is worthy of a scholarly environment. Chapel Hill and the University and Mr. Moore are to be congratulated."

The Cary High School, under Professors Middleton ('89) and Sams (97), is reaching high-tide in point of patronage and success. They now have an enrollment of 160, which does not take in the local patronage of the common public school, which also has about 100 in attendance. Last year there were eleven at Wake Forest from this school, five of the graduating class being of the number. It is an ideal place for a school, high and healthy, and the community all that could be desired in point of morals. While not denominational, yet it is run by two first-class Baptists. The school seems to be the pride of the town, the entire community feeling a deep interest in its success.—*N. C. Baptist.*

'79. Rev. G. P. Hamrick writing to the *S. C. Baptist*, says of his work: "My work last year at Clifton and Glendale was very pleasant. It was a pleasure to labor with a people so good, genial and sympathetic. The Lord blessed us abundantly in giving us revivals at each of the churches. I had the privilege of baptizing nearly one hundred converts in the field. Besides those who were baptized, many joined by letter and some were restored. I have resigned the work at Clifton and the church has called Bro. A. McA. Pittman ('77), my old school mate at Wake Forest College and your editor. Now we can expect great things from Bro. Pittman and the Clifton field.

'92. The good people all over the State seem to be in earnest about the temperance movement, but no one is more enthusiastic than W. R. Bradshaw, who spent some time in Raleigh upholding the cause before the committee. He was successful in getting a bill pertaining to his own county through, although his Representatives were opposed to it. The *News and Observer* says of him: "Rev. W. R. Bradshaw, a young Baptist minister, of Wilkes, made an impassioned, fervent appeal to the committee to give his county prohibition. As to the claim, he said, that it would hurt Wilkes politically, he would say that the leading Democrats were the very ones that wanted it most. It was when he spoke of the material good the measure would do the county that he grew dramatically earnest in his plea."

Hon. Erastus B. Jones, who was elected last year to a Superior Court Judgeship from the Eleventh district, was born near Bethania, in Forsyth county. He was graduated from Wake Forest College in 1878, and read law under the late Thomas J. Wilson, of Winston, and under Dick & Dillard, of Greensboro. He received his license to practice law in 1880, and in June of that year located in Alexander county. In 1884 he was elected to the Legislature from Alexander county.

In April, 1890, he formed a law partnership with the late R. B. Kerner and returned to his native county, locating in Winston. In 1892 he was elected to the State Senate from the Twenty-sixth District, composed of the counties of Forsyth, Rowan and Davidson. He was made chairman of the Judiciary Committee of that body, and sustained his reputation for conservatism and ability.

After the death of Mr. Kerner, Judge Jones formed a law partnership with Mr. Lindsay Patterson, under the firm name of Jones & Patterson.

In 1894 he declined a renomination for the Senate at the request of leading members of his party, and ran for the House. He, with nearly all other Democrats, was defeated.

In 1898 Judge Jones was a candidate for Solicitor in a district that in the previous election had given a Republican majority of 3,438. The fact that Judge Jones was defeated by a majority of only 55 votes tells of victory and strength that he has a right to be proud of. Twice Judge Jones has been a delegate to the National Democratic Convention. His nomination for his present office was rather unexpected. He had been a candidate for Solicitor, but showed wonderful strength in the convention which lifted him out of his candidacy for the minor office and practically made him judge.

Judge Jones' vote in the last election shows his great popularity. He received 140 votes in excess of any other State candidate and was more than 300 votes ahead of every other candidate except Judge W. R. Allen, who ran 142 votes behind Judge Jones.

Judge Jones is a most courteous gentleman; a strong man and a clear-headed, able jurist.—*Charlotte Observer.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

E. J. SHERWOOD, Editor.

How late is the train?

Miss Dosia Scott was the guest of Miss Mattie Gill during anniversary.

Anniversary and no snow! What's the matter with the weather man? He's all right!

Mrs. S. W. Brewer and daughter Lula, of Raleigh, were the guests of Dr. Brewer during Anniversary.

Miss Rhett Leach, of High Point, made a short visit to her friend, Miss Lizzie Allen, early in February.

The manager of the ball team wishes to inform the public that he is offering a reward for a "Welsh Rarebit."

Miss Cad Hervey, of Raleigh, spent a few days on the Hill during Anniversary, the guest of Miss Mary Purefoy.

Miss Mary Triplett, of Markham, Va., recently spent a few weeks on the Hill, visiting at the home of Prof. Lake.

Mr. F. P. Powers and wife, of Wallace, returned to their home February 22nd, after a short visit to his brother, Dr. J. B. Powers.

The "rambling" on the Campus on Anniversary night would have put the "rambler" to shame. "Oh! didn't they ramble?"

Miss Eula Newsome, after spending a few days with the family of Mr. W. W. Holding, returned to her home at Littleton, February 21st.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY, E. G. Wilson, of the State Y. M. C. A., was on the Hill early in February in the interest of the State meeting at Winston.

MR. W. C. BIVENS has been elected Business Manager of the STUDENT for the ensuing year, to succeed Mr. E. S. Green, Jr., whose term expires with the March number.

MISSES KATE BAGLEY, of Scotland Neck, Mary Lou Josey, and the Misses Futrell, of the Baptist Female University, spent a few days during Anniversary, the guests of Dr. C. E. Brewer.

AT THE regular meeting of the Wake Forest Missionary Society, the second Sunday night in February, Dr. J. D. Hufham, of Henderson, gave a very instructive address on the subject, "The Pastor as an Evangelist."

TRULY IT SEEMS that "what's everybody's business is nobody's business." Several college-spirited students have endeavored to organize a Glee Club, but a lack of interest on the part of the student body has discouraged them, consequently nothing has been done. Whoop it up, boys. We have the material.

THE MOST recent addition to the conveniences of the town is the new mail stand erected near the depot. Hereafter we will receive night mail, and instead of waiting an hour or so at noon for the mail distribution, the "dailies," both of newspapers and billetsdoux, can be had early in the morning. To whom are thanks due? To the wisest man of ancient times and the chief justice of modern.

OUR LITERARY SOCIETIES, prompted by a desire to encourage interest in all organizations of the College, employed our local amateur band to furnish music for

Anniversary. The members of the band expended every effort to render a good program for that occasion, and every one who heard them will bear us out in saying that they succeeded well. The proceeds will be used for the further equipment of the band.

MISSES HAMMOND and Williams, instructors in voice and music, respectively, in the Baptist Female University, spent a few days on the Hill during Anniversary in the home of Prof. Poteat. Though it is their first visit, these young ladies have already won a host of friends in the college, and the STUDENT most cordially extends to them a standing invitation to Wake Forest, or as some one has expressed it, "come to some ball game and bring the girls!"

ON THE night of February 12th, Dr. William E. Hatcher, of Richmond, lectured before the Special Pastors' Class on the subject, "The Sovereignty of the Pastor." "Dr. Hatcher made a special plea for long pastorates and dwelt upon the sacredness and intimacy of the pastoral relation and upon the steps by which the pastor rises into the sovereignty of leadership of his people in all right activities." Next morning at the chapel exercises Dr. Hatcher made an inspiring address and appeal to the student body.

THREE CHEERS for the February Law Class! For the first time since the Supreme Court has instituted written examinations, the class sent up by Wake Forest has passed the examination *en masse*, as a result of which the following young attorneys are "at large" in the State: Messrs. P. S. Carlton, of Duplin, W. W. Rogers, of Hertford, R. C. Allen, of Bladen, H. L. Beckerdite, of Forsyth, J. H. Harwood, of Graham, and T. D. Maness, of Union. True the class was comparatively

small, but Prof. Gulley has long since learned the lesson of preparation rather than numbers. Each of these young attorneys are strong men and "learned" in the law, and they bid fair to make a record for themselves and their law school.

ON TUESDAY night after Anniversary, the members of our amateur band threw aside books and horns and assembled at the home of Dr. Brewer, where a delicious "spread" was prepared for them. Dr. Cooke acted as toast-master and each visitor responded appropriately. After the eatables had been disposed of, they repaired to the parlor, where music was furnished by different members of the party, and at eleven o'clock they disbanded, feeling better for having met. Don't you wish you belonged to the band?

PATRIOTISM AT Wake Forest is running high. On the evening of the 20th a large crowd assembled at the Wake Forest Academy to witness the celebration of Washington's birthday. Very appropriate recitations were rendered by the students, after which Dr. E. W. Sikes delivered a simple but instructive address on "Washington, the Man." Dr. Sikes treated his subject well, and in a way that could be appreciated by the entire audience. This is the first session of the school, but already over a hundred students have been enrolled, and under the leadership of Mrs. Blalock, with her corps of efficient teachers, the Wake Forest Academy bids fair to soon outstrip other schools of its size.

THE COMING of Mr. Walter H. Page to lecture is a notable event in the College year. It fell on the evening of February 24th. He showed his own wisdom and complimented his audience (which was as large as we have ever seen for such an occasion) by speaking out of

his wide and brilliantly successful experience as a publisher of books and magazine editor, on "The Making of Contemporaneous Literature." Mr. Page is a native of Wake county, N. C., and an alumnus of Randolph-Macon College. He has been editor of the *Forum* and of *The Atlantic Monthly*, whose failing fortunes he re-established, and is now editor of *The World's Work*, which he founded. He is a member of the publishing firm of Doubleday, Page & Co. Such a man could not but talk informingly and interestingly of the mechanical, business and personal side of the making of literature. The lecture was illuminated by the description of the methods of certain authors, as well as in other ways. It closed with the insistance upon the education of all the people as the foundation of literature. Mr. Page was the guest of Prof. Sledd.

WHEN VON HERMANN smiles all is well, and it was a goodly smile indeed which he bestowed upon us during the second week of February. Wake Forest had contracted with him for good weather, and for three days he sent us the very best he had in stock. With the beautiful weather came the women, more beautiful still, and the Sixty-eighth Anniversary at Wake Forest bade fair to outshine all its predecessors in both of the above lines. Friday afternoon at two-thirty o'clock, amid the blowing of horns, the marshals, clad in the gay paraphernalia of their office, proceeded to seat the immense audience. The long-expected Miss "Annie" had come, and the beauty and chivalry of the land were assembled to do her honor.

Mr. W. H. Stephenson, President of the debate, called the house to order, and Mr. W. A. Segraves, Secretary, read the query:

"*Resolved*, That, barring constitutional objections,

the deportation of the negro is desirable and feasible."

The debate was opened by Mr. T. A. Allen, of the Phi. Society, for the affirmative in a strong argumentative speech. Mr. E. M. Harris, Eu., was the first speaker on the negative. Mr. Wm. H. Whitehead, Eu., then came as second on the affirmative with a strong and convincing speech. The last speaker was Mr. Isaac N. Loftin, Phi., who closed the negative with a strong speech, punctuated with appropriate flights of oratory. The rejoinders of five minutes each were spirited, and the hits, which were many, were greeted with applause by the audience. At the conclusion of the debate, the committee, composed of His Excellency Governor Chas. B. Aycock, State Auditor Dixon, and Mr. Archibald Johnson, editor of *Charity and Children*, retired and, after much deliberation, returned, giving the palm of victory to the negative.

On the whole the debate was better than usual, due largely to a live question, carefully studied and well prepared, and the clever repartee of each of the debaters added much to the occasion.

In the evening the Memorial hall was filled with a large and brilliant audience, when at eight o'clock the orators were escorted to the rostrum by the marshals amid a roar of applause. Mr. Earl B. Fowler, of Wake, orator from the Phi. Society, was introduced by Mr. B. W. Parham, of Granville, and delivered a clear, thoughtful and well-written address on the subject, "America, The New-Born World-Power."

Mr. J. W. Whisnant, of Catawba, then introduced the orator of the Euzelian Society, Mr. W. Scott Privott, of Chowan, who made a strong and earnest "Plea for the Southern Child."

The marshals, assisted by Dr. Sikes, deserve special

mention for the way in which they managed the large and attentive audience.

After the orations, Mr. B. W. Parham, Chief Marshal from the Phi. Society, in a few well-chosen words, thanked the audience for their attention, and invited them to the Society halls, where an informal reception was held.

It is the boast of Wake Forest students that their society halls, on Anniversary and Commencement occasions, are graced by the most beautiful women of the State. We not only reiterate this boast as to the Sixty-eighth Anniversary, but even go so far as to say that never before has there been gathered together, even in these halls, such an assemblage of beauty as on the night of February 13th. Even before the orations were over, the halls were thronged with those who, on account of lack of room, had been denied the privilege of gaining entrance to Memorial Hall. And when the exercises had ended the crowd became so great that some thoughtful escort—long may he live—led the way to the Campus. Here, amid these historic retreats, the strollers—eager strollers—grew sentimental, and doubtless poured out the grief (?) of a pent-up soul to most attentive listeners. Not to be outdone, however, the classic haunts of the library received over and above their quota of the gay throng, and the volumes of encyclopediæ and history keep well the "good old story" as told by the stately Senior, the ardent Junior, or the incorrigible Sophomore.

A special from Raleigh at 6 p. m., including a contingent from the Baptist University, added hundreds to the already immense crowd. This train leaving at 12 o'clock, was the signal for a general break up, and the most successful occasion in the history of the College was at an end.

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"AFO' DE WAH."

JO PATTON.

O, de bright days dey am gone by,
An' de clouds am in de sky,
Fer dem times I'll allus sigh—
Afo' de wah.

We laughed en we sung froo de live long day,
En de winter time hit wuz jest lak May,
Ner we never had no tax ter pay,
Afo' de wah.

Dar wuz little Wash en Dinar,
An' dey mudder, Miss Catrinar,
Never wuz er gal what looked more finer,
Afo' de wah.

But she's done in Heaven long ergo,
She's er angel now, too, jest ez white ez snow,
Ner hit aint so mighty long twell I gwinter go,
As 'fo' de wah.

Fer my back am er gittin' bent,
En my strength am mighty nigh spent,
Strange, I'z never bin content,
Since 'fo' de wah.

But when I reach dat tuther sho',
En go shoutin' en er singin' froo de shinin' doah,
Den dis nigger's gwinter feel once mo',
Lak 'fo' de wah.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

B. T. FALLS.

In studying the history of our Drama, it is necessary that we have some conception of the Mystery and Miracle plays, and see how our national Drama has gradually emerged from them. In fact, the preface to any criticism on the Drama must not fail to take note of those medieval forms of art which are so important in their bearings upon the accomplished work of Shakespeare's age. These plays help to form an unbroken claim in the history of our Drama, the thread of which is traceable throughout.

However, the oldest extant play we have is a drama on Christ's Passion, called *Christos Paschon*, ascribed to Gregory, of Nazianno, in the fourth century. This play, as its name suggests, was a representation of the spirit of Greek tragedy, and professed to exhibit the sufferings of Christ upon the cross as those of Prometheus had been conveyed before an Attic audience. But it was impossible in this age of strife to treat this Christian history with literary freedom. The play is a series of monologues rather than a drama. It is ill-adapted to the stage, and owes its importance chiefly to the centos from Euripides, which it contains.

At this period the drama was becoming odious to the church. The bloody shows of Rome, which exposed the lusts and profligacy of the people, justified the masses in denouncing the stage. With the decline of classic culture and the triumph of dogmatic Christianity, the drama fell into the hands of an obscure and despised class. Players actually died out and gave place to

dancers and buffoonery who were excommunicated and denied the sacraments, and indulged in indecency and rivalry. While they did not hold a respectable place, they, nevertheless, held a prominent place as purveyors of amusement.

Bards and skolds held a high place in Teutonic society. The "Carmina Vagarum" and some of the satires of Walter Mapes are representative of the genius of these singers of the middle ages. The "ministeriales" or house servants of the aristocracy took the fairer name of minstrels.

Lyric poetry rose to a place of prominence through the romance nations. Taillifer, who led the van on Senlec field, tossed his sword into the air and sang Roland. Rhapsodies laid the foundation for imaginative and creative literature in their songs of Roland and Charlemagne. Thus, while these players of the middle ages contributed but little to the drama in the way of development, they helped to sow the seeds of modern lyrical and epical poetry, of satire, of novel and romance.

Hrotsmitha, a Benedictine nun of Gondershein, wrote six comedies in Latin for the entertainment of her sisterhood. She took Terence for her model, and dramatized the legendary history of Christian saints and confessors.

At this juncture came the Liturgical Drama, which was an attempt to illustrate Christian history and force dogmatic belief upon the unlettered laity. The parish priest supervised their performance in the church. He took his leman and placed her in the grave as an angel; a person played Christ with a banner in his hand; three virgins represented the Maries, who were controlled by Howleglas who played tricks upon his master, the parish

priest. These plays gave artistic shape to all reflections upon life, presented human destinies in their widest scope, incorporated medieval science, ethics, history, and politics; bringing abstractions before the eyes of a people who could not read.

The transition from the Liturgical Drama to the Mystery and Miracle was very simple. Though we do not know the exact date, indications point to the middle of the thirteenth century as the beginning point. The festival of Corpus Christi in 1264, probably gave impulse to their performance. The text was written by monks in Latin, and the name of "Ludus" given to all of them. As they became more popular, vernacular was substituted for Latin, and their scope was enlarged until it included nearly the whole of Christian history, the artistic form assuming different shapes for the various countries. In France the distinction was made between "Mystere" and Miracle, the former being scriptural, the latter from a legend of a saint.

One of the very earliest of these plays in modern language is "Mystère de la Résurrection" in the twelfth century. The various countries adopted names to indicate the nature of the play in their own language, the name Miracle originating in England. While the substance of the plays was the same, the mode of treatment became very different in the several countries. Successive episodes were selected to represent God's dealings with the human race in the Fall, the Deluge, the Antitypes of Christ, our Lord's birth, life, death, resurrection, ascension, and second advent.

The Miracles which have come down to us are Widkirk, Chester, and Coventry, so named from the places where they were performed. They are the outcome of

a slowly-developed evolution, rather than a primitive work of art. No author claims them for his own, but they are the work of a number of writers contributing to one harmonious whole. Those of Widkirk bear traces of the oldest origin, while those of Chester are certainly more recent. Take the following from the Chester, which presents singular richness by its thrice-repeated rhymes modeled upon French originals:

> "Alas! that I was woman wrought.
> Alas! why God made me of naught,
> And with His precious blood me bought,
> To work against His will?"

Soon, however, the church restrained the clergy from participating in their performance. Then it was that traveling companies began to present them, hiring the professional actors or "players of price." The object was to draw a crowd to the market place, and enliven their trade. The ancient customs were now being abused, and the plays finally passed entirely out of the hands of the clergy, as the result of the preachings of Wolsey and Bonner. So after this wise sprang the English Drama from the Liturgical, substituting Norman French for Latin, and English for Norman French, and engrafted on its art the feats and skill of trained players. It became very popular in the transition from the cloister to the market place, and the substituting of the mother tongue for a learned language. The various elements of the plays, such as satire, pathos, dealing with historic character on a large scale, the spectacular contrivances, became the germ of our own drama. With the blooming of the Renaissance the substantial fabric of the plays fell to pieces. The mythology and history of Christian faith retreated once more to the church. Humanity

was liberated and the playwrights dealt with man as the material for the emancipated art.

Miracles were exhibited on wooden scaffolds in churches, or moved about the streets on wooden wheels. The scaffolds sometimes contained several rooms or apartments, an upper room where they acted and a lower in which they dressed. These carts were called "pagina" in Latin, whence they derive the name "pageant." These pageants moved about in the town at fixed points where a portion of an act was performed, and then moved to give place to a second to complete the act with another scene. This process gave to them the name "processus" as well as "pagina." For scenes envolving movement, actors on the stage were associated with actors in the street. Messengers rode up on horseback, and Herod leaped forth from the stage to rage among the people. In this connection we have the phrase "out—Herod Herod."

The performance differed in the various countries. In Italy the scaffold had a number of rooms varying in size according to the requirements of the scenes, the Devil's abode being below. In Florence the play consisted with tableaux without speech.

It has been estimated that each play cost fifteen pence. At any rate we find such items as these:

Paid to the players for rehearsal—
Imprimis to God ---------- IIs VIIId
To Pilate his wife ---------- IIs
To Fauston for cock-crowing ---------- IIId
For mending Hell ---------- IId
For painting Hell-mouth ---------- IIId
For setting world on fire ---------- Vd

By these devices town trades were increased enormously, so they could well afford to bear the expenses of the actors. People of all kinds and creeds thronged

the streets to witness the performances, some climbing upon the house-tops, others crowding the doors and windows.

The windows and wooden galleries were hung with carpets and tapestry. The man who acted God wore a wig of gilded hair and had his face gilt; Christ wore a long sheepskin; the Devil appeared in orthodox costume of horns and tail, and with a fiery red beard to signify the place of flames which he bore; Judas Iscariot wore a similar wig. Paradise was represented by frames of wood and iron wire covered with wool and lighted with candles. In these frames sat the actors beautifully and gloriously arrayed. Hell-mouth was a vast pair of open jaws. Death appeared upon the scene with worm-eaten flesh and snake-enwrithed ribs.

Language in the Miracles barely clothed the ideas which were meant to be conveyed by the figured forms. But scenery and action rendered the bare poetry of the play imposing. The character of the spectacle was determined not by the poetical genius of the monk who wrote it, but by the unison forms and colors which prevailed throughout the edifice. The elements of the Miracles may be included in Pathos, Comic, Melodrama, Realistic, Satiric and Idyllic. Of tragedy we find but little. The Crucifixion and the Last Judgment, however, are eminently tragic. Pathos emerges into more artistic clearness. Some portions of the plays are foul-mouthed, which fact goes to show that the monk did not shrink from anything which would make his point impressive, and amuse the spectators. The most pathetic scene of all is the one in which Mary bewails the capture of Christ and relates how he is abused by the Roman soldiers. Her speech, too, when she is first intro-

duced at the feet of Christ, should be prized for its simplicity:

> As a cursed creature closed all in care,
> And as a wicked wretch all wrapped in woe,
> Of bliss was never no damsel so bare,
> As I myself that here now go.
> Mary Magdalen is my name,
> Now will I go to Christ Jesus;
> For He is the Lord of all virtue;
> And for some grace I think to sue,
> For of myself I have great shame.

Lastly I think we are safe in saying that the Medieval Miracle bequeathed to the Elizabethan playwright some well-defined dramatic characters and situations, and a widely-diffused intelligence of dramatic customs and conventions in the nation. The Miracles rendered a national theatre possible, and saved it from becoming a plaything for the court. By means of these plays the dramatic education of the people was prolonged without intermission from the one period into the other.

HUNTING A HUSBAND.

BY ROBERT R. FLEMING, JR.

In the old Pilgrim cemetery in Plymouth known as Burial Hill, there is a guide known as John Simmons. His greatest pride is that cemetery. He is jealous for its very fame; indeed he lives for it. His one desire is to make a deep impression of the place upon every visitor.

In this endeavor Mr. Simmons goes beyond the resources of the cemetery and brings in old fables and gossip, which are meant to impress the visitor with the sacredness and greatness of that hallowed spot. He tells people, especially women, marvelous stories connected with certain objects in the cemetery. Standing by some tomb-stone he will quote some awe-inspiring verse or repeat some weird epitaph, while those listening think he is repeating the inscription on the stone and pass on believing the words are true.

As I say, Mr. Simmons has been the guardian of the cemetery for years. Yet even now few know he has thus deluded the people. The managers have employed another guide, but our old friend still appears every day upon that spot more sacred to him than his home or even the graveyard of his wife and mother. He still helps to receive the visitors and glories in the fact that he knows the cemetery better than any other man living.

There is one rather amusing anecdote that was originated by him. It is this: On the site of the old Pilgrim fort is now erected a small marble slab. Mr. Simmons used to tell the women that if an unmarried lady sat upon that slab she would marry within a year. The fame

of that stone spread over the State like the advance of summer, and women came from far and near to sit upon it. Girls, young ladies, old maids, and widows alike believed in the virtue of that stone. They seemed to think that in that piece of marble lay the healing of the nations.

Now, there lived in Quincy, Massachusetts, a spinster named Susan O'Hagan. She was nearing her fiftieth year when one evening her little niece told her about this famous slab.

"Before the Lord, I'm a goin'," said Miss Susan when the little girl had finished her story; but after reflection she saw no way of getting to Plymouth. It was too far to walk and she had spent all of her last week's earnings. Yet she had prayed faithfully for a husband, lo, these many years; surely the Lord would not desert her in this her first chance to get one.

"Child, how can I git there? I payed Mr. Johnson my last cent this morning," she said to the little girl.

"Can't you sell Jimmy, Aunty?" inquired the niece. Jimmy was a pig which Miss Susan's brother had given her sometime before.

"Whom can I sell him to?" asked the old lady eagerly.

"I heard Mr. Gorden say he wanted him; you could sell Jimmy to him," the child answered.

"I'm a goin' to try that to-morrow morning soon," was the triumphant reply. Then the old lady set to work to get ready to go to Plymouth the next day. She tried on her old black satin dress, darned a hole in the sleeve and laid it aside ready for use. She found her prettiest handkerchief and her Sunday apron. Her bonnet needed no repairs. She had some new shoes and

some striped stockings. After arranging everything with old-maidish care and petitioning the Lord's help in getting to Plymouth, she lay down to rest.

Her dreams were pleasant. She saw the rich man in his palace and the organ-grinder on the street. Each in turn was her ideal. In the ecstasy of her dreams, her only desire was a man.

Miss Susan rose early the next morning and led her pig away to Mr. Gorden's.

"Mr. Gorden, don't you want to buy Jimmy?" she anxiously asked.

"Why, are you going to sell your pig? How much do you want for him?" asked Mr. Gorden somewhat surprised that she should part with her only pet.

"I want enough to carry me to Plymouth," answered Miss Susan, not thinking she would need to come back.

"Why, Miss Susan, you going to Plymouth!" said Mr. Gorden, "I never knew you to leave Quincy. What are you going to Plymouth for?"

"Something tells me I ought to go, and I want to go to-day," was the emphatic answer.

"Well, I'll give you three dollars for your pig," said he, not wishing to question her further.

"Will that carry me to Plymouth?"

"Yes, and bring you back, too."

Miss Susan took the money and hastened to the station, where she found the Plymouth train just ready to leave. During the short ride, which seemed long to her, she noted every man in the car, any of whom she thought would suit her, though they all looked like married men. She wondered if she was to be the bride of one of these. While her mind was thus dwelling upon thoughts of man and matrimony, the train reached Plymouth.

"Do you know where that stone is that makes you git married?" asked Miss Susan of a lady in the waiting room.

"No, I never heard of such a stone," immediately answered the lady.

"There's a tombstone in the cemetery here that'll make you git married if you set on it," explained Miss Susan.

"Oh! yes, I remember now," replied the lady, for she too had heard of that stone. "You are thinking of a marble slab on the site of the first fort. It is on Burial Hill."

"Well hain't you never set on it?" the spinster said.

"No I'm already married, but you'll find it in the cemetery. Take this street."

Miss Susan went on toward the cemetery, inquiring the way of others whom she met. Her strength was almost exhausted when she reached Burial Hill, for it was a long walk and her new shoes were tight. She climbed the long hill unaided. There were seats by the way, but she did not stop to rest. She felt she must be near that magic stone upon which might be found not only rest for her weary limbs, but also a cure for that time-worn longing within her bosom. At last she found the old guide, who, much pleased, led her to the slab.

"Thank the Lord," sighed the old lady as she seated herself there, for hers was true happiness.

Mr. Simmons began in his usual manner to tell of other things of interest in the cemetery, but they had no charm for her.

"I come here to sit on this stone," she replied when Mr. Simmons wished to show her the Lebanon Monument.

"Well, madam, you've sat upon that," insisted he.

"How long ought I to sit here?" she asked.

"Why, you've already sat there longer than most ladies do," he answered, much amused; "you'll have no trouble in getting married now."

"Well, I've had an uncommon hard time of it so far, and I don't want to run any risk," said the old lady rather doubtingly, "I believe I'll sit here awhile longer."

"But I'm sure you've sat there long enough, madam," he continued, still hoping to show her through the cemetery, "you'll certainly have no trouble in getting a husband now."

"How long will it be before I'll be married?"

"Very soon, I'm sure, madam; I don't see why you haven't long before now," answered Mr. Simmons, wishing to flatter her.

"I would have been if I had known this stone was here," replied the old lady regretfully.

He, so full of laughter that he could hardly contain himself, turned away and left her.

After resting awhile, Miss Susan walked among the tombstones and monuments until she came up with the guide again. Mr. Simmons inspired her with still brighter hopes by telling her that all who had sat upon that stone had married well and lived in happiness. Exulting in the pleasures of expectation, she went her way.

Several years have passed since then, but Miss Susan O'Hagan has never married. Disappointed and broken-hearted, the old lady has lived until recently, when she was apprised of the fact that she failed to sit with her face to the east, which was one of the requirements. She is now making preparations to go again. It is to be hoped that her efforts this time will be more successful.

next few minutes by misinterpreting his meaning or by heartlessly interrupting him, as he was becoming tender and eloquent, to ask a question totally irrelevant to Cupid and Cupid's; he recalled how he determined to count ten or wait until he had passed the next street lamp and then begin where she had so abruptly interrupted him, but many tens were counted, a dozen or two lights passed, until finally her home was reached and the three little words, eight letters in all, were yet unspoken; he also remembered how as she was taking off her hat and cloak he seated himself at the piano and began playing that same piece of music. She seemed impressed with its melody and came and stood by him. He played on without raising his eyes until he neared the climax, and then, not able to keep silent longer, he stopped abruptly and turning to Dallas and said gently yet with intense firmness, "*Dallas, I love you.*" He remembered how she looked down into his face, a strand of her golden hair fallen across her white forehead, her soft hazel eyes quivering under his ardent gaze and trying to hide their burning love behind their long dark lashes, as she softly, very softly, replied, "You've been a long time telling me."

Ralph was recalled from his happy dreaming by hearing a soft step coming down the stairs; a rustling of skirts was heard and Ralph with happy face and outstretched hand approached the parlor door. He was met by the landlady with "Miss Ryerson is sorry, but she is too unwell to see anyone to-night."

The next day was Sunday, and with it a continuous downpour of rain. Ralph was a little surprised at seeing Dallas out at church, but it was a pleasant surprise, for it assured him of seeing her that night. He wrote

her a note asking for an engagement. The reply was short and icy, wholly unlike the Dallas whom he used to know. "Sorry, but have an engagement," was the way it read.

Sunday night came and Ralph had not yet spoken to Dallas. In spite of the fact that she had an engagement with someone else, he could not resist the delightful temptation to drop in a while after church. He did not stay long, however, for Dallas, much to his surprise, let him understand well that she was not the same Dallas that she was before Christmas, or even as when she wrote to him last. Ralph could not understand the change. He knew that it was a woman's undisputed right to change her mind, but as he had done nothing to offend her, he did not see why she should take advantage of her right. Ralph quickly saw that she cared not for his company and he left mystified and hurt.

The week rolled by. Dallas avoided Ralph as much as possible, and when forced to meet on the campus or in the recitation room, she always bowed coldly and spoke in cutting tones. Ralph asked again and again for interviews. These were always denied. She had some important work to do just at that time, but Ralph noticed that she always took care to walk by his room with some other boy just when she said that she must be at work. Ralph became distressed at her treatment, but suffered in silence. He was even mute to the inquiries of his room-mate who had noticed Dallas' change. Ralph racked his brain trying to find some solution to the transformation that had taken place in Dallas, but in vain. As a last resort he handed her a slip of paper on Friday morning. Only a few words were written on it: "Please let me see you for a short

while this afternoon. I shall not trouble you again.—'1, 2, 3, 4.'" This signature was a favorite one of Ralph's. He thought it a pretty way of ending a note and telling his love at the same time. He knew that at the sight of the four figures she would be bound to think of former days, and he hoped that the memory might renew her past regard for him. She denied his request, however, with the same old excuse, "I have some work to do."

Ralph swore that that would be his last attempt to speak with her, but the consciousness that he had done her no wrong urged him on, and Friday night found him on the porch of her boarding-house. He saw her alone in the parlor, and without knocking, he entered. At last he would have an explanation of her actions. He at once went to the heart of his subject. Speaking in gentle, unreproaching tones, he told her how her harsh treatment had made him suffer. He told her that he had considered her his best friend; that he believed both had enjoyed the evenings spent together, the long walks taken together in the fall when their friendship was sweet; he told her that it was of course her prerogative to sever their relations whenever she saw fit, but she had done so apparently without cause, and that he did not think it just to himself for her not to give him some reason. He told her that he was never happier than when he returned after Christmas, expecting her to be glad to see him, but that instead, her unaccountable coolness and indifference had caused him untold misery, and that he had almost become crazy trying to imagine what could be the matter. He ended by asking her, since they were no longer to be friends, to please tell him what had made her lose her confidence in and respect for him. Her reply was unsatisfactory and full of

vagueness that amounted almost to foolishness. She said that she had been a foolish little girl, rather young, and that with the new year she had resolved not to care as much for any one as she had done for him. She said that she had cared too much for him, as was evident from the way he had talked about her; that a friend had told her that when he (Ralph) was in a crowd he took delight in telling how crazy she was over him. This was all the explanation that Ralph could get from her. She appeared wholly indifferent and would not even believe the statement of her friend false, although Ralph swore that he had never spoken of her except in the highest terms. He left her, not angry, but filled with a dry sorrow. His last words were noble, coming from the true heart of a manly man. "Dallas, you are unknowingly doing me wrong on account of what I do not know, but I shall continue to love you, hoping that the mysterious barrier that has come between us may be soon broken down. If it is not, then, I shall still love you and only think of you as I knew you before the change. As for the 'friend' that has basely lied about me, I shall try to forgive him, for I suppose that all is fair in love and war. Good-night; don't forget me entirely."

* * * * * *

The storm was still raging without, but Ralph sat silent, undisturbed. He had recalled his whole, short and first love affair, and although he was dead to her, he was still in love with her, and the memory of their former love. "I wish," he thought, "that she did love me now. How strange it is that one so readily believes what is said of a frieud. She said that absence makes the heart grow fonder. Yes, I believe it—always for some one else, though." Ralph was disturbed from his

revery by a sensation of cold passing over his body. The fire had gone down and the room was dark. Leaning forward in his chair, Ralph gently and reverently placed the old letters on the glowing coals. They blazed up, lighting the room, and filling it with fantastic shapes that seemed to mock at Ralph in his loneliness. The laughter of the wind through the key-hole wailed the disappointing strains of Ralph's piece of music. With face buried in his hands, Ralph sat motionless until the last letter was only a charred piece of paper. The shadows were gone again, leaving the room in darkness, and Ralph with his thoughts lost in the soft shades of memory aroused himself by murmuring, "Yes, I love her."

February 24, 1903.

BROWNING AS A MONOLOGUIST.

BY C. P. WEAVER.

It is a curious yet remarkable fact that men of genius come not singly but in assemblages. The early years of the past century saw quite a coterie of such men: Mendelssohn, Chopin, Shumann, Liszt, and Wagner in the world of music; Sir Henry Raeburn, William Black, Flaxman, Canova, Thorwaldsen, Crone, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Constable, Sir David Wilkie, in the realm of art; Thackeray, Dickens, Elizabeth Barrett, Tennyson and Browning in the world of letters. But of them all the most composite genius is Browning, for in his nature he combined the musician, the artist, and the poet.

The aim of Browning is one with that of Shakespeare: the interpretation of the human heart; they differ alone in their methods of achievement. The latter fulfills his aim by a broad synthesis based upon vivid observance and selection of vital details; the former by a striking psychic analysis. The dramatist deals with human action; the monologuist with human thought.

And pursuant to this end Browning becomes cosmopolitan. A sympathetic critic remarked: "his stage is not the visible phenomenal England, (or elsewhere) of history; it is a point in the spiritual universe, where naked souls meet and wrestle, as they play the great game of life, for counters, the true value of which can only be realized in the bullion of a higher life than this."

In addition to the human element in Browning he possessed the rare power of interpreting that nature wherever and whenever he found it. He is equally the

true artist in depicting the unbridled jealousy and treachery of the middle ages in the "*Laboratory*," or the quiet calm of the sweet-voiced "*David*" as he drew the madness from the tortured soul of "Saul"; the patient resignation of the disappointed lover in the "Last Ride Together," or the hopeless devotion of "Andrea del Sarto" to his unworthy wife. He undertook to represent not only all types of humanity, but types taken from many ages and climes, and nowhere is this metaphysical analysis so preponderant as in the dramatic monologue.

The detailed care with which each figure is drawn demanded a wide knowledge of technicalities, such as is seen in "Karshish," the seeker after scientific truth; or "Cleon," the master artist admired by kings, or "Fra Lippo Lippi," the passionate Florentine painter. The ages which these monologues portray are also varied and extensive beginning with "Caliban upon Setebos," a stage scarcely one remove from the brute; then ascending the scale of culture we come to "Cleon," representative of Greek art in its glory; the "Epistle of Karshish," the Arab Physician just before the fall of Jerusalem; "Fra Lippo Lippi" in the spring-time of the Renaissance; "My Last Duchess" in the middle period; and "Andrea del Sarto" in the decline of the Renaissance. The other monologues admit of no ready classification as to time, save perhaps the "Laboratory," which belongs clearly to the Middle Ages. As to thought we would perhaps consider "Caliban," "Cleon" and "Karshish" as forming a theological group.

In the person of Caliban we meet again Shakespeare's familiar creation in the Tempest—the child of Mother Earth with all his animal propensities. It is a picture of the savage dealing with the profoundest of all subjects—God.

With an hour stolen from his tasks Caliban has crept into a damp cave and there embedded in the slimy ooze, he talks to himself about his god, Setebos, whom he loves only because he is more powerful, using in his conversation the third person lest his god in his wrath shall slay him for his boldness. He thinks Setebos dwells in the cold moon which he hates but cannot leave. He created all things save the stars;

> "Thinketh, He made thereat the sun, this isle,
> Trees and the fowls here, beast and creeping thing.
> Yon otter, sleek-wet, black, lithe as a leech;
> Yon awk, one fire-eye in a ball of foam,
> That floats and feeds; a certain badger brown,
> He hath watched hunt with that slant whitewedge eye
> By moonlight; and the pie with the long tongue
> That pricks deep into oakwarts for a worm,
> And says a plain word when she finds her prize,
> But will not eat the ants; the ants themselves
> That build a wall of seeds and settled stalks
> About their hole—He made all these and more.
> Made all we see, and us, in spite: how else?"

Caliban imagines the process to have been like his own when he had drunk the juice of fermented fruits "till maggots scamper through his brain" and throw him on his back, he makes for himself a bird of clay and sends it hurtling through the air. If its leg should pop off, Caliban would laugh; but if the bird should weep and beg him to repair the loss, if it pleased him he would make three new legs; but if it pleased him not he would pluck the other off. In this manner Setebos acts.

Setebos is envious because he himself is envious. But he consoles himself with the thought that even Setebos is not supreme, for the Quiet is over and above all. Caliban fears Setebos. He moans in the sun, and creeps

into dark holes to laugh, and never speaks his mind except in secret, lest Setebos may destroy him.

In the midst of his soliloquy the low rumble of thunder is heard. In a moment a destructive storm is upon him, and as its fury increases the mind of the savage becomes apprehensive and he

> "lieth flat and loveth Setebos:
> Maketh his teeth meet thro' his upper lip.
> Will let those quail fly, will not eat this month
> One little mess of whelks, so he may 'scape."

In "Cleon" the theology is of a higher and quite different type, though still pagan. Grecian culture has reached its summit and is on the verge of decline, and men are asking, "Is life itself worth living?" and, "If there is such a thing as perfection, when will it be attained?" It is in reply to such questions as these from the rich king Protus that we have the poem. Cleon, to whom his rich patron addresses himself, has reached the pinnacle of fame. He says:

> "In brief all arts are mine;
> Thus much the people know and recognize
> Throughout our seventeen islands.
> * * * * * * * *
> I have not chanted verse like Homer, no—
> Nor swept string like Terpander, no—nor carved
> And painted men like Phidias and his friend:
> I am not great as they are, point by point,
> But I have entered into sympathy
> With these four, summing these into one soul,
> Who, separate, ignored each other's art.
> Say, is it nothing that I know them all?"

And yet with all these achievements which give him an unimpeachable claim to honor by posterity when he is gone, he is not satisfied; for he realizes the transitory endurance of fame; another statue will take the place of

the one sacred to his memory, and he will be forgotten. Life is inadequate to joy.

> "And so a man can use but man's joy
> While he sees God's."

It is not the achievements of greatness which counts.

> "Yon rower, with the moulded muscles there,
> Lowering the sail, is nearer it than I.
> I can write love odes; thy fair slave's an ode
> I get to sing of love, when grown too gray
> For being loved: she turns to that young man,
> The muscles all a-ripple on his back."

So great is the horror of death for him that he even imagines there can exist a life beyond the grave. But no, perish the thought, Jove would have revealed it were such a thing possible. And so he closes—

> "Live long and happy, and in that thought die,
> Glad for what was! Farewell."

The last poem of the theological group is the "Epistle of Karshish, the Arab Physician," to his master. Karshish, "the picker-up of learning's crumbs," is traveling through Jericho, and meeting with Lazarus, he writes to his teacher of his strange experience.

The journey, typical of the precarious times previous to the capture of Jerusalem by the Romans, was fraught with many dangers. He was twice waylaid by thieves, once declared a spy, and once across his path:

> "A black lynx snarled and pricked a tufted ear,
> Lust of my blood inflamed his yellow balls;
> I cried and threw my staff and he was gone."

His scientific nature is aroused by a phenomenon which he stops to relate:

> "there's a spider here
> Weaves no web, watches on the ledge of tombs,
> Sprinkled with mottles on an ash-gray back."

Then follows the account of the meeting with Lazarus:

"I met him thus:
I crossed a ridge of short sharp broken hills
Like an old lion's cheek teeth. Out there came
A moon made like a face with certain spots
Multiform, manifold and menacing;
Then a wind rose behind me. So we met
In this old sleepy town at unaware,
The man and I."

He relates the story of Lazarus: a Syrian who has had catalepsy and went into a prolonged trance lasting the unprecedented length of three days, from which a learned leech, who was also a magician, brought him back by the simple word: Arise. The man himself claims that he was dead; but the wonderful part is that the man fifty years old sees and acts with the näive simplicity of a child. And then in characteristic style he asks:

"Whence has the man the balm that brightens all?"

Why did he not seek out the leech himself and learn his secret? That was impossible, for he is dead—killed in the popular tumult which followed his wonderful works. The man said he was cured of God who, taking on the human form, taught, healed, and even ate at his own house.

A wavering doubt of the real truth flashes through his brain and he asks:

"The very God! think Abib; dost thou think
So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying: 'Oh, heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine:
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who hast died for thee!'
The madman saith He said so: it is strange."

Taking a leap now of a dozen centuries we come to the Renaissance when art has turned its back upon angels and saints to the representation of men as they exist in life, and in this group of artists we find the wayward Fra Lippo Lippi. Before us is a picture of the fifteenth century Florence at night: the fortress-like palaces nestling in the dark; the armed watch pacing the deserted streets, and catching Fra Lippo Lippi roughly by the throat, and demanding a peremptory explanation of his presence at that unearthly hour on the streets.

With these introductory remarks we launch into the poem. Fra Lippo Lippi begins his story. He is a painter of Casino of the Medici, and for three weeks has been shut up in his mew painting saints. The serene night, however, has been too much for him. Three slim shapes slip by his window singing a rollicking ditty—a glance and the monk has vanished and the man appears; a moment later he has made a ladder of his bed-clothes and is out after them. It is as he is returning from this escapade that they hold him up and exact an account of him.

His history is one of extreme pathos. His parents died when he was yet an infant and he led the life of the Florentine gamin, living

> "On fig-skins, melon parings, rinds and shucks,
> Refuse and rubbish."

Until one day he is picked up and thrust in a convent. The change is desirable, for it means bread, and he renounces the world. The lad proves utterly worthless in books—instead of studying he

> "Drew men's faces on his copy-books."

The monks recognized his artistic talents and set him

to work decorating the cathedral walls, and so he says:

"First every sort of monk, the black and white,
I drew them, fat and lean: then folk at church,
From good old gossips waiting to confess
Their evils of barrel-droppings, candle-ends—
To the breathless fellow at the altar-foot,
Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting there
With the little children round him in a row
Of admiration half for his beard, and half
For that white anger of his victim's son
Shaking a fist at him with one fierce arm
Signing himself with the other because of Christ
* * * * * *
Till some poor girl, her apron o'er her head,
(Which the intense eyes looked through) came at eve
On tiptoe, said a word, dropped in a loaf,
Her pair of ear-rings and a bunch of flowers
(The brute took growling) prayed, and so was gone.
I painted all."

The monks stand in admiring groups around the work but the Prior is astounded. How now, what's this? Painting arms, legs, bodies like real life! You are to paint the souls of men. And so his work is effaced and he is set to work anew to paint souls. And so he has lived, wishing always to paint men true to life, but having to paint souls and saints for the church.

It is a true picture of the transitional period of Florentine history. A reaction against religion had taken place, and Fra Lippo Lippi is a type—breaking loose from the narrow ideals of the past, and painting and realizing

The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises—and God made it all!"

In "Andrea del Sarto" we have achieved that perfection in art vainly sought for by Fra Lippo Lippi, and which he felt would come. The poem lays down the principle that a true artist's soul must exceed his tech-

nical powers, and that in art "a man's reach should exceed his grasp." The critical element, however, is submerged in the fiercer emotions of human passion.

Again, as in "Fra Lippo Lippi," we have a picture of Florence, this time at night-fall. Andrea del Sarto and his wife sit in the gray evening twilight gazing on Fiesole,

> Sober, pleasant Fiesole.
> There's the bell clinking from the chapel top;
> That length of convent wall across the way
> Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
> The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease,
> And autumn grows, autumn in everything."

Lucrezia's hand rests in her husband's while he talks. He has loved her with a fatal love—a love which has dwarfed his genius and dishonored his profession.

The tragedy is touching. Andrea del Sarto is a master—a faultless painter—approaching Raphæl in excellence according to Michæl Angelo. But he loved—loved with the whole-souled ardor of a genius—a woman who loathed him because he loved so madly; who valued her husband only for the wealth with which he supplied her. He has abandoned the lucrative French Court, and for his wife's sake, broken his promise to return; he has squandered the money entrusted to him by the king; he has allowed his parents to starve. But his weak nature is servile to the woman. In the semi-darkness of the room he drinks in the beauty of her face; but he realizes that in a few moments she will leave him for the man she loves. And yet he feels the war-spirit rise in him—a desire to combat the inevitable. Perhaps in Heaven he will have one more chance to surpass Leonard, Raphæl and Agnola. But no—

> "still they overcome
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The Renaissance is in its glory when we reach "My Last Duchess." It is the story of the clash of two diametrically opposed temperaments: the gentle duchess on one hand loving all with whom she came in contact: the harsh duke whom nothing moved with compassion on the other. The Duke of Ferrara is showing the portrait of his wife—the last duchess—to the envoy of a nobleman with whom he intends entering into marriage relations. In his rugged manner he described the sweet disposition of the duchess.

"She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed. She liked whatever
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere."

His despotic nature affects an injured jealousy. He gave command and all smiles ceased; the flower could not withstand the hoar frosts; it withered and died.

The "Laboratory" is a delightful piece of realism, and thoroughly typical of the middle ages: the jealous woman, the poisonous drug, culminating in cruel revenge. A dense white smoke envelops the corridor, and peeping through the smoke of this 'devil's smithy' is the supplanted woman watching with nervous eagerness the gray-haired alchemist making the deadly drug. When it is prepared the heart of the little woman overflows with gratitude

"Now take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill;
You may kiss me, old man, on the mouth if you will;
But brush this dust off me, lest, horror it brings
Ere I know it—next moment I dance at the King's."

The remark of the French critic Saint Beuve made many years ago about Bousset can be repeated with equal aptness of Browning: "His is the Hebrew genius extended, fecundated by Christianity, and open to all

the acquisitions of the understanding, but retaining some degree of sovereign interdiction, and closing its vast horizon precisely where its light ceases." People are wont to criticize him for what they call his "musical incapacity," and while it is true that at times his verse is somewhat rugged it never lacks in strength and subtlety. As a poet he has been likened to Wagner in music. In whatever strain he played he unlocked the human heart and revealed to the world

"Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn."

DOWN FINCH'S BEND.

BY FRANCIS.

A flood of midday sunshine poured blistering hot into Sugar Creek Valley. The Little Richland, bending first one way, then the other, dwindled away like a ribbon of silver as the sun flashed upon its surface. Here and there cows stood knee-deep in the stream switching their tails and occasionally jingling their bells as they brushed off the buzzing insects. A few razor-backs lay almost covered in the mud which had settled in the quick bend of the creek. A grunt now and then and a clank of the cowbell were the only sounds that could be heard. The farmhouses sat for the most part at the foot of the ridge among the trees while the railway station stood out in the open space on the east side of the creek. The shabby little town straggled sleepily along the west side of the valley and up the western slope. Pitch oozed from the knots in the pine weather-boarding and an odor half acrid, half savory, rose from the lumber yard back of the station.

As one o'clock drew near, a stocky, square-shouldered man came out of the station, shaded his eyes with his hand and looked for a minute up the road where it curved around the enormous bluffs of Finch Mountain. Farther on rose the Balsam Mountains with dim outlines and hazy peaks. Toward these the Southern Railway twisted, rose, and fell, boring its way on to the rough country beyond.

Southward from Richland, the rails left the valley and could be seen glittering in the sun in the open spaces as they gradually lifted in a long grade around the side of

the mountains. The track followed a natural groove, a fat crease in the earth, aptly called Finch's Bend.

"There she comes!" exclaimed the young man on the station platform. "A little late to-day." He dropped his hand and went back into the station.

A few minutes later, as the freight train rumbled up to the station, he came out with a number of bills in his hand. The train seemed deserted. As he turned about to see the conductor, he was surprised to see a dusty looking fellow roll off the car and begin knocking the dust from his trousers with his old flopped hat. He was six feet seven, with shoulders like a Hercules, and enormous hands.

"That's the worst ride I ever tuck," he drawled. "Ridin' steers beats that. That thing was off and then on all down you hill."

By this time the engineer had finished oiling and was ready to pull out.

"Say, mister, one o' your trucks is off back here," shouted the huge youth with a confident air.

The agent stood astounded and turning to the youth, said: "Where did you come from? Is there any more like you?"

"Frum over on Big Creek. That's thirty miles off. We raise all kinds of things over there, an' pap he's bigger ner I am. We got done all the work and there's nothing to do but watch the ground-squirrels and keep them frum takin' up the terbacker. Didn't need me much and I'm out for a job for a week or two. Jist as I was about to cross the grade she cotch up with me and I piled on her and the men what staid in the hind end of the thing all got excited and jumped off. But I rid her down, I did. Say, reckon I could git a job firin' an

engine? If ye wants any proof of my ability, jist ax Dobbs Spait; he runs a store over on Big Creek an sells all kinds of hides to peddlers. Fur as the liftin' part goes, I am ready for ye. Pap's always goin' on at me and Tom fer putting the cow in the loft."

At that the engineer came up and there was some rough words used against the crew deserting their post. But when they saw the conductor and two salesmen coming down the road all hands fell to laughing.

"Well, boys, we must get her on again," said the engineer. "Jack, you pull ahead and I'll set the railing frog." The frog was fastened and the front trucks rolled on. When they attempted to rail the rear trucks the frog broke, leaving them in a fix.

"'Pears to me we might lift it on," said the big youth who had been looking on with keen interest.

A burst of laughter greeted his remark. The youth blushed, made an effort to reply, and finally started off toward the lumber yard. He brought back a huge spruce sill and thrust it under the car.

"Now, you fellers lift against me and we will have her on before you can count three," he said, and went to the opposite side of the car.

Grinning and confident they would make a spectacle of the boy, they placed themselves under the beam. Despite all their grunts and flushed faces, the car did not move.

"Heavens!" gasped the engineer, "are we four going to let that chap lift more than all of us?" Nevertheless, they all sank down and were willing to give it up as a hard job.

"Didn't think it was so heavy as that," he said, apologetically. "If ye will allow me, I will prize her up as I do stumps on the farm.

"Slack ahead," shouted the engineer, and the car rolled on.

The engineer grasped the youth by the hand and half sarcastically said: "Old boy, when I want any fighting done, I'll send for you."

"Never fit anybody," said the boy. "Don't believe in it."

"What's your name?" said the engineer.

"Gilbert Williams; most folks call me Gib."

"Well, Mr. Williams, you are the strongest man I have ever seen."

The train pulled out, leaving Gib standing by the track. When it rounded the curve and was out of sight, Gib stepped into the office and stood wrapped in amazement, especially wondering at the continual clicking of the keys.

"Well, I'd better not be fooling here any longer. Where do they keep the engiues they have on this road? Guess you'd give me a recommend now, wouldn't you?"

The agent looked at him in surprise.

"Why, I don't know you and haven't even met you before."

The youth dropped his head and remained so for sometime, as if in deep study. "Guess I had better git me a job round here till you find me out. Then you will give me one, won't you?"

The agent nodded his head and went on with his work.

Nothing more was seen of Gib for sometime, but in less than two days "Flat-car Gib" was a common saying among the people of the town and the goods-box gossips tell it even to-day.

Richland is not a place of much importance, but owing to the amount of traffic over the road, the company

had built quite an extensive switch, a round-house, and a turn-table. Much of the time the work-trains made their headquarters at Richland.

"Take a section crew and get to Huxley as soon as possible. Hurry, a special is coming and has already passed here."

This message flashed over the wires to Fitz, and without losing any time he rushed to the round-house, screaming to Gib, who was piling plank near by. Gib came running with excitement in his face. They threw a lever car on the track, gave it a push and began to work the levers with might and main.

"We've got to make time. There is a special after us," Fitz gasped between the strokes.

"They'll never ketch us," said Gib, making the car fairly leap.

In two minutes the big drops of perspiration were dripping from the agent's face. Gib shook his hat from his head. His eyes were shining and his hair flying. He thought of nothing but a "recommend," and he was putting forth all his energy for it. Up the road Fitz saw three car-loads of rock rounding the curves at a furious speed. Now they were lost in sight in the woods. In a few moments they would be upon him.

"Runaway cars!" shouted Fitz. "Stop the car; shove her the other way." Fitz pressed the brake with all his might, while Gib held onto the handle-bars with a death grip. The wheels slowed, hissed and stopped. "Now, for your life's sake, give it to her." Behind him were the three car-loads of rock, before him the special. "If we can get back to the station we are safe," Fitz exclaimed as he bobbed up and down.

In less than a minute they seemed to be almost flying.

Faster and faster they flew. They rounded the curves with only two wheels on the track. Gib threw all his strength into the spinning wheels. They had three miles to go and the velocity of the cars was increasing. The weeds and grass swept back in the dust they made and all the world seemed a whirling sheet. Gib's face glimmered up and down with his set lips and hair blown back. Fitz could see nothing clearly. If they should meet the special they would be killed, and if they delayed the cars would catch them.

As they rushed across the frog at the south end of the yard, the cars seemed not more than five hundred yards away. Fitz made a rush for the switch-key, and when he returned Gib was pounding away on the lock with a crowbar. The lock was broken and the switch turned only in time to send the great mass of rock bounding through the round-house into the gorge below.

In their excitement they had forgotten the hand-car, which was still on the main track. The special was shrieking, and its wheels flashing fire. Gib grasped the handles and sent it tumbling against the station, while Fitz was swinging on to him, yelling, "Come back! Come back! Hold! Hold on!"

The special was making a swift run, gathering momentum to carry it up Finch's Bend, and Huxley's engine, without any notice of the special, came rushing down the grade in pursuit of the runaway cars. By good luck the crews of both engines had seen the matter of the hand-car and the stone-laden cars plunge into the creek, and had brought their engines to a stand still a few yards apart.

After Fitz had explained matters, yielding most of the glory to Gib, old Tom Gordon said to the youth: "You

come down to Winston by the next train. There are men down there who will want to see you."

Fitz and Gib went down to Winston on the next train on special invitations from the superintendent. On their way down Gib turned to Fitz and said: "Guess you will give me a recommend now, won't you?"

None was needed. Gib now pulls the fast mail on the S. and W., while Fitz is train-master at Winston.

THE BLACKSMITH'S SON.

BY GEORGE E. KORNEGAY, JR.

Amos Jackson was a blacksmith. He and his family lived in a little log hut of one room, which did service as a kitchen, bed room, dining room, and for all other purposes. His earthly possessions consisted of a blacksmith shop, a yellow dog, and an old gray mule. His cabin nestled in the heart of the wild woods, in what is commonly called the back-woods district. His shop, however, was on the public road that leads to the famous Seven Springs. Here he earned many honest pennies from the travelers who sought the Springs for health; for he was the only man for miles around that could shoe a horse or repair a buggy. With the aid of his wife and little Joe he cultivated a small farm, but even with this he could hardly make a living.

Amos was very poor in worldly goods, but if children were wealth, then he had his share. All girls out of a baker's dozen but one, little Joe. He was a bright little fellow, blue eyed and golden haired, and thoughtful far beyond his years. His mother would often say: "He'll never be er blacksmith like his pappy." Joe was full of fun and was the sunshine of the household, ever ready to lend a helping haud and tireless in his efforts to make all around him happy. He had no toys or playmates, but he was happy. The birds all knew him and the woods were full of flowers and squirrels, who were the best of friends. His favorite amusement was making "picturs," as he called them. He had neither paint nor pencil, but with charcoal or the juice of berries he made many beautiful pictures of his companions, the birds and flowers.

One afternoon while he was at his father's shop a gentleman rode up. His horse had dropped a shoe and he wished to have him re-shod at once as a storm was gathering. While his father was shoeing the horse Joe was drawing the horse and rider on a board. The stranger who had been attracted by Joe's beautiful face watched him with keen interest. By the time his father had shod the horse Joe had finished his sketch. The stranger was astonished at the perfect likeness.

"Sir, did you know that child was a natural born artist?"

"If yers talkin' 'bout his pictur-makin' sir, I b'lieves de Lord 'tended him fer er pictur man, fer he kin draw anything he sots his eyes on."

"You ought to educate him, and some day you will be proud of him."

"Ez fer thet, I'se proud uv him now, but ter educate him I never kin. I has allers hearn it said, er nigger fer dogs and gourds an' po' white folks fer younguns, an it sho'am true. I does want ter give him some book larning, but thar's so many uv 'em, an 'sides he haster he'p wid de crop. I loves eve'y one uv 'em, an' de Lord knows I wants 'em edecated, but 'pears like I can't git er shillin' erhead. I wuks mighty hard, but luck is ergin me."

The stranger listened to the smith's story with a sad heart. At last a bright plan suggested itself for the boy's future. He who holds the Heavens in his hand was preparing the way.

"Well, sir, I will tell you what I will do. Give me the child and I will educate him. I have no children and I will be a father to him."

"O stranger, w'at'd yer say! Gin yer me chile? How kin I? I'se po' an' has many younguns, but dey is dear

ter me ez er king's is ter him. An' his po' mammy, I specks 'twould kill her ter part wid little Joe, fer he's her idol."

"But you should not think of yourselves, but the boy's future. You want him to be something better than an ordinary laborer. Give him to me, I am wealthy and can give him every advantage. Talk this matter over with your wife and one week from to-day I shall come for your answer. Let me urge upon you to think of this matter seriously. Remember it is your boy's future you are deciding."

"Mister, how kin I gin me chile away? Yer don't know how much I loves him. It'll sho' break his mammy's heart."

"Well, you think it over. This is a great chance for the lad." The stranger paid his bill and mounted his horse.

"What mout be yer name, stranger?"

"William Beckenridge. My home is in New York."

"Mister Beckenridge, I does thank yer fer offerin' ter he'p me boy, 'deed I does, an' I'll pray over it 'till yer comes ergin." With a smile on his handsome young face Colonel Beckenridge tipped his hat and rode away.

The smith's heart was heavy, but he pondered over the words "give me the child." His heart beat with a quickened bound as he thought of his child being a great man and his name written in books like Washington's. But fatherly love would rise and say: "No, I can't let him go." Then the words of the stranger would come into his mind: "Think of the child's future." "I mus' do it, I hates ter think he'll have ter wuk ez I does." The hot tears chased each other down his rough cheeks and he said in his heart:

"Stranger, I wish yer hadn't come dis way. I wuz happy, I hadn't thought erbout great things fer me chile. I does want him ter be er big man, but I hates ter part wid him. I'll tell his mammy, an w'at she says'll be right, fer she's got uncommon jedgment, an' wuz tended fer somethin' better than I has gin her."

As the sun sank low in the west he flung his ragged coat over his shoulder, picked up his dinner pail, called little Joe and started homeward, his dark brow shaded with sorrow. The sunset faded and the hill grew dim before he reached his cabin. With a heavier heart than ever before he entered his home.

It was a shabby-looking place, but inside were cheerful, loving children and a dear wife who had stood by his side for twenty winters, sharing alike his joys and sorrows. She noticed his sad face, something she had never seen before.

"I knows w'ats er troublin' him. He's thinkin' un me and de chilun. Things seems ter grow wusser eve'y day. But dear ole mammy uster say 'don't worry, de Lord'll take keer uv yer,' an I'll try ter b'leeve its so."

That night after the hymn was sung and the humble prayer said, the little ones were tucked away to rest. She kissed them all good-night and left them in their little beds. Returning to her husband, she threw her arms around his neck.

"Amos, w'at ails yer ter night? Tell it all ter me."

And with eyes brimming with tears he told her the story. A death-like pallor stole over her face and tears like rain-drops flowed from her eyes.

"O, Amos, how kin we part wid little Joe! He's de dearest one we's got."

It seemed to her that it would kill her, the thought of

parting. It was more than she could bear. He was her only son.

The wind moaned in dismal tones that night around the old log cabin. She was praying. She arose and went to the cot on which her dear one lay. She looked down on his sweet face and once more knelt in prayer by the silent little sleeper. She brushed the scalding tears away and with a sweet, submissive smile returned to her husband.

"Amos, kin we ter ease our aching hearts, keep him in poverty? No, Amos, we mus' let him go. Life 'll be hard ter bear widout his sweet face, but we mus' bear the pain, fer it 'll be fer his good."

The next day the mother called little Joe to her to tell him the story. But he said:

"Mammy, I hearn it all. Dear mammy, I does love yer, an' don't think I don't, but I does want ter go, jus' fer your sake. I kin learn ter make money an' yer won't have ter wuk any more. I kin buy yer er home an' make me sweet good mammy happy, an' yer won't have ter wear ole patched frocks. Yer kin wear fine frocks an' ride in er carriage. Mammy, do lemme go?" Even with his childhood eyes he saw the star of hope. The little fellow kissed his parents fondly and tried to drive away the look of pain. He did not know with every kiss and fond embrace it made the parting harder to endure and the cross heavier to bear.

The carriage was at the door waiting for the little boy. Joe took a seat by his foster father and as the carriage moved away he looked back at his loved ones and cried aloud, "O me, dear mammy, how kin I leave yer!" His mother did not hear his words. No one knew how he suffered save the angels keeping the record in the won-

derful book above. He thought to himself, "'T won't be long 'fo I kin come back an' we'll be so happy. I'll be er rich man." A smile played about his lips. "Yes, I'll be er rich man an' we kin have 'lasses cake an' biscuits eve'y day," and a mischievous twinkle was in his eyes as he thought of this great happiness.

Wonderful and strange sights he saw on his way to the great city. His brain was in a whirl. He had never been more than ten miles from his home, and everything was like a wild, wild dream. They stopped for supper in one of the large cities. "This way, my son, to the hotel." The little fellow had never heard of such a thing, and he thought he meant the bad place, and he drew back a little and said: "Less don't go there." Mr. Beckenridge, seeing he was frightened, gently grasped his hand and led him into a magnificent parlor lighted with many sparkling chandeliers. Its walls were decorated in white and gold. Joe was delighted.

"Father, dis aint hell; it's Heaven, aint it?"

"Why, my son, who said it was hell?"

"I thought yer said we wuz going there."

He took him into the dining room and while the waiter was putting little dishes around his plate he said: "Please don't put any more, I'll bus' myse'f wide open eatin' all dis good grub."

After many days of travel they reached Mr. Beckenridge's magnificent home. That night when he went to his room, he was astonished at its loveliness. He had never slept on a snow-white bed, and he was almost afraid to touch it for fear of soiling it. But he said:

"I'se had people laughin' at me all de way, now I'se gwinter make tend I'se been use ter 'em."

He pulled off his new suit that had been exchanged for his worn suit of jeans and hung them up as he had been taught to do at home. As he looked around at his beautiful room once more he thought, "I ought ter be happy, me new father is so good ter me." He got into the bed, but could not sleep. "O!" he said, "Ise fergot ter say me prayers," so he got up and said his little prayer as he had so often done at his mother's knee. Then he sang one verse of an old hymn his mother had taught him. Softly he crept back into his snow-white bed, and then the tears began to flow, for he was thinking of home and mother. Soft and low he sang the old hymn again. The song was heard by his father. He sat up in his bed and listened. Such a voice! "I have never heard its equal. It's like the music of a bird, and the hymn, I have heard that before. Yes, I remember now. My own sainted mother sang it when she was dying. Yes, those are the very words. 'Other refuge have I none,'" and the tears dimmed his eyes. "I am proud of that little fellow. How glad I am that I brought him with me. It is the first noble deed that I ever did," and he thought how true were the words of Gray:

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

"But this little flower, plucked from the wild woods, shall be seen and heard. He shall be famous in the world of music and art."

Mr. Beckenridge rose early the next morning, feeling happier than he had been for months. Happier than he had been since that green-eyed monster jealousy separated him from his only love. "Well, I must search for proper teachers for my boy. I know of no one that

could surpass her. Dare I write? But I will write, though she returns the letter."

The following morning his father carried him to school, and for the first time in years the lovers met and spoke. "This is my adopted son, Miss Benton." He left him in charge of her whom he loved better than life. Poor little Joe. His heart beat like a newly-imprisoned bird against his cage. How lonely he felt. No one spoke to him. The children would look at him and laugh and make some unkind remark. At last a fairy-like girl entered and joined the merry group. Her eyes fell on the lonely, homesick boy. She went up to him and said:

"How glad I am to meet you. My name is Nina," and with a smile extended her hand. "You have not told me your name." With trembling voice he answered:

"Joe."

"Now we must be good friends. Come sit with me until the teacher gives you a desk."

Joe soon forgot his fears. The little fairy had charmed him. She was doing her best to drive away the sad expression on his face, and her kind words were to Joe a song of joy.

Finally the teacher came up and asked what books he had studied. He bowed his head in shame. "I aint never studied none," and the tears rolled down his little pinched face. The teacher soothed him with kind words. "It does not make any difference, you will soon learn." She gave him a card with the alphabet written in large and small letters. After hearing some of the older pupils recite, she called Joe.

"Are you ready to say your lesson?"

He looked up at her with his beautiful eyes aud said:

"I don't know w'at de are."

A peal of laughter rang out through the room. Poor Joe, the tears once more rushed down his cheeks. He sobbed aloud:

"O, mammy, w'at shill I do?"

The sweet woman threw her arms around him and kissed him. "I will be your mother now. I will help you"; and she repeated the letters over and over and Joe was not long in learning them. Nina, too, was determined that he should never be laughed at again, "for I shall help him over the rough places."

When the teacher gave the drawing lessons to the others, she gave Joe a pencil and paper.

"Our study to-day is a house; if you want to draw it you may do so, but as you are a new pupil, you may draw anything you like."

When she came around to help him she was surprised to see such a splendid sketch. He had drawn a log cabin, an old lady was sitting by the door and two children were playing at her feet. A gray mule was seemingly drinking from the trough at an old-fashioned well, and a man was leaning against the bars, with a dog standing by his side.

"Why, Joe, you are a regular artist. I must inform your father."

At the end of school each day they closed with a hymn. When Joe joined in the song she stopped to listen. "What a sweet voice, she thought, and so much like the rich notes of a mocking bird. The sweetest tenor I have ever heard." When the children were dismissed she asked Joe to remain.

"Where did you learn to draw and sing, Joe?"

"Mammy done it, I reckon."

"Did you live in the little log cabin?"

"Yes 'm."

"Now, if you will stay with me in the afternoons after school closes, I will help you with your lessons. Some day if you study hard you will be a great artist and musician."

"Ise gwinter try, fer I wants me mammy ter be a fine lady like you.

He told her his story. How he had left home for his parents' sake, and he completely won his teacher's heart and she promised herself that she would do all in her power to make him a success.

Twelve years have passed away. Joe has improved rapidly. One day his father said to him:

"Joe, you never play."

"No, sir; I do not have time. I must study and be a great man. Then I can help mother, father, and you."

"I was in hopes you had forgotten them by this time."

"Forget my mother? No, sir; never as long as I live. Can you forget your angel mother? Here is a letter I have just written her and all the money you gave me yesterday but a quarter is in it. Do you object to my sending it?"

"Why, no, indeed; but what did you do with the quarter?"

"I wanted to be a good Samaritan like you, so I gave it to a poor newsboy to get his breakfast."

"'Like me'. Why, I am no Samaritan."

"Yes, sir, you are. You know you found me on the roadside ragged and poor and you took me in."

"Who taught you about the good Samaritan?"

"My teacher read it to me and I said then that you were my good Samaritan."

"Joe, you have a noble teacher."

"Yes, she certainly is, and I love her so much. When

I first entered the school the children made fun of me, but she took me in her arms and said she would be my mother, and she has been a good one, too."

As he sang her praise the tears came into his father's eyes and he said, "it might have been." Joe did not understand, so he told him how he had loved her, and why they parted. Joe's bright eyes flashed and he went to his father and gently put his arms around him.

"Father, you were wrong. Tell her so and all will be well."

"Joe, can it be possible that you have shown me my error? God bless you, my boy; bless the day I carried you from your home. Joe, I will go and tell her now."

Joe fairly danced for joy. He knew she would be his mother now, sure.

Years roll on and with them the fame of the boy artist. Mr. Beckenridge, with his wife and adopted son, go to the old country in order that Joe's talent may be better trained. His name soon becomes familiar to all lovers of art. He is climbing rapidly the ladder of fame. He is not only an artist, but is famous as a musician. The wealth he dreamed about in childhood is his. Is he happy? No. His heart is still in the little log cabin which nestled among the sweet murmuring pines. Time and again he has asked permission to visit them, but his foster father would not consent. But the time was drawing near when he should go. For four long years he had not heard from home. At the close of the Civil War he wrote many times, but his letters were returned unopened.

* * * * * *

It was bitterly cold. Outside night's sable cloud had obscured the stars' shining rays. A storm was filling

the streets of the slumbering city with flakes of snow. A clock in the cathedral had just struck the hour of midnight when the angel of death entered the Beckenridge home, and carried the little baby to its home above the skies. His foster father knew now what sorrow was, and wept those bitter tears that fall only over the little dead face of a lovely child.

"Forgive me, Joe. I never knew until now the anguish of your parents. Go and find them, but you must return to me, for you are the ouly child I have now."

Joe was soon speeding toward the little log cabin. How his heart leaped for joy when he was nearing his old home. He could almost see his mother sitting on the door steps. But alas! they were not there. He searched day after day, but could not find them. The little cabin was gone and in its place an oak thicket had sprung up. At last he advertised and found that they had been taken to a poor-house of a neighboring county.

He tapped gently on the door. Will they know me? he thought. An old gray-haired man opened the door and invited him in. In the corner sat his mother. With a scream she rushed to him. "Joe, Joe, my little Joe, I knowed yer'd come," and there on the bosom of his dear old "mammy" he cried like a child. How happy they were, father, mother and son. And how pleasant it was to listen to the story of his success from their dear boy's own lips.

"Joe, we knowed yer wuz rich an' de neighbors said yer didn't keer fer yer ole mammy aud daddy. But honey, I aint never b'lieved hit. I knowed yer'd come some day."

"Why, mamma, I wrote you time and again and my letters were returned unopened."

"Did yer, honey? Well, hit don't make no difference now, yer's come back ter be me little Joe."

It was a pitiful tale they told Joe. Crops failed, everything mortgaged, and then one by one the children had gone home to God. How in poverty they had struggled and last found shelter in the poor-house.

When Joe returned to the city he carried his father and mother with him and made them happy in his own home. And then to add to his cup of happiness that was already running over, he brought home his blushing bride—the same noble girl who in childhood so bravely took his part, sweet Nina.

THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

BY E. W. SIKES.

[Continued from March Student]

THE FIRST CONGRESS.

Thirteen States had elected Senators and Representatives to this First Congress under the permanent Government. All the slave-holding states were represented except Delaware and Maryland. Wm. L. Yancey, the leader of the "fire-eaters," had returned from his fruitless mission in Europe, and now took a seat as Senator from Alabama. This bold, fiery orator could not stir the heart of Europe as he had stirred the South. R. M. T. Hunter, who had succeeded Robt. Toombs in the Department of State, now gave us this portfolio and became Senator from Virginia.

On February 18 this government began its existence. On that day at noon the vice-president elect Stephens called the Senate to order. R. M. T. Hunter was made president *pro tem.* At the same hour Howell Cobb called the new House of Representatives to order, and T. S. Bacock, of Virginia, was elected speaker. He made an address of some length in which he said: "Our new constitution is put into operation in time of war, and its first movements are disturbed by the shock of battle. Our new system is designed to avoid the errors of the old. Certainly it is founded in a different system of political philosophy. In the whole book of expediency there is no place for falsehood or perjury."

On the next day the Senate came to the House of Representatives, and the electoral vote for the presidency was counted. It was found that Davis and Stephens had been unamimously re-elected, each having 109 votes.

On the 22d of February, the anniversary of Washington's birth, the inauguration took place. In the capitol square at Richmond stands a most magnificient equestrian statue of Washington. It was under the shadow of this monument, during a snow-storm, that President Davis took the oath of office and delivered his inaugural. Mr. Davis alluded to this monument in the opening paragraph of his inaugural. "On the birth day of the man most identified with the establishment of American Independence, and beneath a monument erected to commemorate his heroic virtues and those of his compatriots, we have assembled to usher into existence the permanent government of the Confederate States." The inaugural address of Mr. Davis spoke of the cause that led to secession, the triumph of a "sectional party," Mr. Lincoln's daily sacrifice of personal liberty, the growth of the Confederacy in one year from six to thirteen States, the great debt of the North under which they would sink, the rising patriotism of the South, the consequences of a blockade and self-support, and faith in the final outcome, though the cost would be enormous in blood and means.

This new Congress then began its work. It was indeed a new body; not many of the old convention body had been returned. Out of about fifty who met in the Montgomery Congress one year before, not more than fifteen were returned. Many had joined the army, Toombs, Walker, and even Davis himself had preferred strenuous military life to the dull routine of civil administration.

The first heated discussion arose on the conduct of war. The "defensive policy" had been adopted, no effort had been made to invade the territory of the en-

emy, and no pursuit was made after the Federal flight at Manassas. At present there was no plan for attacking the enemy. Mr. Foote, of Tennessee, introduced a resolution condemning this policy and urging that the aggressive policy be substituted for it. Mr. Foote declared that "after Bull Run the Confederate troops should have marched into 'heroic Maryland,' the war might now be over, for then the enemy had only 75,000 men and they were out mostly on a 4th of July holiday." But the policy of the administration had been to allow the generals in the field to use their discretion concerning the campaigns. The Congress refused to interfere and the resolution was tabled.

The early hopes of the South fondly cherished the delusive idea that "Cotton was King." Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, in the first session of the Provisional Congress at Montgomery, opposed an export duty on cotton declaring that that power (cotton) would exert an influence mightier than armies and navies. Now, one year later, the delusion had been removed, and Congress urged planters not to cultivate cotton aud tobacco, but corn, cattle, hogs, and provisions. But such a motion met with strong opposition. Many declared that it was bad in policy, but most of them had learned that King Cotton was a delusion and a snare. Said Semmes, of Louisiana, "I have abondoned the idea that Cotton is King. We have tested the power of King Cotton and found him to be wanting. We must now abandon all dependence on foreign intervention. The English will never interfere, because it is not for their interest. Rather than make war against the United States, the English government would maintain her hordes of storing operatives."

Congress refused to pass the measure, but nevertheless King Cotton was not destined to be the key to unlock the treasures of Europe or provoke the active sympathy of the outside world. Commissioners had been sent to the various States of Europe, especially those with whom the South traded and who drew raw material from the South. So firmly had a portion of the Congress become convinced that foreign aid was hopeless, that a motion was made requesting President Davis to recall the commissioners sent to Great Britain, but the motion was lost.

But the most important work that lay before this body was to prepare an army to resist the threatened invasion from Washington. They knew that the army of McClellan had been training all the winter and would not be raw volunteers such as the Confederate armies had met at Manassas. Then, too, the joy of the first victory had been sullied by the loss of Roanoke Island, for which loss Congress blamed Major-General Huger and Secretary of War Benjamin. But the saddest of all was the loss of the battle of Shiloh. Grant had begun to win victories in the West. The infallible Beauregard had been defeated. The great question now was to prepare to meet McClellan in whatever way he might come. Many of those who had fought in the battle of Manassas had gone home, foolishly thinking that their independence had been achieved.

To fill up these decimated ranks and to secure more troops was the chief work of the Congress. At first, enlistments were for one year only. These enlistments expired just as McClellan was getting his well-drilled troops in shape for his famous Peninsular Campaign. To meet this exigency President Davis recommended to Congress the passage of a "Conscript Law," which

recommendation was enacted into a law April 16th. This Conscript Law annulled all previous contracts made by volunteers, and by explicit terms made all men under the age of thirty-five and over fifteen, or until they attained the age of thirty-five, soldiers for the war.

It drew every male citizen within the prescribed limit from the control of the State and placed them under the president for the war. Finally none were allowed to withdraw from the army, regardless of the conditions of enlistment, not even physicians were always exempted. Mr. Davis justified this injustice to the volunteers on the ground that it was to ward off pressing danger.

The method of administering the law was to send a Confederate officer into each State to take charge of the enlistments. The Governors of the States were asked to assist, but if they refused, then officers of the Confederacy were to take it in charge. Of course, there were many exemptions, but the effect of the new law was felt in June by the rapid increase of the Confederate armies, so great an increase that President Lincoln issued in July an extra call for 300,000 more men for the war and 300,000 for ninety days. But the enforcement of the conscription law begat the usual opposition.

It was urged by some States that is was unconstitutional, an interference with the right of the State. Governor Brown, of Georgia, protested against the enlistment of the militia officers. North Carolina was very much chagrinned that every able-bodied man should become a "hireling soldier." Mr. Davis justified the extreme measure by the constitutional war power of the president. State sovereignty was an inconvenient encumbrance for war purposes. This was the first step toward a military government with power consolidated

in the Confederate government. But such acts are the necessities of war on a huge scale.

Congress had now striven hard to prepare the Confederacy to meet the great army of McClellan. They now adjourned for the summer to await the results. Before they meet again in August the first great struggle around Richmond will have occurred, and Fair Oaks, Seven Pines, Savage's Station, and Malvern Hill will have become household words and many thousands of soldiers lie dead on these fields of carnage.

On August 18th the adjourned session of Congress met and the president's message was read. This message spoke of the vast armies that had threatened the Capital of the Confederacy and their defeat, the forgery of the money obligations of the Confederacy by citizens of the United States, of Benjamin F. Butler's conduct, of the harmonious action of the States, of a need for increase of the army and the exchange of prisoners.

Soon after the meeting of the Congress, Lee won the second battle at Manassas and started on his first invasion of the North. Again Congress began to discuss the wisdom of the movement, but deemed it best to leave such matters to the generals in the field. The aggressive policy was indorsed by Congress, the press, and public sentiment.

But Lee's venture into Maryland was futile. He soon returned to Richmond. Many questions of importance came up in Congress, but they were not matters concerning the conduct of armies. They were how to support the armies and supply the vacancies. The conscription was extended from thirty-five to forty-five years, and a tax measure was proposed collecting one-fifth of all the provisions produced in the South. This was to be in the nature of a forced loan.

Propositions of a peace nature were heard for the first time. It was proposed that the Northwest should be guaranteed the free use of the Mississippi River if that section would cease hostilities. A motion was tabled to appoint commissioners to Washington to arrange for a peace.

But it was Mr. Lincoln's threatened emancipation proclamation that excited the ire of the Congress and the people. Vice-President Stephens said that this threat uncovered the motive for the war, and now he urged the people to die for their rights. Representative Semmes, of Louisiana, said that if any attempt were made to execute the proclamation, he favored hoisting the "black flag" against the invaders of Confederate soil. Phelan, of Mississippi, declared that he had always favored the "black flag" as the quickest means of ending the war. Hill, of Georgia, however, thought that Congress took too much notice of the proclamation, that it was a mere *brutem fulmen* to serve a temporary purpose in the North, and was so intended by Mr. Lincoln. To meet any danger that might arise, the Judiciary Committee reported a bill punishing with death any one commanding negroes or inciting them to insurrection. Finally the discussion was ended by a resolution declaring that Congress would sustain the president in any retaliatory measures he might adopt.

The Confederate money was being counterfeited by the Federals. To check this it was made a felony, punishable with death. There was a long discussion on the sequestration of property which involved the whole question of allegiance, both toward the State and the Confederacy. The theories of peace and the necessities of war ever clashed on this point. Mr. Hill, of Georgia, in

a speech, said: "No man found cause for dissolution in anything the Federal government did, for all declared they wanted to preserve the Union, till Lincoln was elected; not against the Supreme Court—that tribunal was faithful till the last; not against the Federal Congress, for there you had a majority; not against Mr. Buchanan, par excellence the man chosen by the South. The Northern States nullified the laws of Congress. State judges took it upon themselves to set aside the acts of Congress. These were the enormities that drove the South to her condition of determined secession."

The year '62 closed with greater unanimity in the South, and a stronger determination to uphold the Confederacy. The States ceased to insist upon coustitutional rights in the face of grave dangers. The secret sessions of the Congress were not approved. The people wanted to know what was being done and talked about by their representatives. So strong did this feeling become that Wm. L. Yancey proposed that no more sessions be held in secret, but his motion failed.

The year '63 was the critical year of the war. In that year the tide of war reached its highest point. Already the Confederate Army had reached its greatest number. Chancellorsville was won, but Gettysburg and Vicksburg were lost. The effective blockade of Southern ports began to gnaw into the vitals of the Confederacy. Suffering at home and in the army became intense. The whole country came practically under military control. The Confederacy was making a desperate effort through Congress to fill up and feed the ranks of its hungry army. The conscription act was extended to fifty years and no substitutes were allowed. In the year 1863 little was left for Congress to do. The South was one vast

military camp, all was being sacrificed to the god of war. Impressment commissioners were appointed for each State to determine what the government should pay for food supplies. The paper currency had become so abundant that prices were demoralized. The agent of the government was authorized to seize all except enough to maintain the family. The administration of this law was necessarily hard and shook the confidence of the people. Transportation facilities were so poor that the tithe often rotted before the tithe-gatherer came to take it away. Railroads gave out. Ten miles an hour was fast time. No repairs had been made, for the employees had been conscripted. The irons were worn out, and there were no new rails to replace them.

Mr. Davis had urged the necessity of food supply, but the fisheries on the coast had been closed and the wheat crop in 1862 in many places had been a failure. Bread riots occurred in Raleigh, Salisbury, Richmond, and Mobile. But how could it be otherwise when prosperous sections had been devastated by the enemy, when the farmers had been conscripted, and the paper money was no longer medium of exchange? It was a time like this that elections were coming on for a new Congress. What a change from the election day of 1861! Of the men who voted in 1861 many were dead on the battle fields, others were prisoners, and the rest doing military duty of some kind. The elections were held and the new Congress met in Richmond, May, 1864.

THE SECOND CONGRESS.

The newly-elected Congress met in its first session on May 2d, at Richmond. Of the old members fifty-seven were returned, while forty were new members. Thus some States made radical changes. Out of a delegation

of twelve, North Carolina returned only four. The year 1864 was to witness a more desperate struggle than 1863. The disasters and misfortunes of 1863 had begotten a Peace Party in the South. In each State there was a party that longed for peace. The suffering had become so fearful that stout hearts were failing. In some States there was such a strong feeling for peace that it was asked for "at any price." Some were for "peace made between their States and the United States without consulting the Confederate government. In North Carolina the campaign issue was "peace at any price," or "peace through the Confederacy." W. W. Holden and his following were for peace at any price, but Vance said that "peace could come about only through Confederate channels; that North Carolina was in duty bound to her sister States." No sooner was the new Congress assembled than this matter began to be discussed. Two days after the session opened one member announced that he was in favor of appointing commissioners to be ready to treat with the United States when they stood ready. Another declared that the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* had begotten so much fear and disloyalty in his State that he was for peace on the basis of the independence of the South if it should be obtained, but for peace on the best terms possible short of subjugation. The same member introduced resolutions on May 23d favoring the appointment of peace commissioners and an armistice of ninety days to consider such terms of peace as will be consistent with honor, dignity, and the independence of the States, and compatible with the safety of our social and political rights. Through May and June this discussion continued, and it is said often became "somewhat stormy and personal." Finally the

matter was tabled, and not taken up again till the next session.

In the meantime Grant began his fearful hammering in the wilderness. Each stroke of his gigantic hammer made a gap in the Confederate ranks that no conscript law could fill up. When Congress re-assembled in November peace was again discussed, and a motion made to appoint thirteen peace commissioners, one from each State, to see what might be done. Some States like North Carolina and Georgia thought that something might be done in this way. There was also in some quarters a growing discontent with the Davis administration. It was charged on the floor of Congress that Mr. Davis had his favorites, and that they were among those who were rankest for secession—the old line Democrats. Josiah Turner, of North Carolina, said that so intense was this feeling in his State "that at the last election only one Democrat was returned, and that he was elected by the small majority of sixteen." But the peace party could not succeed in making much headway at this time, for in the midst of the discussion the following resolutions were proposed by Mr. Henry, of Tennessee: "We will defend our altars and firesides till the last votary of freedom falls around them."

As the army of Sherman came into North Georgia and took possession of the rich granaries, a growing discontent with the Confederate government became manifest. No person manifested this feeling more than Governor Brown. In his message to the Legislature in March, 1864, he declared that "the action of Congress in funding certain notes resembled repudiation and bad faith; that the secret sessions were a blighting course convenient for discussing what will not bear the light; that the

new conscript law was unconstitutional, as was also the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*." The Legislature, however, voted their confidence in the president and the Confederate government. Governor Brown proposed to General Sherman, and later in November stated in a message to the Legislature, that the war should stop and each State determine for itself what its future relations should be—"whether she will remain in, or, if out, return to the old Union, or adhere to her present league." Many newspapers in Georgia and Alabama openly advocated this plan. In Congress such a plan met little sympathy.

So depleted was Lee's army by the constant hammering of Grant, that the arming of the slaves was now seriously considered. This matter had been under consideration for some time. The slaves had been used in various capacities since the beginning of the war. They had labored on fortifications as cooks, pioneers, nurses, and teamsters. In 1861 and 1862 Tennessee and Virginia had discussed the enlistment of free negroes. Slaves were needed to work on fortifications, but many masters refused to hire them. Governor Brown, of Georgia, threatened to draft them. In February, 1864, Congress made all male negroes between eighteen and fifty liable to such military duty as the secretary of war might prescribe. He was also authorized to employ twenty thousand slaves, and to guarantee their owners against death or escape.

The governors of several States had held an informal convention at Augusta and had recommended the extensive use of the negro in the army. These measures of the early part of the year are distinct from the proposition made at the November session of Congress that

looked to the arming of the slave and putting him into the ranks of the Confederate Army. In November Mr. Davis informed Congress that the February act that looked to the use of 20,000 slaves "had produced less results than was anticipated." Mr. Davis now in November, 1864, proposed that the Confederate government should acquire the entire property in slaves to the number of 40,000, train them in camp and engineering work, and promise emancipation for faithful service. Beyond this Mr. Davis did not think that it was wise to go at this time. He declared that he dissented from the opinion of those who favored a general levy and arming, but he declared further "that if the alternative ever be presented of subjugation or the employment of the slave as a soldier, there seems no reason to doubt what should then be our decision." A bill was introduced embodying the president's suggestions and even more, but public sentiment was not yet ready for the passage of such a bill. The bill passed the House, but was defeated in the Senate by one vote. In the Senate it was opposed by Chambers, of Mississippi, and Hunter, of Virginia. They argued that "there was no necessity for it; that the recent Wilderness campaigns were the most brilliant victories of the war; that the army was not approaching exhaustion; that the negro was a poor soldier; that he would desert to the enemy; and finally, that if he were fit to be a soldier, he was fit to be a freeman; that his emancipation, which, of course must follow, was a surrender of all for which the war had been fought; that he would not volunteer, for they feared the Yankees now that they had begun to conscript them."

These arguments were paradoxical. True it was that Lee's campaigns in the Wilderness were victories, but

they were Pyrrhic victories. Weaker and weaker grew the resistance that kept Grant from Richmond. True, there was food in the South. But what booted it if it could not be delivered to the starving soldiers in Virginia?

Upon the failure of the Hampton Roads Peace Conference, a great meeting was held in the African church at Richmond. Secretary of War Benjamin addressed the meeting and closed by demanding that the slaves should be freed and put into the army to fight for their country. On the next day a bill was introduced in the House to give effect to the suggestion of Mr. Benjamin.

Public sentiment was in advance of Congress, for the Virginia Legislature had already requested her Senators to vote for the measure. These Senators changed their votes and the bill for arming slaves was passed. The main provision was that not more than 25 per cent. of the negro male population between the ages of 18 and 50 were to be employed; that the General-in-chief was to organize them and the President to appoint officers for them, but no mention was made of emancipation.

General Lee and President Davis had both favored this measure, but Congress delayed too long to be able to reap any benefit from it. February was too late. Grant's army would soon be in motion drawing closer and closer around Richmond. The measure was the last desperate effort to stem the torrent that was about to overwhelm the thinned ranks of Lee's army. Before the slaves could be armed the Confederacy had ended. After the conference at Hampton Roads, at which Messrs. Lincoln and Seward conferred with Messrs. Stephens, Hunter and Campbell, there were many in the

Congress who felt that then and there peace should have been made upon the best terms possible. The Federal government, through Mr. Lincoln, positively refused to recognize the independence of the Confederacy, but the world knew that its doom was already sealed. All see it now. The wonder is that the Confederacy survived so long. Its courage was the courage of despair, and its strength the strength of a military despotism.

Congress was in session during these last days of the Confederacy, but Mr. Davis dominated; its voice was seldom heard, and then only in weak tones. Till the last, however, it preserved the appearance of a deliberative body, but Grant's army was too near for important action. In fact, Congress, like the army, was nearing exhaustion. But both had determined to end the struggle with a courage worthy of their sacrifices. Within one month of the disappearance of the Confederacy, Congress united in one last desperate appeal to the people. This appeal is full of vigor and determination and pictures in lurid colors how the Confederate States would be held as "conquered provinces" by the despotic government at Washington, the negro slave elevated above his master, and the property distributed among the African bondsmen."

On March 13th, President Davis sent his last message to the Congress, urging them to make more useful the system of impressment, and saying that the delay of the bill enlisting negroes would diminish their efficiency. They had tried to do his orders, or rather professed that they had done the best they could. On March 18th, Congress adjourned never to meet again. Many of them knew that the end was at hand. In a few days the lines around Richmond were broken, and soon the end came

at Appomattox. The last days of Congress had not been full of harmony. The "peace party" was not favorably regarded. They were reconstructionists who would sacrifice the Confederacy, but their constituents had become convinced that the Confederacy was striving only to protect Richmond; that the rest had been sacrificed.

When the records of this Congress shall have been published, then it may be possible to pass wiser judgment upon men and measures. Its days were days of storm and tempest. The standards of peace may not measure its worth.

THE GIRL WITH A LITTLE WHITE HAND.

G. A. McLEMORE.

My first day in school was in autumn,
When the golden age reigned over the land,
But sweeter to me than all nature
Was a girl with a little white hand.

When trouble arose with my teacher,
And a stay-in for me had been planned,
A word to the wise was sufficient,
I was helped by her little white hand.

I've heard of melodious music,
But none is so sweet or so grand
As the melody stirred by the fingers
Of the girl with a little white hand.

Her name shall be known and remembered,
Her fame shall reach many a land,
For there is a glorious future
For the girl with a little white hand.

This song is only an echo
From far away youth's dreamy land,
Of the timely aid that was given,
By the girl with a little white hand.

STORIETTE DEPARTMENT.

A MODERN ROMEO.

ROGER G. LEWIS.

It was my turn to amuse the party with a story, so I recounted an experience in a certain part of Virginia.

Two or three years ago business carried me to a little village where there was absolutely nothing to amuse one, and I felt that here was the jumping-off place at last. An earthquake would have been a welcome break to the monotony. I had thrown my feet over the railing of the hotel porch and was trying to doze, when Great Jehosiphat! did I see aright? was that a girl coming down the street? Could a girl live in such a place? Down came my feet and I rubbed my eyes to make certain that they were not deceiving me. Yes, it was a girl, and a comely one at that. When she drew near I lifted my hat and smiled and was greeted with "How dy'e do, suh." Springing down the steps, I walked up the street with her and we were soon on the best of terms. Of course I begged for permission to call, and was told that "Paw an' Maw doan lak fer me tew keep company with boys, but they is goin' tew Uncle Bill's to-morrow an' Susanna Jones is goin' tew spin the night with me, so youc'n come thin. I lives 'bout five miles outer town, near Zion Church. Ev'ybody knows whar that is. Me an' Susanna will cook some hoe-cakes an' bacon, an' git some molasses an' buttermilk, an' we'll all hev a big time. Be certain tew be thar." I promised to be there in time to participate in the feast and we separated.

Next evening I set out on horseback, and after many inquiries succeeded, just as it became dark, in finding farmer Rube's place near Zion Church. The house contained only two rooms, a large apartment with a pantry on the first floor used by the farmer and his wife as a bed room; it also did service as kitchen, dining room, and parlor. The little room upstairs was occupied by the daughter Jane. Both girls were expecting me and I received a truly rustic welcome. We had just finished the mo-

lasses, bacon, hoe-cakes, and buttermilk, when the sound of a wagon creaking over the hard road startled us. Jane rushed to the door and returned with consternation on her features. "Lawk a mussy! its Paw an' Maw comin' back. I knows 'em by their singin'. What shill I do? Git in here. I'll git you out when they is sleep." Accordingly I was pushed into the small pantry and the door was closed. There was hardly room to turn around, but thinking to assume a comfortable position, I straightened up. My usual luck attended me. On the narrow top shelves had been piled a number of tin pans, jars, and kettles, and in moving about I had managed somehow to displace them so that the whole lot rested on my head in such a manner that if I dared breathe too hard they would instantly have fallen. There I was. Atlas with the world on his shoulders couldn't have felt more uncomfortable. Meanwhile the wagon stopped before the door and a hearty voice roared out, "Come hyr, Jane, an' kiss your ole Paw. He couldn't leave his leetle gal all night, so I says ter your Maw, 'ole 'oman git yer bonnet, fer I'm goin' back to hum.'"

"Yaas," piped in the 'ole 'oman', "we knowed you'd be lonesome, an' hyr we is."

Of course this intelligence was comforting to the prisoner in the closet, with twenty-five pounds of metal weighing on his cranium and growing heavier every minute. They all came into the room and sat by the fire. Jane remarked that there was something in the pantry that she wished to see about, and walked across the floor. I nearly fainted. Was she crazy enough to open that door and show me to the old man? She did no such thing, however, but opened the door and whispered while shaking with suppressed laughter:

"They's goin' tew sleep soon, an' then you slip out 'thout makin' no noise."

"Soon" was a long time coming, for it was ten o'clock before farmer Rube ceased talking about "brother Bill's crap," and put up his pipe, and Mrs. Rube stopped commenting on "Lucinda's reel kaliker cote," and laid aside her snuff brush. After the old couple had gone to bed they lay and talked, and talked. "My goodness! will they never go to sleep?" I groaned. Just then the mountain above me slipped a little on my sore

head and a pan fell clattering to the floor. Jumping Tom cats! The perspiration rolled in streams down my body. The farmer turned over and the slats creaked.

"Ole 'oman, I b'lieve thar's sumpen in the pantree."

"Shet up, ole man, an' go ter sleep. It's nothin' but er rat," drowsily replied the woman. The pans slipped a little more and I knew the crash would be delayed only a few minutes.

"Rat er no rat, ole 'oman, I'm goin' ter see whut's movin' thim things," and farmer Rube lighted a candle and approached the pantry door. The inevitable was going to happen at last, and in spite of my shaking knees, I felt relief at the prospect of having that load removed from my aching head. As Mr. Rube laid hold on the door-knob his wife gave him a last injunction:

"You's ther bigges' fule I ever seed ter run roun' arter rats in ther cole. Come back ter bed."

He paid no attention, but threw open the door and there I stood revealed. For an instant his eyes fairly bulged in amazement, and then roaring:

"It's thur dod gasted bigges' rat I ever seed."

He rushed towards an old musket standing in a corner. I sprang out. Down crashed the pans, jars, and kettles, shaking the whole house. The old woman rose up in bed, holding a pillow before her and shouting: "Jedgment! rats! fiyer!"

Reaching the farmer at a bound I hit him behind the ear with all my might, and running to the door, threw it open and jumped to the waist in a barrel of molasses that stood behind the house. Over went the barrel, literally deluging me with its sticky contents as I crawled out and scrambled to my feet. I had reached the top rail of the fence when a mongrel hound took away that part of my pants that I had been accustomed to sit upon, and the farmer blazed away with his old blunderbuss. He didn't touch me, but I heard the hound yelping with pain. However, not having any leisure, I didn't stop to discover the extent of his injuries, but pursued my own way at a two-forty gait down the road. Presently I lay down to rest and consider my very undesirable position. Here I was, covered with molasses and dirt, my hat lost, clothes in rags, and five miles from town. Knowing that if daylight found me in the neighborhood, I would be arrested as a suspicious character,

or perhaps lynched, I grew desperate. Just then a horse came galloping down the road and a bright idea entered my mind. Seizing a short stick, I waited. A horseman approached. Stepping into the road, I grasped the horse by the bridle and pointing the stick at its rider, ordered "Hands up!" Towards Heaven went his hands. "Now," I commanded, "get down and take off all your clothes." The man obeyed and stood shivering and chattering in the cold night air. "Now run, and if you even look back I'll let a streak of midnight through you." He needed no second injunction, but started off as if he had forgotten something, and the last I saw of him was a white object that grew smaller and smaller until it disappeared in the woods. Throwing off my molasses-soaked garments, I assumed those of the departed rider. Then, getting on the horse, I rode close to town, turned him loose, and at last reached my room, a much-tired mortal, and firmly resolved to visit in that neighborhood no more.

Two days later the following appeared in the county newspaper and was copied far and wide:

"TERRIBLE MIDNIGHT STRUGGLE.

"A Farmer Finds Seven Burglars in His House and is Nearly Murdered by Them.

"Last Monday night, while Mr. and Mrs. Rube, who live five miles from Centerville, were asleep, Mr. Rube was awakened by some one standing near his bed. On demanding who it was and receiving no reply, Mr. Rube grappled with the intruder. Six others came to their comrade's aid and a terrible struggle, lasting half an hour, ensued. But at last, overpowered by the terrible odds against him, Mr. Rube sank to the floor bathed in blood. Mrs. Rube, with the heroism of a Helen of Troy, sprang to her husband's assistance, but was rendered unconscious by a blow from a club. Every piece of furniture in the room was destroyed. The robbers then ransacked the house and took everything of value. On their departure they, out of pure wanton deviltry, shot Mr. Rube's blooded fox hound valued at one hundred dollars. The dog was at the time chained in his kennel, and there was not a shadow of an excuse for killing the poor animal, unless the fiends feared he might be used to trail them

"Mr. and Mrs. Rube are now in a precarious condition, and their lives are despaired of. It is thought that the deed was committed by tramps with the intention of obtaining a large sum of money that Mr. Rube was reported to have. A posse with bloodhounds from Richmond has gone to the scene, and if the dastardly scoundrels are caught they will be summarily dealt with.

"We congratulate Mr. Rube and his brave wife on the game fight they made against such fearful odds. Such people are the backbone of our country.

"LATER.

"Mr. Josiah Bole Encounters the Same Gang and is Robbed.

"On being interviewed by this correspondent, Mr. Josiah Bole says that on last Monday night, about one o'clock, as he was riding through a dark piece of woods a mile below Mr. Rube's house, a dozen masked men surrounded and dragged him from his horse and compelled him at the muzzles of shotguns to give up everything he had to the amount of a thousand dollars. They then stripped him of his clothes, beat him until his body was covered with bruises, and left him for dead, taking his horse with them. The horse was afterwards found near Centerville. Mr. Bole drew a knife with the intention of resisting to the last, but was overpowered before he could use it. It is fair to Mr. Bole to add that he was not intoxicated at the time of the robbery. Mr. Bole is ready to make affidavit to the above facts. This gentleman's veracity cannot be questioned, and his statement proves that only part of the gang attacked Mr. Rube's house. A trail of blood leading from Mr. Rube's house to the place where Mr. Bole was attacked shows that Mr. Rube desperately wounded at least two of the assailants, and it is on this clue that the detectives are working on the belief that they are on the eve of making an important capture, as this gang is supposed to be none other than that which has been terrorizing Norfolk all the winter, and for whom a reward of $5,000 is offered."

I saw Jane a long time afterward, but in reply to my polite bow she snapped, "Whut you hit Paw so hard fur?" and never would notice me again.

THE CONVICT'S STORY.

BY PAUL CRUMPLER.

"Halt!"

The command of the guard rang out clear and sharp. The squad of weary convicts dropped their tools and with their grimy hands shaded their eyes from the hot summer sun as they watched with looks of terror the wild flight of a man clothed like them in the significant stripes.

The fleeing man quickened his pace across the open field, and the guard raised his gun and fired. The convict fell with a loud scream to the earth. Other guards came hurrying to the scene and the wounded man was carried tenderly to a near-by shade. On the faces of the guards were expressions of surprise mingled with pity, for the fallen convict was Wilson, the "trusty," who for ten long years had served his sentence faithfully. Time and again he had been given full liberty around the farm, never showing the slightest inclination to escape until to-day, when escape across the open fields was plainly impossible.

They tried to stop the steady flow of blood from a gaping wound in the side, and bathed his scorching temples with water. Soon the unfortunate man opened his eyes and gazed with a wild look towards the hills far away. With a desperate effort he tried to rise, looking always out across the fields.

"I know it was she," he almost screamed, "let me go, man, for God's sake let me go, I say!" Then a stream of blood spurted from his mouth and he fell back in a dead faint.

When he opened his eyes again he was more calm than before, but he knew as well as the rest that his soul would soon be in the realm of the great Beyond.

They begged him to tell what made him try so foolishly to escape, and after giving him a drink of cool water and lifting him to a more comfortable position, he told the following story:

"Years ago I was a free and respectable man. I married the purest and most beautiful woman heaven's sun ever shone upon. We loved each other dearly and for a few short years we lived happily together. Then, may God forgive me, I began to drink. It nearly broke her heart, but I could not master my craving ap-

petite for strong drink, which I inherited through three generations. I tried hard to reform, and at one time I did not touch a drop for nearly a year. Then one day I met an old schoolmate of mine and he insisted that we should take a drink in remembrance of old times together. I tried to refuse, but I could not. A thousand demons seemed to be urging me on. My mouth became dry, my face flushed and great drops of perspiration came out upon my forehead, and I took a drink with him. Then I hurried back and took another, and still another, and the terrible habit was fixed upon me again.

"My business began to fail and went from bad to worse until at last I found myself a bankrupt and creditors pushing me on all sides. In a drunken fury I shot my best friend, who had loaned me considerable sums of money, and here I am to-day, a dying convict, with no friends and far from the home of my childhood.

"I never saw my poor, sweet wife after I murdered my friend. News was brought to me in jail that she was stricken down with the terrible news and died of a broken heart. When I looked out across the fields to-day I thought I saw her girlish figure walking on the side of the hills over there. With no thought but to reach her, I threw down my shovel and went running wildly towards the spot. Perhaps I was delirious, or may be her spirit beckoned to me from beyond the sky. My only hope is to meet her over there. I shall soon be with her now, for I hear her calling, calling sweetly over there."

With these words the spirit of the convict fled to his Maker.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

RAYMOND C. DUNN, Editor.

The STUDENT wishes to express its appreciation of the favorable notices recently made by the press of the State concerning its Anniversary Number. We shall endeavor to maintain the standard of that issue in the numbers that are to follow.

Our pages begin to show marked increase of advertisements, and in these we see visions of self-support. Then, too, so far the student body has responded nobly to the calls of the editors, and their contributions have made our magazine what it is, and upon them we are solely dependent for its future success.

North Carolina's Poet.

In the death of John Henry Boner North Carolina loses one of her representative poets, and the world of literature is deprived of one of its most valuable contributors. In that field where so few find success Mr. Boner was successful, though, as other writers of note, his career was not financially remunerative. Denied the advantage of college training by virtue of the financial reverses of his father, he early learned the printers' trade, and soon became editor of a paper of his own. Subsequently he was Clerk of the House of Representatives and afterwards worked

in a printing office in Raleigh. From 1871 to 1887 he held a position in the Government Printing Office at Washington, and from here he went to New York. "Here," he writes in a personal letter to one of our staff under date of February 22nd, "I became a member of the staffs of the *Century Dictionary*, *A Library of American Literature*, and the *Standard Dictionary*, literary editor of *The New York World*, and of the *Literary Digest*, and was on the staff of *Appleton's Cyclopedia*." In 1883 he published a volume of lyrics called "Whispering Pines," and in 1901 a small collection of later poems. He has written almost exclusively for the *Century Magazine*, and most of his best poems are as yet uncollected.

It is a sad commentary on the indifference of North Carolina to her literary workers that Mr. Boner's "Whispering Pines" paid expenses in the North in less than a month, while not a dozen copies were sold in his native State. Is it that North Carolina does not properly appreciate the efforts of her sons in the field of literature, or has she not yet realized Mr. Boner's true literary worth and the value of his poems?

At present there is a wealth of poems from North Carolina pens, and most of them are of pure literary merit. Shall we manifest towards these writers during their lives our usual unappreciativeness and at their deaths awaken to a true realization of their worth, or shall we now aid them in their work by encouragement, by appreciation, and by patronage?

The Peabody Fund.

It is with regret that the educators of the Southern States learn through the press of the proposed plan on the part of the Trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund to close the trust and concentrate a greater part of the fund in a Peabody college for teachers. This matter is of vital importance to the people of North Carolina and of the South in general. George Peabody on the 7th of February, 1867, gave in trust for a period of thirty years for the advancement of public education in the South, one million dollars, to which fund he made an additional gift of one million dollars on June 29th, 1869. In his letter of donation of the latter date he expressly said: "It is my desire that, when the trust is closed and the final distribution is made by yourselves or your successors, all the fourteen Southern States, including Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, and Texas shall share in that distribution according to their needs." It is clear from this clause that the donor of this fund did not contemplate a concentration of it in any one particular school or college. It is to be distributed among the "fourteen Southern States according to their needs," and any expenditure of the whole or greater part of this fund in founding and establishing a central Normal College will, it appears to us, be in direct contravention of the will and desire of the donor. But even were such power vested in the trustees by the terms of the gift, the establishment of such a college would not be true to the intents and purposes for which it was made. A distribution of the fund among the several States entitled, to be used by them in the furtherance of education within their own borders, would be a far wiser settlement of the trust, and one productive of more telling benefit to the cause of education, than a

concentration in a central normal college. Those who are acquainted with the conditions of the Southern States must know that the crying need among us is for better trained teachers in the primary and secondary schools of our rural districts, and furthermore that the teachers of such schools cannot afford the expense attendant upon a course in a central college situated hundreds of miles from their homes. The training schools must be near at home, and the expense of attendance upon them reduced to a minimum before this need can be supplied.

"Were it necessary," says Thomas Jefferson, "to give up either the primary schools or the University, I would rather abandon the last, because it is safer to have a whole people respectably enlightened than a few in a high state of science and the many in ignorance. This last is the most dangerous state in which a nation can be." Better a number of teachers with the training of our own institutions of learning, than a select few advanced in the principles of pedagogy. If the trust is to be closed, let each State have its *pro rata* share—a distribution rather than a concentration.

EXCHANGES.

H. E. CRAVEN, Editor.

The *Buff and Blue* for February is an excellent issue. "The Spur of the Moment" is a well-written story, and deserves special commendation because it is out of the ordinary run of college fiction. There is nothing that takes so well as reasonable originality.

The *Review and Bulletin* contains some good articles, but they are not well arranged. A systematic arrangement of contributions is absolutely essential for a presentable form. The *Review and Bulletin* is also suffering from a dearth of fiction, which of course detracts from any magazine.

The February *Roanoke Collegian*, with the exception of a story translated from the French, suffers from an utter lack of fiction. One or two good stories would not only add life and interest to the magazine, but would also prove beneficial to the students. We would suggest also that the editors put in a table of contents, without which no magazine is complete.

The *Guilford Collegian* is a neat little magazine, but judging from the quantity of material it contains, we would suppose that the editors are unable to get contributions. This should not be necessary in a college as large as Guilford, and co-educational too. There ought to be enough material of local interest *evolved* at Guilford to give us one of the best magazines in the South.

The February *Wofford Journal* is a well got up issue. The The essay on Keats is the principal article in this number, and deserves to be. "The Parting of the Ways" and "Dooley Whipple" are both good stories. We would suggest that the editors arrange their material in such a way that the pages may be unbroken. It looks a little cramped and inartistic to have essays and poems and fiction crowding into one another. Let every article be started on a new page.

The Third Letter of an Old Graduate to his Son, in the *Clemson College Chronicle*, is as spicy and sensible as the preceding numbers. The *Chronicle* also contains some good stories, though they might be improved upon. "In the Blue Ridge" is not well proportioned, nearly half of the story being taken up with the introduction. "Only an Error" has the same plot that college stories have had for the last half century. The lovers are separated, but meet in the end with a perfect love. All the departments of this magazine are complete, and seem to be well edited indeed. For neatness, and what we would like to say "invitingness," the *Chronicle* is still in the lead.

The February number of the *College of Charleston Magazine* is rather small, only 35 pages of reading matter, but the quality is far above the material ordinarily found in college magazines. "Familiar Four-Foots of the South" is one of the strongest essays that we have read this month; certainly it is the most enjoyable. The writer has a good, readable style, a keen and sympathetic interest in his subject, and that subject is one that should appeal to every one. He takes the foxes, squirrels, rabbits, and opossums, and describes their habits, haunts, and tricks in such a pleasing manner that we are made to love the little creatures more than ever before. This essay is full of the breath of the woods, and reading it gives us a wider sympathy with animal life. There is nothing, we think, that is of so much culture value as an intimate acquaintance with the woods and the beautiful creatures which make it their home. "Master's Horse" is a sweet story of that animal's love for his master, and it is such a love as to make most of us ashamed of our appreciation of the horse. His wonderful intelligence, the sweet humanity of his nature, his pride and strength, are so beautifully shown in this little story that we resolve to treat our best animal friend as kindly as possible hereafter. "A Story of True Love," translated from the French of Guy de Manpassant, is beautiful, but it has appeared quite a number of times in college magazines this year and is getting old. The *College of Charleston Magazine* is weak in fiction this month, and it ought to have one or two good literary essays. The de-

partments seem to be well edited, though the editorials are rather few in number.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following: *The Oak Leaf*, *The Howard Payne Monthly*, *College Topics*, *The Olympian*, *The Vassar Miscellany*, *William Jewell Student*, *The Baylor Literary*, *The College Message*, *The Journal*, *The Messenger*, *The Central Collegian*, *The Trinity Archive*, *Hampden-Sydney Magazine*, *The Howard Collegian*, *The Mercerian*, *The Pine and Thistle*, *The Monthly Maroon*, *The Carolinian*, *The Western Maryland College Monthly*, *The Southwestern University Magazine*, *The Criterion*, *The Cadet*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*.

CLIPPINGS.

Though college days
  Have their delights,
They can't compare
  With college nights.—*Ex.*

Query: I hear the students speaking of a kind friend "Jack" who helps them in their work a good deal. Will you be kind enough to tell me who "Jack" is?

Ans.: Jack is a willing horse ridden by his hyphenated kinsmen, the jackasses. Beware of him as he sometimes balks on exam. day.—*College Topics.*

MORNING.

Look! Heaven's radiance gleams from out the curtain of the dark!
  The landscape glows, the shadows flit away;
Gilded are the domes and spires; wakes the sleeping lark,
  And man unto his neighbor calls: "Good day!"

EVENTIDE.

Deep shadows fall on vale and wood, their myriad hues are gray;
  Now hushed the robin's song and stilled his flight;
The crimson glow of western sky serenely fades away,
  And unto man his neighbor says: "Good night!"

—*Chas. A. Dana Redmond, '06, in Fordham Monthly.*

Stranger—"Do you know a man around here with one leg named Jones?"

Doctor—"Could you tell me the name of the other leg?"
—*Ex.*

AN EXCUSE.

Dear Professor:—

"I am writing this to tell you I was quite sick Friday night,"
Don't shake the table, fellows; say, Bill, you're in my light.

"The Doctor told me not to work when I saw him to-day."
Hello, Jack; that you? Have a chair. I'll be there right away.

"I'm sorry not to be prepared. I like the work real well."
Now, mind you keep your mouth shut, boys, and don't you ever tell.

"I've got a little fever now; the folks won't let me eat."
Hey, Wilson, pass those apples down! Its up to you to treat.

"I know I've missed before, this term, but, then, I'm not to blame."
What's this? Oh, one on you, old chap? Yes, thanks; I'll take the same.

"For then, as this time, I was sick or else was out of town."
You say you've got the tickets, Fred? Who all are going down?

"I'll make it up when I get back, and do what all I can."
He'll get this in the morniug, and believe it all, poor man.

"Hoping that this will be all right, I am your truthful friend."
And now lets cut this out and go. Thank goodness, that's the end!

—*Washington University Magazine.*

FOR THE GOOD OF THE SERVICE.

Clara—He gave me an army and navy kiss.
Maud—What kind is that?
Clara—Oh, rapid fire! Sixty a minute!

—*Exchange.*

A man got in the front end of a car in the subway the other day, and the car gave a lurch, sending him to the other end, where he landed in a young lady's lap. "You heathen," she said. "Oh, no; I'm a Lap-Lander," he answered.

—*Exchange.*

A freshman who sometimes wooes the muse, recently wrote his papa and mamma the following forlorn letter:

"Papa dear, and mamma too,
I'm gittin' rather sneezy;
My winter pants are wearin' through
And gittin' rather breezy."—*Ex.*

"You are a brick," I did aver,
To Flora, near my side;
"A sort of pressed brick, as it were,"
She roguishly replied.—*Exchange.*

TWO HEARTS MADE ONE.

I stood and wrote upon the sand;
I thought a thought superbly grand,
And, without asking if I might,
I took my stick and dared to write
Our History. 'Twas just begun.
'Twas lettered thus: "Two Hearts Made One."
She laughed and said, "Well, well,
If I were you, I'd learn to spell,
The spirit's there, but not the letter;
I'm sure that I can do much better."
She changed the words and when 'twas done
It ran like this: "Two Hearts: Maid Won."
—*Exchange.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

ABNER C. GENTRY, Editor.

'89. Rev. C. G. Wells has accepted a call to the Statesville church.

'02. The work of Rev. R. P. Walker is progressing nicely in Henderson, N. C.

'99. Rev. J. C. Owen, missionary to China, is having much encouragement in his work.

'88. The Scotland Neck church is doing fine work under the leadership of Rev. M. L. Kesler.

'92. Dr. Waverly B. Daniel, professor of Latin in Baylor University, is Dean of the Summer School for the coming session.

'02. The Edgemont Durham church is making substantial progress under the ministry of E. R. Harris, a wide-awake young minister.

'74. In the collection "Choice Songs" is "The Sunward Side of the Cloud," by A. C. Dixon. It is one of the most beautiful in the collection.

'96. Rev. J. C. Gillespie has changed his address from Waco to Shelby. He speaks in encouraging terms of his work both in church and school.

'85–'87. J. E. McManaway is field representative of the *Baptist Courier*. He is a stirring man, and we may expect a great deal more from the *Courier* in the future.

'94. Dr. W. L. Foushee, professor of Latin in Richmond College, will conduct the Latin courses in the coming Summer School of the A. and M. College in Raleigh. He had a similar position last summer at the Missouri State University.

'92. Eutaw Place Baptist church, Baltimore, of which Rev. J. W. Millard, is pastor, gives $2,500 a year to Foreign Missions, or one-seventieth of all given by the Baptists of the South. The church is giving this year in addition $1,100 for the "Maryland Home" in China.

'82. It is gratifying to learn that about $1,000 of the Associational pledge has been raised for a new dormitory for girls at the Pee Dee Institute. Prof. W. J. Ferrell, the principal of this school, reports the school in fine condition with an enrollment of 135 students.

R. W. Haywood has come into the ownership and control of the *Greensboro Telegram*. He is one of the best newspaper men in North Carolina, and Greensboro should encourage him generously. The *Telegram* is a clean, bright paper, and nothing more than for it to grow rapidly could be expected.

F.P. Hobgood, Jr., is to locate in Greensboro for the practice of law. He will prove an addition to the life of the city in every particular. He is one of the best trained lawyers in the State, having taken a thorough course under Justices Harlan and Brewer of the Uuited States Court in Columbian University.

'78. It was mentioned in our Raleigh correspondence yesterday that Mr. J. C. Caddell has bought an interest in *The Raleigh Times* and will take editorial control of it on the 10th inst.—to-morrow. Mr. Caddell was on the staff of The Raleigh *News and Observer* for two years while Capt. S. A. Ashe was editor of that paper, and was for a long period connected with the *Biblical Recorder*. We are glad he returns to the newspaper business, for he is a man of sense and principle, right in head and at heart.—*Charlotte Observer.*

'77. Prof. W. L. Poteat, of Wake Forest, has made many charming addresses at picnics, educational rallies, and district associations during the vacation period. He is the "handiest" man to have around that I know. He is so modest, and yet so willing to work. He can occupy the pulpit during the "preaching hour," to the delight of the hearers; he can make an address on missions, education, the Orphanage, Sunday Schools—well, just any subject you may suggest. He is equal to any emergency.—*H. A. Brown, in Christian Index.*

'92. Wadesboro can claim the honor of having one of the most liberal churches in the State. It has made a good selection in calling Rev. Clarence D. Graves, of Ohio, as their pastor. He is an excellant man. The *Biblical Recorder* says of him: "Wadesboro church has called Rev. Clarence D. Graves, of Franklin,

Ohio, one of the most lovable young ministers in our acquaintance. He was second to none in popularity at Wake Forest and the Seminary. And in his pastoral work he has achieved great success. We earnestly hope that he will come. If any church will tempt him from Franklin, Wadesboro, with her fine record for good work and loving her pastors, should."

Wake Forest can now count four of her sons in the editorial chairs of Baptist organs in the Southern States: First, our own Bailey of the *Biblical Recorder*, then Folk of the "*Baptist and Reflector* of Tenn., then Farriss of the Florida *Witness*, and Benton of Louisiana *Baptist Chronicle*. Besides these Mr. Jno. A. Oates owns and edits the *North Carolina Baptist*, Mr. Rowland F. Beasley (now State Senator), the *Monroe Journal*, Mr. Fred Merritt is editor of the *Asheville Citizen*, and Mr. C. P. Sapp of the *Virginian-Pilot*, of Norfolk.

'79. A deserved tribute to the brilliant attainments and sound knowledge of Prof. N. Y. Gulley has recently been paid by his election by the largest number of votes as a member of the recently established Code Commission. The German poet, Heine, confesses that, when as a student he wearily toiled with the intricacies of German law he was well nigh reduced to depths of despair and insanity by the continued drumming into his ears of a long succession of terrifying systems always ending with "Iribonianus, Justinianus, Hermogenianus, and Stupidianus." The student of the future need have no fears of this sad fate, when the present perplexing confusion of North Carolina students will be reduced to clear order by the labors of Prof. Gulley and his colleagues.—*Correspondence N. C. Baptist.*

'91. Professor John L. Kesler, who graduated from Wake Forest in 1891, known widely in North Carolina as head of the Department of Science in the Baptist Female University until last year, when he accepted the Department of Biology in Georgetown, Ky., has recently accepted the Department of Biology in Baylor University, Waco, Texas. This puts him at the front in his department in the South. He will have at his command a fine laboratory and complete equipment. This writer knows him and we have not a doubt that his name will soon stand in the

front rank of scientists. His devotion to his work, his splendid enthusiasm, and his unusual mental capacity will render the world great service. Baylor is to be congratulated. She now has two able Wake Forest men—Daniels of '92, and Kesler of '91.—*Biblical Recorder.*

'96. It gives us much pleasure to present the face of the new editor of the *Baptist Chronicle* published at Alexandria, La. Bro. Benton was born in Union county, North Carolina, December 20, 1869. His preparatory education was had at Union Institute, and he afterwards received in 1896 M. A. from Wake Forest College. For a time he taught Latin and Greek in Keachie College, Louisiana, from where he was called to be pastor at Mansfield, La., October, 1897. He married Miss Virginia Rives, of Mansfield, in 1898. He afterwards was pastor at Baton Rouge, from which place he was called to the editor's chair a few weeks ago. At Baton Rouge he was pastor of Governor Heard, a number of other State officials, and six of the church's members are professors in the Louisiana State University. He surrendered an important field to enter upon his present great work. Bro. Benton has large ideas of what a religious journal ought to be, and we expect the *Chronicle* to grow in usefulness and power from year to year.—*Baptist Argus.*

In a report of the Georgia Sunday School Conference, Wake Forest receives the following compliment: Rev. B. W. Spilman ('91), of whom Wake Forest and North Caroliua should feel justly proud, lectured twice daily on the Sunday School work. He is a thorough master of his subject. Great enthusiasm was aroused in Sunday School work. The State Board, acting on the advice of the Conference, will put out one or more regular Sunday School men on the field at once.

Two of the greatest addresses made were those by our own Drs. R. T. Vann ('73) and J. E. White ('90) on "Christian Education" and "State Missions," respectively. By the way, Wake Forest was in evidence throughout the Conference as she is in all other great Baptist gatherings in our State. Our people received Dr. Vann and his great burning, living message with open hearts, and we shall greatly rejoice to see him within our borders again.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

E J. SHERWOOD, Editor.

NOTICE the "ad." of the *Howler* in this issue and give us your support.

MISS MAGGIE BOWMAN, of Petersonburg, Va., has taken charge of the millinery department of the firm of Dickson Bros.

MISS FLORENCE CURRIN, of Henderson, spent a few weeks on the Hill early in March, as the guest of Miss Elizabeth Caddell.

MRS. WM. BREWER, of Franklin, Va., and her daughter, Miss Julia, of Raleigh, were guests of Mr. W. C. Brewer early in March.

MR. A. B. HAROLD, one of Wake Forest's promising young lawyers, who is now practicing at Dunn, delighted his many friends with a short visit in March.

DR. SIKES, President of the North Carolina Athletic Association, attended a meeting of the Association in Greensboro, March 23d. While away from college, he lectured at Oak Ridge and Cary High School.

DR. BARNES, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Worcester, Mass., on his way to Raleigh, where he lectured at Shaw University, made a short visit to our school. While here he conducted the morning devotional exercises.

AT A RECENT call meeting of all interested in *embryonic* ball athletics at Wake Forest, the invincible "Ironsides" was organized with "Kid" Freeman as Manager and Captain. It is reported that this team will take a European trip.

MRS. R. C. LAWRENCE, of Raleigh, was the guest of her mother-in-law, Mrs. D. F. Fort, the first of March.

MISS MARY PUREFOY, a very popular young lady of the Hill, has gone to Tennille, Ga., to take charge of the millinery department of a large firm there.

AT A REGULAR meeting of the Scientific Society March 10th, Mr. T. A. Ives read a valuable paper on the theories of heredity promulgated by Darwin and Weissman, after which Prof. Poteat lectured on the later views of Galton and Mendel, illustrating the experiments of the latter.

AFTER A heated contest in the Literary Societies on the first Saturday in March, the following were elected Marshals for Commencement: Messrs. P. W. Purefoy, Chief; E. L. Davis and Thurman Kitchen, from the Eu., and Messrs. J. D. Proctor, Chief; J. R. Teague and E. Cox from the Phi.

THE FOLLOWING young men have been selected by the faculty from the Senior Class as speakers for Commencement: From the Phi. Society, Messrs. T. A. Allen, J. E. Ayscue, H. E. Craven, and E. B. Fowler, while Messrs. D. A. Covington, E. M. Harris, W. S. Privott, and James Royall will represent the Eu. Society.

ON THE evening of March 20th, Senior speaking was held in Memorial Hall. Those who spoke were Mr. J. E. Ayscue on "Room for College Men in North Carolina"; Mr. C. C. Pierce on "Politics as a Duty"; Mr. J. B. Huff on "God's Last Best Gift to Man"; Mr. E. M. Britt on "Rural Public Schools, the Hope of the State"; and Mr. G. M. Garrison on "The Limits of the Monroe Doctrine." The meeting was presided over by Prof. Gulley, and the Wake Forest amateur band added much to the occasion.

FORSOOTH OUR amateur band is becoming quite famous. The latter part of February they furnished the music for a play given in Youngsville. On March 17th the same play was rendered in Franklinton and the services of the band were again procured.

THE COMMENCEMENT programme is rapidly being made out. Rev. R. P. Johnson, D. D., pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, of New York, has been elected by the Euzelian Society to deliver the Literary Address, while Mr. J. W. Bailey, of the *Biblical Recorder*, will deliver the Alumni Address. The men to address the Law School and to preach the Baccalaureate Sermon will be elected later.

CLOTHING HOUSES galore! For many weeks the College has been alive with entreaties of the agents for his fellow-student to go and inspect his line of clothing, and truly they (the agents) are friends to every one, so much so that one *disappointed* "*newish*" was heard to say, "When I first came to college, undecided as to which society I should join, everybody was my friend, but now I have no friends except clothing agents. Do, for goodness sake, don't tell them that I cannot buy, for then I will be left friendless."

THE BASE BALL season was formally opened Monday morning, March 16th, at prayers, with the presentation of the college sweaters to the members of the ball team. These sweaters, ten in number, are the gift of the faculty, and the presentation was made in a few well-chosen words by Dr. Paschal. The movement was inaugurated last fall by the Athletic Association, and the winning of one of these sweaters, which, by the way, are "beauties," carries with it the highest honors which the College can bestow in athletics.

PHOTOGRAPHER Wharton, of Raleigh, spent March 17th and 18th on the Hill, taking groups for the College Annual. The weather was favorable and the number taken amounted to thirty-six. These, together with other material, have been sent to the publishers, The Stone Co., of Roanoke, Va., in order to have the work out in time. With this firm as printers, and Cootes, of New York, as illustrator, we feel sure that the Alumni and students of the College will co-operate with the board of editors to make the *Howler* a financial success.

THE FOLLOWING delegates were sent by the Wake Forest Y. M. C. A. to the State meeting held in Winston, March 7th to 10th: Messrs. T. M. Alexander, W. W. Barnes, T. W. Brewer, R. D. Covington, D. A. Covington, B. J. Ray, and E. F. Ward. The regular meeting of the college Y. M. C. A. on Monday night after the convention, was devoted to reports which were much more interesting and instructive than those of former years, for the reason that each delegate reported on a special feature of the convention. Mr. Alexander received the honor of being elected one of the assistant secretaries of the convention.

TO WAKE FOREST men, the mention of "Marshals' Set-up" will suggest much. Such was the occasion in the small chapel Saturday night, March 21st. The night was dark and disagreeable, but at the appointed hour, 7:30, the hall was crowded with students, each eager to know the contents of his little paper sack. While the marshals were getting in readiness, the audience was entertained by short, witty speeches by a number of students. Mr. John Pritchard held the audience well on his "get off" on Dr. Hall's "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," and "Ingersoll." Hugh Johnson would have

responded, but was "caught napping." By special request, P. D. Mangum told us "How Reuby played," after which the question was thrown open for "Miscellaneous." Messrs. Matthews, McLemore, Poston, and "Hous" responded briefly. The President, Dr. Paschal, then rose and told the audience if they would "set down" the marshals would "set up," and they did. Following the precedent of the last *few* years, we were given five-cent cigars, the peanuts and candy were choice, but the cigarettes were—well, they were "20's for five," raisins a few were added to the list, and in all we might say that the "set-up" was good. While every one enjoyed himself, yet the meeting was lacking in the base ball speeches which are commonly heard on such occasions. This, however, with other enjoyable things, might have been added had the student body given better attention to what was said and done.

ALL HAIL the opening of the ball season! The Wake Forest team has donned her suits and gone forth to meet the enemy. Mr. J. L. Stewart, who was employed to coach the team, remained with us only a few weeks, but in this short time the team showed marked improvement in batting and base running. Several new men have come in to take the places of those who left last season, and with some changes in the position of the old players, the team has been greatly strengthened. Hobgood, our old stand-by, receives good assistance in the box, in Edwards, a new man, who has already given evidences of his ability as a twirler. King, of Wilmington, is invincible behind the bat, and his throws to second are spectacular. Pace has been advanced from field to first base, and does good work. Dowd, last year's short, will cover

second bag, and with "Knotty" Sams at short and Captain Dunn at third, we fear no harm. The field will be played by "Reddy" Mull, Harris, both last year's players, and George Goodwyn, whose long runs and beautiful catches can't be beaten. The Captain and Manager have carefully selected the team, have thrown their whole heart in the work, and all that is now needed to make this a winning ball team is for the student body to stand by them in victory or defeat. The team is ours, boys; let us support them. The record of games played up to date is as follows: March 24th, Wake Forest vs. Bingham, home diamond, score, 17 to 1; March 27th, Wake Forest vs. Oxford Professionals, Oxford, score 5 to 0; March 28th, Wake Forest vs. Oxford Professionals, Oxford, score 5 to 4.

A RECEPTION at Oxford Seminary! Fortunate indeed is he who has had the pleasure of attending one of these social functions, and when two of them come in the same week, and we are present at both, truly our "cup runneth over with joy." Yet such was the luck of our ball team during their recent trip to Oxford. After two hard-fought games, in which the old gold and black put to rout the "Professionals," we laid away the victorious "W" and donned "white vests and high collars" instead, for a reception was on, and we were the invited guests. Accompanied by the four indefatigable rooters, who had braved wind, weather, and way in order to rejoice with us, we wended our joyful way to the Seminary. How bright everything was! What a welcome we received at the hands of Prof. Hobgood and his family! What a bevy of pretty girls greeted us in the parlors and society halls! What thrills chased each other through our system as we longingly, yea, lingeringly looked! But hold—something is up. The girls seem

to understand, and one of our team has a knowing look, as if he, too, were in the secret. Even now Prof. Hobgood advances to the center of the room, carrying in his hands "just the most beautiful" bat imaginable, with the colors of the two institutions entwined around it. It is the bat with which the "sphere" was so gloriously "slugged" on the diamond this afternoon. In well-chosen words this souvenir is presented to us, accompanied by the following verses, so aptly improvised for the occasion :

Two mighty games have now been played,
Wake Forest is victorious.
But what about the 'fessionals now?
Oh, well, they're not uproarious.

We Seminary girls have yelled,
Our throats we've almost split,
We simply clapped and shrieked and yelled
As each boy made his hit.

Three cheers for Hobgood, left hand "star."
Three cheers for "Captain" Dunn.
Three cheers for Mr. F. C. Sams,
And for his grand home run.

Three cheers for King behind the bat,
Three cheers for Mr. Pace,
Whose mighty catches only let
A few men reach first base.

Three cheers for Dowd, who plays at second
The most entrancing ball;
And Goodwyn far out in the field,
Who never lets 'em fall.

Three cheers for Edwards in the box,
That pitcher bold and brave,
And Harris playing in right field,
Who helped the day to save.

And Mr. Mull, oh, don't forget
That man out in the field,
Whose brilliant catches helped to make
The 'fessional players yield.

And Mr. Sikes, the manager,
We give three cheers for you;
And Mr. Proctor, scorer bold,
We'll cheer as loudly too.

This bat we now present to you,
A humble souvenir,
With hopes that elsewhere you may win
Such victories as here.

It is up to us to receive it. Oh, for an orator as Brutus was! But who with such inspiration, victories, girls, and poetry, *could* "stick" on such an occasion? Mr. "Lip" Dunn, our Captain, steps forward and in a few appropriate words proves himself true to his name. Then for pleasure "free and unalloyed," until eleven o'clock reminds us that we must tear ourselves away, promising to be back for Sunday School (—,) a promise which we right loyally kept.

We take this means of thanking Prof. Hobgood for the many courtesies shown us by him while we were in his town, and only long for an opportunity for him to do likewise once again.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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"EVOLUTION."

JAMES THOMAS BROUGHTON.

As from the old nest birds escape,
  As sheds its leaves, the living tree,
So if evolved from *worm* or *ape*—
  What odds, if we at last are free?

If once but dust, or ape, or worm
  A growing brain and then a soul—
Sure, these are but prophetic germ
  Of that which makes our circle *whole*.

"AB."

ARTHUR L. FLETCHER.

Abner lay on the bank, his little tanned face resting in his palms and his bare feet waving gently in the air. The water rushing over the pebbles made a pleasant tinkling sound. He loved to watch the bubbles to see how far they would go without bursting. A brown-coated wood-thrush flew down to bathe his dusky plumage. A pheasant stole out from the bushes farther up and began to feed among the green weeds by the brook. Up in the maple tree a dove perched and looked down at him. Everything was quiet in the great woods.

Suddenly a harsh voice broke the stillness. The thrush and the dove flitted noiselessly away. The pheasant paused a moment in terror, then flew off with a loud whirr into the heart of the forest. Abner looked up.

"I tell ye," the harsh voice was saying, "he aint no more uv a school teacher than I be. He aint been a-traipsin roun' here all summer fer nothin', nuther. He's jess a spy fer the revenoos,—jess as I'se allus said. Me an' Jake Rainer—we 'uz skittish uv 'im fum the fust."

Abner recognized this voice as his father's. It came from a dugout near by in the side of the mountain, carefully hidden by a clump of laurel. In it was his father's "blockade still."

"Now—thar aint but one chanst to git 'im," he continued. "He's a-goin' back to C—— to-morrer, an' in less'n a week we uns 'll be in jail. He's a fishin' up thar in the Paddy—on the Laurel some'rs—an' a campin' out. If we don't kill that spyin' rascal this night,—"

Before he could say another word little Abner had bounded in and was clinging to his rough hands. The boy's face was pale and frightened.

"Pap, ye don't mean to kill Mister Thomas does ye? Pap, what ye wanter kill Mister Thomas fer? What our teacher done ter ye?"

He hurled the questions at his father breathlessly. Every fiber in the boy's being was stirred. Mr. Thomas had been the teacher in the little log school-house during the long hot summer that was fast drawing to a close. He had come from the dust-laden, murky atmosphere of a large manufacturing town to the mountains for health and strength. He had found what he sought. His school, which he had taught more for pleasure than for profit, was out and now he was taking his last outing before returning to the drudgery of city life. His summer had been a pleasant one. He had made friends of most of the simple mountain folk around him. There were some, however, among whom was Abner's father, who regarded the young man with distrust and suspicion. Any stranger might turn out a "Revenoo",—the most hated and hateful of all beings. The school master tried to win these men, but failed. Yet he went on about his work, winning the love of their children and the good will of the women. His kindness to little Abner had been especially marked.

"W'y, Ab—who said anything 'bout hurtin' yer teacher?" growled the father, after he had recovered from his surprise at the boy's sudden appearance. "We-uns wuzn't a-talkin' 'bout him. We-uns 'uz talkin' 'bout that teacher over to the cross-roads. 'Twuzn't yer teacher, sonny. Now, ye 'd better git along home to yer mammy."

Little Abner was only partly relieved. He walked out into the sunlight. The air was hot and sultry and a black cloud had sprung up in the west. Somehow much of the joy had gone out of the babble of the brook and there was something lacking in the sunshine. He knew that his father and Jake Rainer, and those other fellows there around the still, did not like the school teacher. He did not know what they might do. But would his father do that? Kill a man! He could not bear the thought. He ran home, saying to himself, over and over again:

"No,—pap, he wouldn't do that! He aint that bad—he aint!"

The first big drops of the threatened thunder storm had begun to fall when he reached the barn. He crept up into the hay-mow and lay down. The smell of the new hay was sweet, and, boy-like, he fell asleep. He was awakened by voices below him. It was quite dark.

"Jake," one was saying, "be shore ter be here afore midnight. It's good six mile up thar, an' the road's awful. This is a bad job, boys. I hates ter do it, but we-uns air boun' ter pertect ourselves. These here revenoo officers like young Thomas—a-traipsin' aroun' an' spyin'—hez got ter be larnt a lesson."

Abner sat bolt upright. He heard the barnyard gate slam. Then he slid down. His brain was in a whirl. Ever uppermost in his mind was the thought, "I'm agoin' ter save him!"

When supper was over he climbed the rickety ladder to his cot in the attic, but not to sleep. When everything was still below he opened the window quietly and crept out on the slippery clap-boards of the shed. In a few moments he was on the ground. How dark every-

thing was! The rain was still falling and the sky was hidden by black clouds. Abner began to realize what he had undertaken. Far away he could hear the wailing cry of the wild-cat, and in the hollow near by the lonesome hoot of the owl. "Granny" Mullis, the "yarb-doctor," had told him many a gruesome tale of ghosts and "ha'nts" and "painters" that wandered about in the woods at night. These things were terrible realities to him; yet he resolutely clinched his fists and started on the long, lonesome way. Fortunately he knew the way well. It was a narrow bridle-path along the side of Laurel creek. Somewhere on this path he would find his teacher's tent. The woods loomed dark and terrible on every side. He could hardly see the path before him. He kept on, and on. Briars tore his naked legs and the rough stones bruised his feet.

The rain ceased at last and the moon came straggling out, revealing new terrors on every side—spectral shadows behind the great tree-trunks. Every ghastly story he had ever heard flashed through his brain. Would he never get there? The path seemed to get rougher and harder to follow every moment. How his limbs ached! How he longed to lie down on the wet ground and rest! But, with the same unyielding mountain grit that had made his father, and his grand-father before him, the most formidable foes of the Revenue Service in all Western Carolina, he pushed on through the night. Suddenly coming around a sharp bend he almost ran into the little tent. A fire was burning before it.

"Mister Thomas—Mister Thomas," he gasped. "Wake up quick—now!"

Thomas started up in amazement, "Why, Ab—little Ab—what on earth"—he began wonderingly.

The boy excitedly told his story. Thomas caught him to his breast again and again. The boy pushed his hands away almost roughly.

"Ye'd better be a-goin' sir," said Abner. "If pap cotches yer here ye're thess the same ez dead"

Thomas knew that the boy spoke the truth. He hastily prepared a small bundle to carry with him and then glided away through the dense shadows. The boy sank down by the camp-fire with a sigh of relief. He knew that his teacher was safe for the night and that with a few hours start, could not be caught.

Two hours later three stealthy figures crept out of the bushes. Little Abner stepped boldly out to meet them. His voice had a triumphant ring in it.

"Pap, I thess sorter 'spect ye air too late," he said.

WALT WHITMAN.

C. P. WEAVER.

Every man of genius who departs from the beaten road of his predecessors and attempts new fields of literary achievement, must inevitably pay the forfeit of having the recognition of the merit of his work delayed. Of all who have left the beaten paths, perhaps no man has departed quite so far as Walt Whitman, and certainly no man has been so grossly misunderstood and so unmercifully criticised by the majority of his contemporaries. Some critics, so far from considering him a poet, thought him a fit subject for a mad-house; others ignored him altogether, and a very few beheld in him a real genius and gave him a sympathetic hearing.

Whitman's life was one of varied activities. Born within the scent of the East River at West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819, of humble parentage, he received his instructions in the public schools of Brooklyn, learned the printer's trade, and afterwards taught school in Long Island. Then he served successively on the editorial staff of the *Brooklyn Eagle* and the *New Orleans Crescent.* About this time he made a pedestrian tour of a large part of the United States and a part of Canada, following the courses of the great western rivers. Later he became a carpenter and builder, and erected a number of houses in the unlovely region of his birth. His first literary effort appeared in 1855, entitled "Leaves of Grass," and he continued his literary activities until his death. When the Civil War broke out he volunteered as a nurse in the Federal army, and served throughout the war, which period of his history he de-

scribes in a collection of poems, entitled "Drum Taps." The excessive fatigue which he was compelled to undergo in ministering to the wounded, undermined his health and brought on a serious illness, from which he never entirely recovered. From 1865–'74, he served as a government clerk in Washington, with the exception of a short period, when he was dismissed on account of the objectionable character of "Leaves of Grass." In 1873 his war injuries culminated in a severe paralytic attack, which compelled him to retire to private life in Camden, N. J., where he lived until his death in 1892.

Herder taught the young poet Gœthe that really great poetry is always (like the Homeric or Biblical canticles) the result of a national spirit, and not the privilege of a polished and select few. Such was the ideal which Whitman attempted to embody in his poetry—the creation of a distinctly American literature.

His aim was to outline a typical democratic man, and treat him absolutely as he is in himself; to reveal man stripped of all artificial trappings, free from any distinction imposed upon him by civilized society—as a member of the universal brotherhood of man.

In many respects he seemed fitted by nature for the task. Living near the great City of New York, which was then passing into its metropolitan existence, he was brought in contact with every variety of mankind, and he had the opportunity of studying American life under peculiarly suitable circumstances. But in spite of this seeming fitness, he exhibits an anarchy of expression which is thoroughly incompatible with democracy. As Wagner was the musical revolutionist, so he revolted against all laws of prosody, and at times degenerated into a mere "verbal juggler."

But despite his failure to realize his ideal in the creation of poetry which should be distinctly American, he has been the object of a vast deal of unjust criticism. Heine said: "The critic's great error lies in asking 'What ought the artist to do?' instead of asking, 'What does the artist intend?'" and so we must overlook the technical error of which Whitman was guilty, into the purpose which animated his pen. He himself has remarked:

"The words of my book are nothing, the drift of it everything."

And so, forgetting the mere words, let us seek an insight into the meaning.

He had for his motif: "Pressing the pulse of life that has seldom exhibited itself: the great pride of man in himself," and it is in this respect that he differentiates himself from the other poets, who were accustomed to treat man as the creature of politics, of aggregates, rulers, and priests. He points to the grandeur and significance of the common and near, and shows the universal relationship. Of the commonality of things he says:

"The common place I sing
How cheap is health! how cheap nobility!
Abstinence, no falsehood, no gluttony, lust:
The open air I sing, freedom, toleration,
(Take here the mainest lesson—less from books—less from the schools)
The common day and night—the common earth and waters,
Your farm—your work, trade, occupation,
The democratic wisdom underneath, like solid ground for all."

In his theory of verse he aims to reproduce, in a general sort of way, the long, flexible moving line of the Hebrew which moves with a sort of rythm of its own, and in such majestic lines as this,

"Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full dazzling."

he approaches in beauty the Song of Solomon.

There is present in Whitman's verse the buoyancy of the young republic with its undeveloped resources, its unspent vigor, its unsullied patriotism. He says: "I have allowed the stress of my poems, from beginning to end, to bear upon American individuality and assist it, not only because that is a good lesson in nature, amid all her generalizing laws, but as counterpoise to the leveling tendencies of democracy. Defiant of ostensible literary and other conventions, I avowedly chant the great pride of man in himself, and permit it to be more or less a motif of nearly all my verse."

He loved to sit on Brooklyn bridge and watch the stream of humanity flow by him, and this constant study of men gave to him a subtle insight to human nature. "Probably the reader," he said, "has seen physiognomies (often old farmers, old sea captains and such) that behind their homeliness or even ugliness, held superior points as subtle, yet so palpable, making the real life of their faces almost as impossible to depict as a wild perfume or fruit-taste, or a passionate tone of the living voice; such was Lincoln's face, the peculiar color, the lines of it, the eyes, mouth, expression. Of technical beauty it had nothing, but to the eye of the great artist it furnished a rare study, a feast and fascination."

Whitman had a marked esteem and admiration for Lincoln, and after his assassination there was no more beautiful eulogy written than "O Captain! My Captain." In many respects it is the best thing he has ever done.

"Oh Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
  Oh the bleeding drops of red
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
  Fallen, cold and dead.

Oh Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon wreaths, for you the shore overcrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
  Here, Captain! dear father!
    This arm beneath your head!
  It is some dream that on the deck
    You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
  Exult, oh shores, and ring O bells!
    But I with mournful tread
  Walk the deck my Captain lies
    Fallen cold and dead.

Whitman represented in verse what Millet represented upon canvass—every-day beauty and heroism. Millet's interest, however, was confined wholly to country life, while Whitman took in the city as well, but always the people who toiled—never the aristocracy.

Both came from plebeian blood; both loved nature, solitude of the sea, and country life. Whitman's humble origin clung to him all his life, and he could never be the real gentleman as were the poets of the New England school. His plebeian birth doubtless accounts for much of the vulgar verbiage which found its way into his verse, and made it positively repulsive to a large class of readers.

Mr. O'Connor pits Walt Whitman not only against all the poets of his day, but even claims for him a place

along with the great masters, Æschylus, Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, and proclaims him to be the inspired bard and prophet of his age and land. One feels that this praise is generous to the degree of prodigality. He was not, as he himself thought he was, the poet of democracy, but rather the poet of the soul—the poet of the infinite mystery of human life. His admirers have admired him intensely; while those who dislike him have utterly despised him. His democracy consisted of fraternity and equality, and he delighted to hail his fellows by the queer name of "camerados," which, strange to say, he preferred to "comrades." He emphasized the idea of equality, and it is for this reason that he was hailed abroad as the most American poet where this idea of American democracy prevails, and for this reason so little admired by those to whom he felt he was a prophet.

But despite his eccentricities, his affectations, and his uncouth utterances, in one aspect he is thoroughly American. The imagery of his poems is wholly American. Whitman did not speak the language of his time, but of an age which is just dawning. His appreciation has been tardy, but he anticipated this, and declared his willingness to wait until he could be understood. The power of Whitman is growing, and when the time comes that American critics can so far forget their critical attitudes as to overlook his technical error and see instead the depth of his purpose, he will come into his own, which may eventually be a position among the American poets next to that of Poe.

NICKAJACK.

E. B. EARNSHAW.

In 1768 a band of Englishmen landed at Savannah. After forcing their way up the Savannah river almost to its source, they turned westward and settled in North Georgia among those beautiful hills that break away from the Blue Ridge Mountains.

One of these pioneers was Joseph Howard. He worked hard and was soon living a peaceful and prosperous life. As time passed he came to be highly respected by all his neighbors, and a good wife contributed her share to his happiness, but his greatest joy was centered in his two children.

During the long summer days, Alfred and Nellie—as the children were called—found an ideal place for building their play-houses under the cluster of giant oaks that sheltered their father's log cabin, but the branch at the foot of the hill had perhaps the greater charms for them. Here they could build dams and catch minnows and have their play-houses besides.

It was after Alfred had passed his seventh birthday and Nellie her fifth that, late one afternoon when they were at the branch preparing for a feast of mudcakes, minnows, and blackberries, two Indians crept through the bushes behind them, slapped a rough hand over each little mouth, and quickly carried the terrified children to where other Indians waited with horses.

The next day a party of men in their search for Alfred and Nellie discovered that the Indian Chief, Nickajack, was missing. It was known that Nickajack had always seemed unusually grateful for a favor shown him by Mr.

Howard some years before. Nevertheless his abscence and the large foot-prints in the sand where the children had last been seen furnished evidence enough for most of the people that Nickajack was guilty of the kidnapping. Mr. Howard himself finally suspected him.

Nickajack was almost a giant, but his great strength was not the only reason that he was made a chief at an early age. He had all the other qualities of a leader, and his greatest gift was his ability to make friends. On the afternoon that the children were stolen, he was out hunting. He saw a band of strange Indians and said to himself, "They will bear watching." He turned his horse and followed at a distance. He saw his friend's children seized. This seemed to Nickajack the worst thing they could have done. "I can't fight them," he said, "they are too many for me. There is not time to give an alarm. But the children must be saved. What am I to do?" He was at his wit's end and sat considering thus until the kidnappers were almost out of sight. Then he followed almost instinctively.

The fugitives rode all night long. In the dim light of a new moon Nickajack had much to do to avoid being discovered and at the same time keep his eye upon the dark figures ahead. The task was made somewhat easier by the perfect control he had of his horse, and indeed, the horse seemed to know just what was expected of him.

Day came at last and the fugitives halted. Nickajack now had a definite plan in mind, for while they tied their horses he rode straight into the middle of the group. He greeted them all cordially but they regarded him with suspicion. Nickajack was not at all abashed by this; his manner was as easy as if he had been in his

own wigwam and before they themselves realized it he was one of their number. After a short rest the journey was taken up as before, except that there were now nine Indians instead eight.

Nothing out of the ordinary occurred until they were about to cross into Western Florida. Here a white man happened to see the little prisoners. He guessed that they were stolen and determined to rescue them if possible. He was alone and knew it might be better for his own safety to stay concealed. Nevertheless, when the Indians came up he stepped out of a thicket and made himself out to be a trader.

"We have nothing to trade," the Indians said, and were about to move on. But he insisted that they could make a trade of some kind and suggested the children. They stoutly refused this at first, but when Nickajack favored letting him have the girl they agreed to do so. Thus brother and sister were separated and big tears stood in their eyes as they looked after each other.

Alfred became a slave to the Indians. Nickajack stayed near him and his influence saved the little fellow many hardships, until he was suspected of having a hand in Alfred's efforts to escape. Then he thought it best to do nothing for the boy but wait for a sure opportunity to get him out of these cruel hands and restore him to his parents.

Nickajack had now waited and watched five years, when one morning, amidst the yells and excitement of a war dance, he said to himself, "Now is the time." He slipped away and found Alfred. They took two of the best horses the Indians had and soon the morning breeze brought to them only the faintest sounds from the war dance. But Nickajack had not as he thought left unobserved. An Indian woman's curiosity was aroused when

she saw him slip away from the dance, and secretly watched him until he was gone. She had absolutely no interest in either Nickajack or Alfred, but it would not have been quite natural for her to keep silent about what she had seen.

It was towards sunset before Nickajack thought it safe to halt. He and Alfred dismounted by a small stream and stretched themselves upon a cool mossy bank. Presently Alfred's attention was attracted by the barking of a squirrel. "Let me have your bow," he said to Nickajack, "and I will try for that squirrel,"

"Don't go too far," was Nickajack's answer.

Most boys will appreciate how Alfred felt when he killed this, his first squirrel; how his heart stood still when he saw the arrow go to the mark and the squirrel cling for a moment to the limb; how delighted he was when it fell and how he ran to it; and then, when he had picked the poor little creature up, how his delight was changed almost to regret. It had been so merry a few minutes before; now it was dead. While he gazed at the little victim, his conscience cried out until he felt himself to be almost a criminal. He was frightened without knowing why and he started back to Nickajack. The undergrowth largely concealed the place where he left him and when he had walked some distance he began to wonder if he had not gone too far.

"Nicka—" Before Alfred finished the word, the spot he was looking for came into view. He dropped his squirrel and nearly fell backwards. He was never so terrified but once and that was when he first fell into the hands of the Indians. Nickajack, covered with blood, fought desperately with two Indians as bloody as himself. Two others lay dead upon the ground. Alfred's

courage rose when he awoke to a sense of his friend's danger. He saw that he could approach still closer—within a few paces of the combatants—without attracting their attention. He did so. Then he came down on one knee and aimed at one of Nickajack's enemies, the arrow that had been so fatal to the squirrel. It went to the mark again and the Indian fell with a thud. The odds were in Nickajack's favor now and he quickly made an end of the last.

Nickajack sank down by a tree and leaned against it. Alfred stood gazing and waiting for him to speak. At length, with great effort, he did so:

"Alfred, it's all over with me. I can go no farther with you, but before dark you can find shelter and protection. Go down this creek to the river and up the river to the first settlement. Inquire for Edward Stallings. He has your sister. Tell him your home is at Concord Settlement near the head of the Chattahoochee river and he will carry you home." Nickajack paused a moment for breath and resumed. "That Indian there with the arrow in his side brought you from your home. He will trouble you no more now. He came with these others to bind us and carry us back. The worst he has done was to frighten you and stick a knife in my back. Your father was kind to me; tell him I have tried to show—"

He said no more, but bent forward and fell over on his side with such an expression of pain upon his features that Alfred, who had been on his knees with an arm around Nickajack's neck, rose with a scream. Alfred looked again. The soul had left and the face was calm.

The scene was a horrible one for the little fellow. He saw the stains of blood that had almost changed the color

of the little mossy bank. The five men lay as when life left them. Alfred shuddered at the long knife on the ground near him and turned. In the bushes was Nickajack's bow and by it the squirrel. Trembling from head to foot Alfred knelt and a hot tear dropped upon the face he kissed. Then he climbed upon his horse and was off down the creek and up the river.

A week afterwards Edward Stallings witnessed the indescribable joy of a mother and father who had given up all hope of ever seeing their little ones. He saw, too, the rejoicing of the neighbors. No one could find words enough to thank him for bringing the children back. At the moment he, to whom most gratitude was due, was forgotten,—forgotten by all except Alfred. But, at length, Alfred began to tell from beginning to end all he remembered that had happened to him. The people saw the noble part that Nickajack had played and made him their hero. They remembered the unjust blame they had laid upon him and they paid every possible honor to his memory. They named a creek running through the settlement for him and changed the name of the settlement from Concord to Nickajack.

Joseph Howard's cabin and all other traces of the settlement are gone now, but if you go over the branch of the Southern Railway between Atlanta and Birmingham you will cross the Nickajack creek and pass a station that bears our hero's name.

BRER RABBIT GETS EVEN WITH BRER FOX.

BY G. E. K., JR.

The little boy and Uncle Moses were sitting on the bank of Kelly's mill pond fishing. The fish, however, would not bite, although Uncle Moses had spit on their hooks several times.

"I spec'" said Uncle Moses, "dat Brer Fox done been projeckin' in dis pon'."

"But Uncle Moses, Brer Fox don't go in swimming, does he?"

"Now dats er mighty pinted question, kase deys no tellin' w'at Brer Fox gwinter do, but takin' ev'ything in ter 'sideration, I spec' de flees pester 'im mighty bad dis hot wedder. I sees yer sittin' fer er tale, an' I spose I'll hatter out wid it widout any mo' argufyin'."

"One time Brer Fox wuz gallopin' up de road w'en he ups and meets Brer Rabbit. Atter dey 'scuss de wedder, Brer Rabbit he ups an say:

"Brer Fox, yers sholy lookin' poly dese days. I specs yers workin' too hard." Brer Fox he spon':

"Taint dat, Brer Rabbit, hits de flees, deys enermost eat me up." Brer Rabbit he tuck er chaw terbacco and meditate er while, den he low:

"Well, Brer Fox, bein' ez how me an' yer am sich good fr'en's er Miss Meadows and de gals, I'se jes bleeged ter he'p yer out." Brer Fox he say:

"Thanky, thanky, Brer Rabbit, yer kin allers count on me atter dis." Wid dat Brer Rabbit tuk er seat and 'ceeded ter give Brer Fox de 'reckshuns.

"Now, Brer Fox, yers bleeged ter follow de rules, kase deys no 'ceptions ter dis un." Brer Fox low he

gwinter follow dem 'reckshuns ez straight ez er martin fly ter he gourd. Den Brer Rabbit he say:

"Now, Brer Fox, yer jes rambulate down yonder ter de mill pon'. Ez yer pass by de cotton patch git yer er mouf full er cotton. W'en yer done got de cotton yer swims out in de pon' sorter slow, den all de flees dey'll git on de cotton."

W'en Brer Fox out'n sight, Brer Rabbit he skoots 'roun' ter whar ole Mr. Man lives. Mr. Man he wuz weedin' out de grass in he gyardin, w'en Brer Rabbit come runnin' up mos' out er bref.

"W'at de matter, Brer Rabbit? Yer look ef yer mout be skeered ter def."

"Taint dat, Mr. Man, but bein' ez how me an yer eats out er de same cabbage patch, I jes 'low'd I'd come roun' and tell yer w'at Brer Fox gwinter do."

"W'at Brer Fox gwinter do?"

"Dat's bit, 'zactly. Me an Brer Fox wuz comin' up de road an I up an ax 'im whar he gwine, an he low he gwine down ter yer pon' and git yer mill so full er flees dat yer hatter go out'n de business. He done say yer sic de dogs on 'im w'en he tendin' ter he own business, an he gwinter get even wid yer, er he name aint Mr. Fox."

W'en Mr. Man hear dat he low he gwinter give Brer Fox er dose er flees he can't git rid uv. Wid dat he gits he gun an he an Brer Rabbitt dey goes down to de pon'. Un sho 'nough, dar wuz Brer Fox swimmin' right close ter de mill." Den Brer Rabbit he sing out:

"Brer Fox, how's yer gettin' 'long?" Brer Fox holler back:

"Deys gettin' off mighty fas', Brer Rabbit, but deys

pesterin' me eyes mighty bad." Brer Rabbit he sing out er gin:

"Yers too fur from de bank, Brer Fox, de flees deys skeerd to git off."

W'en Brer Fox hear dat he come swum up clost ter whar Brer Rabbit wuz, an den Mr. Man he jis let 'im have bofe barrels, ker blim, an Brer Fox done gone un er mighty long visit ter Brer Mudturkle.

"Well, Uncle Moses, if Mr. Man killed Brer Fox, how could he have frightened the fish to-day?" asked the little boy. Uncle Moses frowned as if he was very angry, and commenced in a solemn tone:

"Aint yer mother 'low de preacher comin' Sunday, an' aint she done gone an' had de old dominicker rooster killed, an' aint dey plenty mo' dominicker roosters 'sides datn in de yard? Answer me dat, answer me dat?"

For several minutes after this rebuke Uncle Moses did not speak to the little boy. Suddenly the little boy's cork began to bob up and down. "Be keerful, honey, dats er big un sho'," and with a quick jerk the little boy landed a large chub on the bank. "I clar ter gracious, I doan b'lieve Brer Fox been ter dis pon' ter day," and patting the little boy on the back he said, "Yers de bes' fisherman in Nor'f Ca'lina.

ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

C. P. W.

A bonny lad on a bonny day,
Met a bonny lass on the King's highway,
And she smiled a smile from her bonny eye,
And she kissed her hand as she passed him by.

And the bonny lad with his finger tips,
Raised her bonny hand to his ruby lips.
"May I go with you to your home," he said.
"You may, if you wish, sir," blushing red.

Ere the bonny year its race had run,
A bonny priest made them bonny one;
And all on account of a smile they say,
And a kiss of the hand on the King's highway.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

ALBERT IVES.

In 1814, after he had been settled in his new home of Abbottsford for about two years, Scott took up again, and finished, almost at a single stretch, a story which he had started a few years before. This first novel, "Waverly," was published anonymously, and its astonishing success encouraged him to continue the work. Lockhart, in his biography of the author, relates an incident which may give some idea of the untiring energy with which Scott devoted himself to this new field.

"One day," says Mr. Lockhart, "several of my friends were dining in a room which commanded a view of Scott's office. After a time one of them asked who it was across the street that, with bent body and rapid hand, was writing page after page without a single pause, and tossing them on a pile of manuscripts. The host informed us that the same hand was often busy before he arose in the morning and continued at the same reckless speed all day until the candles were brought in, and he knew not how much longer. The owner of that hand, said he, is Walter Scott."

If this is not off-hand writing, it is hard to tell what *ex tempore* writing is. Not one of his novels seems labored. His method of composition was always the same, and when writing an imaginative work, the progress was nearly uniform. The morning was his brightest time, but morning or evening, well or ill, writing with his own hand or dictating to an amanuensis, Scott spun away at his imaginative web almost as evenly as the silk-worm spins at its golden cocoon.

Such achievements were marvelous in his day, but he was, in a sense, the advance guard of that class of modern writers who can pour out story after story, containing a great variety of subject matter, while retaining a certain even level of merit. Differences there are in the Waverley Novels, but these may be ascribed to fitness or unfitness for the author's genius, rather than to a difference in composition. Thus, probably "Old Mortality" stands at the very head of the class and the "Black Dwarf" at the foot, yet they were written in immediate succession.

It is true that Scott was at times excessively free in his manipulations of history. In "Kenilworth" he represents Shakespeare's plays as already in the mouths of courtiers and statesmen, when in reality the great play-writer was hardly old enough to rob an orchard. Again, in "Woodstock" he insists, if one compare Sir Henry Lee's dates with the facts, that Shakespeare died twenty years before his time. So, while he never troubled himself about the minute details of history, yet in the general characteristics of the age he was almost infallible.

Till the close of his career he took pains to keep secret his identity as the author of "Waverley" and the "Tales of My Landlord." It is probable that he thought his reputation as a poet might suffer if it were known that Roderic Dhu and Rob Roy were characters from the same pen. Besides the obscurity saved him annoyance and stimulated his imagination.

The most striking feature of the novels is, that for the most part, they are pivoted on public rather than our private interests and passions. There is something about these characters which makes us feel that we would

have acted as they did under the same conditions. No one can picture more vividly "beggars and gypsies, wandering fiddlers and soldiers, peasants and farmers, lawyers and preachers, courtiers and statesmen, and perhaps best of all, kings and queens." But when it came to small differences of manner, due to education or domestic circumstances or minute delineations of character, Scott was beyond his proper sphere. While his conceptions of men are alive, personal, natural, those of women of high rank are liable to be too romantic. This is not the case with women of the other classes, for what can be more perfect than the manner in which he depicted the woman of business in "Jeanie Deans," with the lover, and sister, and housewife.

Notice the scene in "Kenilworth," where Elizabeth undertakes the reconciliation of Sussex and Leicester: "Her grand rebuke to both; her ill-concealed preference for Leicester; her whispered ridicule of Sussex; the impulses of tenderness which she stifles; the flashes of resentment to which she gives way; the triumph of policy over private feeling; her imperious impatience when baffled; her jealousy as she grows suspicious of a personal rival; her gratified pride and vanity when the suspicion is exchanged for the clear evidence, as she supposes, of Leicester's love, and her peremptory conclusion of the audience." These bring before the mind a series of pictures far more vivid and impressive than the veil of Parrhasius or the horses of Apelles.

Scott makes us live over again many of the most famous scenes of political strife and religious controversy. We become actual eye-witnesses, as it were, of the lion-hearted Richard's sudden return; of Margaret of Anjour's throes of vain ambition, and Mary Stuart's fascinating

remorse; of the shrewd pedantries of James I; of the political craft of Argyll and the high-bred clemency of Monmouth.

Our ideas of these great historical figures are largely derived from the Waverley Novels, and the characters are immortal because the author lies buried beneath his own production.

A STORY OF THE MOUNTAINS.

BY ARTHUR L. FLETCHER.

Shadows were deepening around Eagle Rock. A purple haze clung to the distant mountains and the great crags near at hand stood out sharply against the crimson sky. The fitful cry of the whip-por-will jarred the stillness of the darkening woods, and grotesque black shadows were mustering among the huge tree-trunks. Two silent figures sat out on Eagle Rock.

Presently a long drawn cry broke the stillness.

"Jan-e-e-t o-o, Jan-e-e-t!" It was a high-pitched feminine voice. One of the figures, a youug girl, arose quickly.

"Come, Edwin," she said. "Ma's a callin' of me. We-uns has been dowu hyar long enough."

The mother met them at the door of the little cottage. She was a sweet-faced, kind-hearted woman, a widow, and Janet was her only child. Inside a merry fire blazed on the hearth, and the evening meal was spread invitingly on the table.

"Eddie," she said, "I hears ez how ye air goin' off to college tomorrer. An' ye air goin' to be a doctor? Well, well—we'uns'll sho' be proud o' ye when ye gits back. Eddie, ye mus' be a good boy. Ye air all yore pore mammy has got left in this worl', an' she has worked so hard for ye. Don't hurry off, Eddie—wait an' eat yore supper along o'we-uns."

But Edwin declined the kind invitation, and with a hasty good-bye, he turned away. His eyes were filled with tears and there was a choky feeling in his throat. He felt, even now, like turning his back on his brilliant future—the education of which he had dreamed and for

which both he and his mother had worked so hard. It meant a long farewell to mother, home, and—Janet. Out on Eagle Rock he had poured forth his love to her as only a boy of eighteen can do. She had returned it with the fervor and intensity of the simple-hearted mountain maid that she was. Many and tender were the vows made.

Early next morning Edwin was on his way to the railroad station, thirty miles away. His good old mother stood out on the front porch of their cottage, looking after the slow-moving wagon till it had passed out of sight over the "Phœnix."

Edwin's college life was not out of the ordinary. To the usual trials of the Freshman was added the strangeness of the new life into which he had been so suddenly plunged. But he bravely bore up under his trials, cheered and comforted ever by the sweet letters from his mother and Janet.

A year passed away. His vacation he spent in active hospital work. He was too poor to make the long journey home. During his second year his life changed in many ways. His class-mates began to notice and admire the quiet, studious boy from the mountains. He was introduced into "society," and his eyes, unaccustomed to the splendor about him, were dazzled. How unlike little Janet were these dashing, beautifully-dressed society belles! His letters to his mother, and especially to Janet, became uninteresting and irregular. Janet was not surprised when one day she received a letter asking that their engagement be broken off. He had risen above her, she thought—and it was quite natural for him to do so. He had forgotten; but she could not for-

get. Only a short time after this her mother sickened and died, and her cup of sorrow was full.

Meanwhile Edwin was going from bad to worse. It was in his Senior year that his mother, too, died. The mountain mails were blocked by heavy snows. He did not know of her death till some weeks after her funeral. A letter from him to his mother, asking for money, reached the little post office in the mountains on the same day that the news of his mother's death reached him. Janet took the letter from the office and read it.

"Mother," the letter ran, "I'm in trouble—awful trouble. You know I was elected manager of the foot-ball team this fall. Well, there was a big sum of money—over two hundred dollars—placed in my hands. Mother, I've been foolish. All that money is gone—drinking and playing cards. It must be paid back in three weeks or all is lost. I must leave here. Can you do anything? For God's sake help me!"

The letter fell from her trembling fingers. The old love returned stronger than ever. Edwin, the dear Edwin of other days, was in trouble! Was there no way to help him? That night she lay awake for hours thinking. She knew that Edwin's mother had left nothing but the little house and farm and that both were heavily mortgaged. There was no help there. Two hundred dollars—what a large sum! Then suddenly the words of Squire Johnson, her neighbor and the wealthiest man in the community, occurred to her.

"Janet," he had said, "I'll gin ye three hundred dollars fer yore little house and farm."

She had laughingly refused to sell her little home; but now—how else was she to save him? Yes, she would sell it and Edwin should never know who had befriended him.

The news of his mother's death was a terrible shock to Edwin. He knew that all was lost, and perhaps it was best that she was dead, he thought, bitterly. She would never know of her son's dishonor. The time was drawing near when the money had to be accounted for. He was prepared to make a clean breast of it all, and then go out into the world.

One day a package was handed him, addressed in a queer, cramped hand-writing. Tearing it open he found three hundred dollars in bills. His honor was saved.

* * * * * * * * *

Ten years passed away. One day word went the rounds of the Eagle Rock settlement that old Squire Johnson had returned from the hospitals at New Orleans, where he had gone for medical treatment. The simple mountain folk gathered at his house to listen to the stories of the great outside world. Among them was Janet. The old man's story was long.

"An' folkses," he said, "one day I war a layin' thar in that hot ole hospital a sufferin' an' a sufferin' with my side—when all to oncst a young docter feller walks up. He sot down his medicine case an' look at me sorter funny fer a minute an' says, says he, 'Aint ye Squire Johnson from Eagle Rock, No'th Ca'liny?' 'I be,' says I. An' I'll be switched ef it warnt ol' widder Neal's son, Ed!"

Janet listened with wildly throbbing heart. The old man rambled on, telling the story of Edwin's life. Edwin, it seemed, had told the old man the whole history of his life, sparing nothing. Janet saw that she was forgotten entirely. She had sacrificed even her home for him. Suddenly she was moved to ask:

"Did he low as who it war that sent him the money to keep him at college?"

"I axed him," said the old man. "He lowed he been so busy he aint never tuck the time ter think erbout it. But he lowed it mus' have been his ol' uncle over in Ferginny. But I lowed as how that warnt so, kaze ol' Sol Neal air too mean er ol' skinflint ter do that. An' Ed he brung his wife in ter see me nex' day, an'—"

Janet did not stay to hear more. As she walked slowly back to her Aunt Helen's she did not feel that she had loved and sacrified wholly in vain. Her great love had made her sweeter and more lovable to the simple people around her. She did not murmur at the cruelty of fate. She did not regret the immolation of self. She regretted only the wasted feeling and was humbled when she thought of it.

PHILOSOPHY OF BROWNING'S CLEON.

BY ROGER G. LEWIS.

To understand the poem it is necessary to analyze it step by step, and thus gain an insight into the deep philosophy contained in the longing to know whether there is a future life in which may be completed our highest aspirations begun in this life, the question that has absorbed thinking men of all ages.

The poem takes us to a time when art and life had lost all originality in the dark pain of the soul. The world was convinced that annihilation comes with death, and had settled down into despair, penetrated by no ray of hope, helplessly asking if life were worth the living.

In recognition of his worth and the sympathetic bond existing between them in their mutual desire and struggles for something better than this life can give, King Protus had sent galleys loaded with royal gifts to the wealthy and famous poet, artist Cleon, living on one of the Grecian islands. Accompanying the gifts is a letter of praise and questions, in which the King asks if, after the poet has, in his works, immortalized himself, he desires any more in life. Also he asks his opinion of the teachings of one Paulus, who is preaching of a life beyond the grave, and whose disciples lately touched on the poet's island home. Cleon has read this letter, and the poem opens with his answer: "I praise thee, O King, because thou, too, like me art not content to remain satisfied with the joys which love and the power of ruling give, satisfying to vulgar souls, but aspire to rise to a sublime height from which thou canst look into futurity and see what consummation of all our longings lies be-

yond that state which men call death. As evidence of this thou art building a tower, symbol of thy soul's desire, in order to rise far removed from the herd and load thy soul with thoughts and revelations connecting thee with infinity itself. Thus striving to learn if beyond this turmoil of life there is in the home of Zeus, a place for mortals where exists perfect rest and the complete achievement of our purest desires, in contrast to the teachings of the man Christus, who points to a heaven where work never ends. I am, as thou sayest, the embodiment of all strength and learning. Even though I have not done as well as the greatest men of you, have I not combined all their excellencies in one soul, and do not the composite minds of to-day excel the single minds of our forerunners? Indeed, all the world marvels at my power, and thou askest should I not be satisfied that I have immortalized myself in my works, and reached the goal of life, leaving nothing more to be desired, and ought I not to meet death with calmness, knowing that inborn ages will reverentially point to my works and say, 'These by Cleon the Great?' "

Now comes the pathetic despairing wail of a great and noble mind, chained in gloomy doubt.

> "—— my life
> Complete and whole now in its power and joy,
> Dies altogether with my brain and arm,
> Is lost indeed——."

"After realizing all the possibilities of life; after experiencing the wild joy of living; after rising to such heights above other men that they seem as worms at the foot of a mountain, after all this, is not the final fall the more horrible? Does not the higher the soul climb in pure joy, the more it sees of truth, when it reaches from

hope to possibility, then to realization, climbing upward and on until from afar it sees a stopping place, and when at last it reaches this stopping place, this brass wall on which is written, 'Hope perishes here,' does it not perish the more miserably? Were it not better for man to be born on a level with the earth, possessed of no desires other than the passing physical delights of a day? For the more his educated nature becomes capable of enjoying life in its entirety, the more miserable he is. Just as he has learned to make the most of life, this body begins to shrivel and fade, and at last when the desire to live is growing stronger every day, death, awful annihilation, falls and crushes all this beautiful fabric into nothingness. It is educated suffering, too fearful to contemplate. Something is wrong with the universe, there must be a future life of perfection."

> "To seek which the joy-hunger forces us;
> That stung by straightness of our life, made straight
> On purpose to make prized the life at large—
> Freed by the throbbing impulse we call death,
> We burst then as the worm into the fly,
> Who, while a worm still, wants his wings."

With a last heartrending cry that echoes through the souls of men to-day, he closes his argument.

> "But no!
> Zeus has not revealed it; and alas,
> He must have done so, were it possible!"

As a postscript, Cleon writes that "the doctrines of one called Paulus are untenable and impossible of belief by any sane man."

Cleon is one of Browning's arguments that common sense reasoning teaches the imperative necessity of a future life.

"I but open my eyes—and perfection no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined full fronts me, and God is seen, God
In the star, in the stone, in the flash, in the soul and the clod.
* * * * * * * *
The man taught enough by life's dream of the rest to make sure;
By the pain throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles in this."

Browning fully believed that the best in this life is continued and completed in heaven.

If we were without such a hope, if we were forced to believe that after educating ourselves to an ideal appreciation of all that is holiest and most beautiful in this present state, there were nothing at the end but Cleon's despairing cry—sorrowful, a little stern, yet gentle—to Protus,

"Live long and happy, and in that thought die,
Glad for what was, farewell."

What an awful condition life would be! Especially for those unhappy beings who have none of the comforts of a Protus or the educated luxurious joys of a Cleon, and having lived without pleasure, die without hope, nothing, but oblivion. To such the poet brings the beautiful words,

"God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world!"

LINES WRITTEN UPON SLEEPING THREE A-BED.

3-ply
I lie;
(College cubiculation).
Thus, I
Defy
Harvey and circulation.
As I
Thus lie
Feigning *somnitum iri*,
What truth
Forsooth,
Seems "*Esse quam videri*!"

J. D. H. JR.

"BUSTED."

What can make your heart grow sicker,
Or your fist go double quicker,
Than to have some beastly sticker,
Send your dun;
Which is five times what you bought
And ten times what you thought,
But the fellow's got you caught,
Out o' mon.

THE TRIUMPH.

BY HENRY C. LANNEAU.

At snails pace creeped the train from Leipsig to Berlin. The evening was coming on, while a heavy dampness hung in the air. They would scarcely reach the city before night. O, why might he not take wings and fly? Of all the passengers aboard none wore so pleasant a smile as did Rilleau, a fresh looking youth with brave blue eyes. Pleasant thoughts filled his mind. Some great, good fortune had happened to him, he knew not what. All he knew about it was from a telegram from Heinrich, his cousin, saying to come at once to take possession. The meeting would be a joy of itself, for they were old chums and had not seen each other for long months.

"Um-steigen!"

Ah! they were there already. He sprang to his feet and shot out the door. The train gave a shrill whistle and was off in a moment. People were crowding here and there, but soon some one came straight in his direction.

"Rilleau!"

"Heinrich!"

Once more two old friends were lost in conversation. A cabman beckoned to them, and without giving more assent than by shouting "Hotel Metropolis!" they stepped inside and were driven rapidly down the crowded, moving thoroughfare. When they were seated comfortably inside Rilleau began to fire eager questions as to what good piece of fortune he had come into, while his companion, in breathless haste, endeavored to unfold the mystery.

An honored, wealthy uncle had just died leaving him

a by no means poor estate. All his property went to Rilleau, to whom he had taken quite a fancy when a boy on a visit with his mother to his country home. The will, it seemed, especially mentioned that his library of choice books was especially recommended to the beneficiary for some good use. "But of course there are matters of more importance," said cousin Heinrich, as the cab stopped at the hotel and they still talking, walked up to the entrance.

"Why so? It was a choice collection of books."

The other paid no attention, but led the way to the office where they gave their names and secured a room for the night.

"Well, Rilleau, we will talk the matter over, since we are in our own room and no one to disturb us. There are a few little plans we want to perfect before morning. Draw up to the fire and warm. Have a smoke!" At this both lit fragrant cigars, and as the smoke curled in rings above their heads, settled down to the delightful business in hand.

"You're a lucky fellow, I must say. Here you've been leading a gay life ever since you can remember anything, and no sooner have you found that you were almost penniless, than a streak of brilliant luck places you in possession of more than you ever dreamed of having before. Now, what we want to do is to get it into your hands as quickly as possible and avoid having any trouble with the executor of the estate. As the will reads you are to come into full possession at once as soon as certain requirements of law have been fulfilled. We will attend to that first thing in the morning. Man, you've come into a fortune. A fortune, I say," and with that the two jumped to their feet with a will and clasped hands in the most hasty manner. Then a ring

for the waiter, who appeared on the spot in a twinkle. "Some of your best wine for two. Be quick about it," and he tossed a gold piece to him. "Here's something extra for your pains."

The wine was brought up sparkling in the ruddy gold-lined cups, and each eagerly sought to taste it first. One was excited by a breathless tale of good fortune, the other somewhat wearied from his journey and no less agitated with his unexpected good luck.

Neither had been under anything approaching home restraint for some years. The new comer had been an orphan ever since the battle of Austerlitz, where his father had nobly fallen in defence of the fatherland. Brought up under the loving care of his beautiful mother, a French lady of noble extraction, for a year longer, he had given promise of being every whit as strong in character as his honored German sire. But when a year later she, too, had caught the dread fever and died, he was left to the care of an overindulgent aunt who had humored every whim of the child until he had gotten wholly beyond her control. Inheriting from his mother a vivacious temperament and graceful bearing, while from his father those clear blue eyes that indicate the steady nerve and constitution of steel, he fell a ready victim into the hands of wayward, reckless companions. In his native town he had been the ringleader of his set with his no less dashing cousin. Their university course had been one long series of student rashness, midnight revelry, and broils. Where they led others followed, for with free use of all necessary funds, they laid an irresistible claim to the greatest popularity. For the past few months each had been looking around for some profession, so-called, behind which they might mask till some

unexpected thing should turn up to relieve them from the unpleasant task of seeming to be without means of support. Nothing could have been more pleasing to either, then, than the present appearance of things, for, as has been said, one of the two bold youths had well nigh spent the last cent of his original comfortable fortune. The other, too, was fast on the road to utter bankruptcy, hence his undue haste in communicating the news to his cousin, and taking the management of the whole affair into his hands.

While they sat thus renewing the ties of friendship, the minutes flew by unheeded. The clock was heard to strike eleven. "That reminds me I have the last words of your uncle to you," and Heinrich drew from his pocket a small sealed paper. The other seized it and broke the seal and read: "Rumors of good and evil are like the winds that blow; no one knows from where they come or their true destination. I will believe the best of all until I know them otherwise. I leave all my property to you in trust for your noble father's sake. Adieu. Your Uncle." When he finished reading he did not move. The other looked at him wonderingly. "What, nothing against your reputation, I hope; O well, take courage, you will soon outlive all that nice feeling." With this he poured out more wine and offered another rouse for old acquaintance sake. But as he did so he saw a look upon Rilleau's face that he had never noticed there before; he fancied he saw a tear shining in his eye. "What ails you, man? Are you going to act the woman's part and cry for joy? Rouse yourself!"

"Heinrich, I have changed my mind. I cannot enter into your wild plans for dividing the estate between us and living the life of dissipation you suggest. True,

we could easily be the two most popular young men in Berlin and leaders in its gay society, but I have sown the wind long enough. I must prove myself worthy of my trust."

"Thunderation! I never thought to hear such words pass your lips. What in the kingdom has come over you that you speak like a sage or an oracle? Don't you know you will be made the laughing stock of all the fellows if you act in any such confounded way? I never thought you had the heart to make such a statement, even in jest."

"Nor I. But those few words recalled to my mind for the first time in years my worthy reverenced father. I must be a worthy son to him."

"Why, without doubt. Well said, well done. Here, drain this cup."

Before he could scarcely get the words out a hand shot forth and with a blinding stroke dashed the goblet with its contents from his grasp. "Now, by the holy——, Heinrich," thundered in his ears, "tempt me no more. I have done with all your wicked follies. You may laugh at me, mock me to scorn, make me a by-word among my companions. Come with me or go your way. I will not go with you. Choose! I face the future unafraid."

His former friend stood wild-eyed in the corner gazing at him as if he were looking at a man insane, past all hope. Shaking off a great fear clutching at his heart, with a foolish smile spreading over his face, he half muttered to himself: "O well, he will get over it by morning." Then without waiting for the other's fierce "Begone," he rose to get his hat, rushed out the door, down the steps, and went out into the night.

Left to himself, the exhausted hero sank into a large easy chair before the open fire, too full of strange new emotions crowding his heart and brain to heed the noisy retreat of his erstwhile comrade. How he had ever gotten out those words he would never know. For several minutes he sat wrapt in deep revery. Then rising he went to the light and unclasped a locket which he examined carefully. On one side was a face he had known and loved as a boy, the face of his mother, while on the other side were these words: "Be true to your trust, my son, one of God's noblemen, is the dying prayer of your father."

He pressed a kiss reverently upon the sacred features, and as he read the words a convulsive sob shook his frame. How far short he had come of being worthy of so blessed an inheritance or hallowed a memory! How sad would his father be if he saw him now! Might he look in his mother's face if she were to come to him, she who had told him each day of his father's mighty love, and taught him to grant his prayer by loving precept and faithful example,—would it be possible for her heart to fail of breaking? "Ah," he thought, "if I could only redeem my past!"

With a strange feeling of mingled awe and gratitude he returned to his seat and sat gazing at the picture before him. He could almost see the smiling face of his mother as bending over her to catch her last words she had said: "Be—true—to—your—trust—my—boy." He sprang up, shouting at the top of his voice: "Heaven being my helper, I will!" He turned pale at the sound of his own strange voice, and he shuddered as he looked around him. What was that, moving so mysteriously behind him. A form clothed in the beautiful features

of a lovely maiden seemed floating before him. What did it mean? In a flash the name of a long forgotten dear one came to him. He could not believe his eyes, but truly, on second thought, was it not in Berlin he had last heard of her. Fiction no longer. With a wild leap he sprang frantically toward her only to embrace thin smoke. Alas, what strange miracle of love was this? He sank to his knees amazed, a cold sweat moistening his brow. The fear that the wine had heated his brain more than it was wont, and that the great excitement of the last few hours was about to derange his mind seized upon him. For a time he stared into the empty space before him.

Before he had come to himself a wild cry and the roar of a noisy tumult rose from the street. Then a sudden sense of his surroundings came over him. He ran to the window and listened.

"The Metropolis burning!"

Merciful heavens! What he had seen was not wholly a phantom then. But he must out of this with no delay. He had just presence of mind enough to seek escape through the door instead of the window, but it was all he could do to open it. The smell of smoke and burning timber rushed up to him. Not knowing which way to fly for escape, he stood fastened to the spot. He was on the point of rushing down from the landing when he caught a fleeting glimpse of the same beautiful girlish form he had seemed to see but a moment ago. But no false dream now. There she stood, hesitating, the light from the blazing passage below shining on her flushed face—warm flesh and blood this time, beautiful in the extreme, her long black hair streaming behind her down to the waist, and with her flowing garment height-

ening the effect of those perfect features in the soft light. O! A sight to tempt the very gods themselves.

Had she remained there in doubt as to which way to fly till the building had burned to ashes, he would have remained transfixed where he stood, so eagerly did he feast his soul upon her all-consuming beauty. But now she moves in his direction. His breath comes fast. Long since he has gnessed her name. Will she recognize him? She raises her eyes as drawing near, a look of ineffable tenderness spreads over her face.

"Rilleau!"

"Lillia!"

One look and then a wild embrace in which his strong arms clasp her trembling frame. Their lips are quivering with thoughts that lie too deep for words, but if spoken would mean how much of heaven there is within a fleeting moment. The hurrying throng brush past them without a passing glance, each too intent upon his own safety. For these two the world may burn away while the fires of love mount higher. At first a gentle sob, a trusting kiss, and then a little voice. "O, this is Heaven! But come, let us go!"

Then a mad whirl down creaking stairways full of the stifling smoke and heat, over fallen objects, dead or alive, into a blessed breath of fresh air out on the street again. From heaven, through hell to the sweet warm earth again.

Some one is calling. "Lillia, come with us!" Several of her friends from whom she had been separated plead loudly for her to come. Reluctantly she yields to their entreaties. But even as she does so and turns her feet in their direction he feels a lingering caress of a soft warm hand in his, and bends to catch her whisper.

"To-morrow!"

She has vanished like a mist before he can reply.

"To-morrow!"

No more for him has the surging, shouting throng even the slightest interest. He is walking in another world. Rapidly, he takes his way, though unconsciously, down the winding streets in the direction of his deceased uncle's residence. As if by instinct he stops before the very house he seeks without looking up, enters the gate, mounts the steps and drawing the key from his pocket, unlocks the door. With a glad bound he enters, springs up the stairway and softly pushing aside the door enters reverently the library.

"How human all these books look, they are my friends!" he exclaims. "Here I may live, and work and love! Then I can die happy!" He stands, lost in wondering, joyous thought awhile. Then a thrill comes over him as he recalls all the events from midnight to this early morning hour. He wonders if it can be true, or only the mocking of a dream. It is but an hour or so till day, and as his thoughts are too full for sleep, he walks up and down the room thinking of his past life. At length the faint light of the moon pales until it casts no shadow, the brilliant morning star fades from view. A solemn sound attracts him to the window. Looking down upon the street he sees the military escort of some royal officer slowly wending its way to the resting place of state within the cathedral, and hears the solemn drumbeat. To him the spectacle is suggestive. He sees the death of all his secret sins, the burial of his past follies. With the fall of one hero in the battle with others another has risen, flushed with victory, from his struggles with self.

The mist hangs heavy in the air and a mist is in his

eyes. Before him floats a mystic form, the Blessed Damosel! Ah well, at last! He has seen the vision beautiful of which he so long dreamed. The sun mounts up and the mists lift with it.

There is a far-off look in his dreamy eyes as he thrills with a thought of "To-morrow" and his soul within leaps up to sing the old, old song of "Love Triumphant."

TO A MOCKING BIRD.

BY J. M. JUSTICE.

Oh, thou sweet and blessed bird of spring time,
  Thy realm should broader be than earth;
Thou who lightest up our way with singing
  Should'st know no bounds save heaven to thy mirth;
For often when my feet are weary,
  And my soul with sorrow bent,
Thou hast been to me a blessing,
  A messenger from Eden sent.

COME BACK, COME BACK.

BY C. E. HAMBY.

Come back, come back, my youthful devotion,
  And wake me to visions of glory and fame;
Come back o'er me like floods of the ocean:
  Set all my sleeping energies aflame.

Come back, departed childhood, as sweetly and serenely
  Breathe in me again as I muse through the day,
A hope, not ephemeral, but one that supremely
  Shall keep me and last me forever and aye.

THE LOST COLONY.

JAMES D. PROCTOR.

Every age has its great adventurers, and of those most conspicuous who lived in the sixteenth century was Sir Walter Raleigh. He was handsome, dashing, daring, and bold, with a spirit that bespoke adventure itself. By his gallantry he came under the notice of Queen Elizabeth, and later into her favor. Soon after having gained royal favor he secured the monopoly of the wine trade, and this lucrative business soon made him a man of great financial power. With this power he determined to plant a colony in America. And as other expeditions sent to the colder climates of the continent had failed, he sent his ill-fated expedition to the warmer shores of Carolina, then called Virginia.

His first expedition, composed of two small vessels under the joint command of Phillip Amidas and Arthur Barlow, set sail April 27th, 1584, and going via the Canary and West India Islands, landed on Wocoken Island July 2d of the same year. The settlers found that the new land even surpassed their dreams in its beauty and wealth of vegetation, and a settler in describing the new land said: "The fragrance was as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding with all manner of sweet flowers and luscious fruits." The vegetation struck the settlers with the greatest wonder and admiration, the equal of the forestry was nowhere to be found, and everywhere the luxuriant vines filled with delicious grapes such as they had never seen before, climbed the trees and formed graceful festoons.

The settlers were hospitably received by the Indians

and were made guests of honor by their rulers and councilmen; the Indians were not suspicious and for a time there was perfect harmony between them and the whites.

On June 26th, 1585, another expedition arrived at Wocoken and made their way through Ocracoke Inlet to Roanoke Island, where the other settlers had gone. The new expedition, under the command of Sir Richard Granville, and composed of seven vessels, brought 108 colonists, among whom was the new governor of the colony, Ralph Lane. Sir Richard Granville, on being ordered by the Queen to make a report on the new territory, visited the Indians and observed their mode of life and character. On one of his visits to an Indian village a silver cup was stolen from a member of the party. Granville became furious at this conduct and at once ordered the whole village with its crops to be burned. Strange to say, the Indians made no resistance, but this harshness was probably the beginning of the troubles for the settlers. The Indians told the new comers many stories of places where untold riches could be obtained, and many of the settlers either perished from hunger and disease or were murdered by the Indians while in the search for gold. This hunger for gold shows very strongly why Sir Walter Raleigh's expeditions failed; of course the failure was not wholly due to this thirst for gold, but to a large extent it was. The gold hunter never settles or upbuilds a new land; the genuine pioneers are a hard-working class, who have normal imaginations and who desire only to get gold by toil.

Granville soon left Carolina, taking his ships with him. This caused the colonists to become despondent, for they had no means of returning to England in case

they should want or be compelled to go. So when Sir Francis Drake arrived all of them were anxious to return. Drake dissuaded them from their purpose by leaving them three vessels to use in case of an emergency. On the next day, however, a storm arose and destroyed the vessels. The settlers were then so wrought up that Drake took them all to England on June 19th, 1586. In this manner the expeditions of Raleigh failed.

A few days later a supply ship, sent by Raleigh, arrived in Carolina and finding all the former settlers gone, it had to return, but the crew left fifteen men to hold the English title to the land.

It is a surprise that Raleigh was not dismayed, but the adventurous spirit being high in him, he was not at all dismayed by the failure of his hoped-for settlement, and at once prepared a new expedition.

The new colony, under the command of John White, arrived at Roanoke in July, 1587. In this colony there were several women, including the daughter of White, Eleanor Dare, who, on August 10th, 1587, gave birth to the first white child born on the American continent. The child was named Virginia, either in honor of the Queen or in honor of the new land, all of which at that time was known as Virginia. All that the new colonists found of the fifteen men left by the supply ship was their bleaching bones. It is supposed that they were killed by the Indians, but it is possible that they died from starvation or disease.

The new colonists were hospitably received by the Croatan Indians, and one of their number, Manteo, who had been to England, was created Lord of Roanoke. This was the first peerage ever created in America. These colonists, not being very industrious, their supplies soon

ran out, and they became restless and began to urge White to return. White at last consented to go to England and bring back supplies, so leaving his daughter and little Virginia Dare as hostages, he sailed August 22d, 1587, promising to return as soon as possible. The colony, now composed of 89 men, 17 women, and two children, was now entirely dependent on the governor's return. On his departure it was agreed that in case they should have to leave Roanoke that they would make a cross on a tree and beneath the mark would be written the direction that they had taken.

White arrived in England and started back April 22d, 1588. At this time Spain and England were engaged in war and the merchant vessels of both countries were armed, and they fought whenever they met. Such was the case with White. He attempted to capture a Spanish prize on his return and in the engagement he was defeated and lost all his vessels. He returned to England, but did not leave for America again until 1590. He landed on Roanoke that year, but found everybody gone, the mark on the tree showing that the colonists had gone to the Croatan Indians.

The weather was very stormy at this season and White, using this for an excuse, returned to England without making the least attempt to find the colonists. He must have been a man of the most degraded character and conscience to have left his daughter and little Virginia Dare to an unknown fate.

Raleigh was not so base as White. He afterward sent three different parties to search for the colonists, but each returned without having found the least trace of them. This expedition was Raleigh's third and last attempt to establish a colony, the fitting up of the three

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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Dr. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

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EUZELIAN SOCIETY.
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A. C. GENTRY ---- Associate Editor

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

RAYMOND C. DUNN, Editor.

"Dixon's Sermons."

It will be of interest to North Carolinians in general, and to the Wake Forest Alumni in particular, to know that the master sermons of Rev. A. C. Dixon are to appear in magazine form, issued monthly under the title of "Dixon's Sermons." Each number will contain two or more sermons, and the subscription price is one dollar per year. "The sermons to be published," says Mr. Dixon, "will be such as God has blessed in the preaching, and we pray for a double blessing upon a larger audience through the printed page." This is a splendid opportunity to take advantage of the sermons of this eminent divine, and North Carolina will see to the success of Mr. Dixon's venture. We are in receipt of the first number of the magazine.

An Apology.

It has been recently brought to our attention that an article which appeared in the April number of the STUDENT was copied almost word for word from a Northern magazine. It was with the greatest surprise and the most sincere regret that we learned of this. We had hoped that every student of

our college was above committing such an act, an act which we do not hesitate to characterize as the meanest and the vilest in journalism. To take a man's thoughts, his sentences and his written articles, without his knowledge or consent, is as much of a crime as to steal his articles of personal property. In this instance a fourfold wrong has been done: First, and greatest of all, to the original writer of the article and to the publishers of the magazine in which it first appeared, and we do not hesitate to make due apologies to the editors of *Success*, from which magazine this article was copied. In the second place an injustice has been done the editors of the STUDENT. It is impossible for us to read all the fiction which appears in the hundreds of magazines and papers which come to our reading room. We are wholly dependent upon the student body for contributions, and we rely upon their honesty and sense of justice to offer only original articles for publication. If they see fit to impose on us, and offer second-hand material, it is not in our power, nor could it be expected of us, to know whether or not the matter was original. The only thing left for us to do, after it is discovered that the article was copied, is to expose the "second-hand cheap-John" writer, and this we shall never hesitate to do. In the next place, an injustice has been donethe other contributors to the STUDENT. A copied article has been placed side by side with their own individual literary efforts, and but for discovery would have been considered along with theirs in the contest for the fiction medal. Lastly, he has done himself a great wrong. He has taken what did not belong to him, and represented it as his own. A journalistic theft has been committed, and, of course, he has forfeited all right to have any matter from his pen ever appear in the STUDENT

again. We have devoted considerable space to this matter, but it is for the protection of both our magazine and those who write for it. We shall make no disclosure as to the name of the person nor the title of the article. Probably all this does not apply to the case in question, but we make them as general observations.

Athletics at Wake Forest.

For several years past the standard of athletics at Wake Forest has been remarkably low. There has been no interest among the faculty, no enthusiasm among the students. We have allowed ourselves to drift from the highest to almost the most inferior place in the athletic life of our State, much to the disappointment and chagrin of those of our Alumni who represented us in our palmiest and most vigorous days. At one fell sweep foot ball was wiped from our list of sports, and since that day athletics have been continually waning, until to-day we find ourselves almost at a standstill, with rumors that base ball is to receive its death blow at the hands of the trustees. Why this decline? Why this lack of athletics? Is the blame attributable to the faculty? or does the fault lie within the student ranks? Not solely to the one nor yet wholly to the other is the cause traceable, and yet to both it is altogether due. The faculty has been backward in its co-operation with the student body, the student body shamefully lacking in athletic spirit. A deplorable state of affairs confronts us, and it is time for a general awakening. Already the faculty has seen its mistake and begun to arouse itself from its athletic slumbers. The following resolutions, adopted at a recent meeting, best show its aims and future plans:

Resolved, That the Athletic Committee have the following powers: To have complete control, management, and supervision of all base ball teams, viz :

(1) To employ a trainer of the teams.

(2) Upon the advice of the trainer, to select players for the teams.

(3) Subject to the approval of the faculty, to arrange schedules and terms of games with other institutions.

(4) To make other arrangements such as may be necessary for the maintenance of the teams.

It is the duty of this committee, and by these resolutions they are vested with power, "to secure a trainer, to arrange a schedule, and to make other arrangements such as may be necessary for the maintenance of the team." Their power is absolute, and a strict compliance with their duty will assure a better ball team for the college. The faculty has now shown its willingness to aid us in our athletic sports, and it now remains for the student body to do its part. There can be no ball team without the support of the students. Not until they shall awaken to the realization that the team is theirs, both in defeat and victory ; not until they shall rally as a unit to the support of the team ; not until a sufficient college spirit can be aroused among them to make them take a deeper interest in their team ; then, and not until that time, it will be possible for us to organize a team with a hope of success. But at the present time, with fifty members of the general Athletic Association, with two hundred and fifty taking no interest whatever in athletics, with only thirteen candidates for the ball team, with no reserve material from which to draw—how can we expect to compete with teams selected from forty-five candidates out of a total of five hundred students, enjoying the advantages afforded by a trainer the year round, and supported by the entire student body, thoroughly imbued with the athletic spirit?

The ball season is now over. We have lost half the games played, and our record has by no means been an enviable one. Yet in our defeat this year there is all the more reason why we should put forth our every effort to redeem ourselves the next. There *must*, however, be some changes in the way of organizing and running the team, in the requirements for places on the team, and in team work. In the first place, we should join the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, and thus avoid the trouble arising from the disputed eligibility of different players. The uniforms of the players should be purchased by the management and held at its control the entire season. No man should be allowed to get, or to reasonably think that he has got, a "cinch" on any position. The gymnasium exercises should be compulsory for applicants for the team. Two or more teams should be organized and trained together, thus giving the first team sufficient reserve material. The high school contests, which we have heretofore to a certain extent engaged in, should be eliminated, and games with colleges substituted in their stead. And above all, an interest should be aroused among the students. This can not be done by playing games off the Hill. It *must* be done by well arranged, closely contested games on our own diamond. The Southern trip is all a mistake. It deadens the interest among the players, it destroys their confidence in their team, and is productive of no benefit whatever to the college or to athletics. Moreover, however good may be the conduct of the team while on this trip, following a defeat comes the report, though false and malicious it may be, as in this instance, of the dissipation and general demoralization of the team. We shall not take up our space and time to answer such

charges, nor to *thank* the editor of a certain weekly for the expressions of his good wishes for our success (?) made just before the trip. We only suggest to the Trustees that the Southern trip does no good to any one concerned, and feel sure that home games would be productive of better results to the college and to athletics.

And, lastly, in the futnre no one who fails to attain a certain average in his class standing will be allowed to play on the team. This is a wise advance movement towards pure athletics, the higher the standard required the purer the athletics attained. With these forces strongly at work among us, with a realization on the part of the faculty of their obligations, on the part of the student body of their opportunities, and on the part of the team of their responsibilities, surely there must be an awakening, and upon the heels of this awakening victory must necessarily follow.

A TRIBUTE.

H. E. CRAVEN.

Prof. C. C. Crittenden was born on the 7th of October, 1872, in Chesterfield County, Virginia. He received his early education at the Homestead Academy, graduated at Richmond College in 1892, and spent one year in postgraduate work at Johns Hopkins in 1894. He taught school at Churchland, Virginia, from 1892 to 1894; at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, from 1895 to 1897; at Campbell, Texas, during '97 and '98; and taught in the graded schools of Wilson and Concord, N. C., till the fall of 1900, when he was elected to the chair of Pedagogy in Wake Forest College.

Prof. Crittenden had won a warm place in the heart of nearly every student in college. His abounding physical vitality, his interest in athletics, his cordial greeting, his kindly smile, his ready sympathy for young men, his unfailing kindness and courtesy both in the classroom and on the campus, and his power of adapting himself to all kinds of persons, and making himself interesting to others, made him one of the most useful men in the faculty to the student body. On the athletic field and in the gymnasium he was an enthusiast, and perhaps more students knew him in these two positions than in any other way. He was a thoroughly trained and skilful athlete, and in the coming years his great work of introducing into the college a course of compulsory systematic physical training will be more fully recognized as a great forward movement in the history of Wake Forest College than it is possible for one at the present

to realize. In all of his teaching he emphasized the fundamental principle in pedagogy that one of the conditions of a sound mind, certainly one of the conditions of the usefulness of a sound mind, is a sound body. Prof. Crittenden stood for the all-round development of men, and was himself a representative of that type of man.

But though most of the students knew Prof. Crittenden only in the gymnasium and on the campus, where they learned to admire his superb physical manhood, there are some of us who were fortunate in being members of his classes and in learning another side of the man. In the class-room he was perhaps even more accomplished than in the gymnasium. His ardent nature, which made him an enthusiast in physical culture, followed him to the class-room. He was one of the most inspiring teachers one could imagine. He was always alert, attentive, full of his subject, and was skilful in the art of questioning his pupils. In his teaching he was intensely practical, never at a loss for a word, quick, all aglow with an enthusiasm that was magnetic. There was another thing in his teaching or conversation that always impressed his pupils, namely, his wonderful familiarity with almost every subject. He seemed to have read everything and to have forgotten nothing. He could talk intelligently on almost any subject, and he seemed interested in every subject that was worthy of interest. It was always a matter of wonder to us how useful all his knowledge seemed to be in the recitation room, and we have often said if there was one fault in the man as a teacher it was that he knew too much. He was so ready to tell what he knew and could tell it in such an interesting way that it became a trick for some

members of the class, when they didn't know the lesson, to ask him a question on some other subject and get him to talking and forget about how the time was passing by.

Prof. Crittenden was thoroughly informed on educational questions. A short time before his death he compiled a lot of valuable statistics and lectured to his class on the educational condition of the South—especially North Carolina. It is to be hoped that some of his pupils have caught the inspiration and zeal of their dear professor for universal education in the South. Prof. Crittenden was aware of the fact that industrial training was more generally needed in the South to-day than literary culture; that the majority of our people are only suited for the industrial education, and he bravely and unhesitatingly said so.

I can not speak of Prof. Crittenden as a man. He seldom talked of his religion, but lived it. We all knew him only to respect and honor him; some of us had learned to love him. He was so young and bright and sunny-tempered, so frank and approachable that he naturally won the hearts of young men. There was nothing little in him. He was a man of broad learning, sound judgment, and pleasing address, the very embodiment of manly virtues, and though we do not understand his sudden taking off, we can but feel that for him death was only

> "That golden key
> That opes the palace of eternity."

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, God in his providence has cut short, at the dawn of a useful career, the life of our beloved Professor C. C. Crittenden; and

WHEREAS, His active zeal and untiring efforts, both in the lecture room and on the athletic field, have won universal esteem; therefore, be it

Resolved, 1. That we, the members of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies, submit reverently to the will of an All-wise Creator.

Resolved, 2. That we tender our unfeigned sympathy to the stricken family and relatives in the hour of their bereavement.

Resolved, 3. That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of each Society, a copy be sent to the family and also to the Wake Forest STUDENT and the *Biblical Recorder* for Publication.

J. W. WHISNANT,
W. S. PRIVOTT,
A. C. GENTRY,
EUZELIAN SOCIETY.
J. E. AYSCUE,
D. H. BLAND,
E. B. FOWLER,
PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.
Committee.

EXCHANGES.

H. E. CRAVEN, Editor.

The April *Journal*, of the Southwestern Presbyterian University, contains the best lot of essays that we have found in any college magazine this month. "Browning as a Prophet" is a rather trite subject, but it is a good subject, nevertheless, and in the hands of this essayist we get a fresh insight into the prophetic character of the poet. Many good points are made in this article; for instance, Browning's "appeal is for manliness and brave endeavor;" "there is a human soul in every poem;" and again Browning "spoke with the passion of deep faith and reverence of the soul-life, and showed how through pain, love, and labor man ascends until he finds the consummation of his life and hope in God." One assertion, however, we doubt, namely, that the thought and life of his time did not influence Browning. On the contrary, he was in a large measure the very exponent of his time. He is the poetic mouthpiece of the 19th century science. The highest intellectual activity and faith of the past century breathes and vibrates in Browning's poems. True, he saw with the prophetic eye of the true poet ahead of his time, and he uttered thoughts that to-day may not yet be fully understood by many, but to say that he was not influenced by the life and thought about him is widely missing the key note of the best that Browning wrote. Browning was profoundly influenced by his time just so surely as he had a great influence upon it.

"Literary Culture and the Ministry" is a splendid essay, showing the advantages of literary culture to the ministry. The points made in this essay, are, to a certain extent, commonplace, or, we prefer to say, self-evident, but they are just such points that the majority of our ministers would do well to read and take knowledge of. "Narrowness of view can be avoided only by broad culture," and the most efficient means of obtaining a broad culture is the sympathetic reading and study of great

literature. Such a study is a means of diversion to the minister; it develops and chastens his imagination and æsthetic faculty; it gives him an increased efficiency in the use of language, and finally adds very materially to his spiritual life. These are the points made in this essay, and they are all as true as that the average minister needs more literary culture than surface emotion and anecdotes.

The third essay in the *Journal* is on "The Poet's Mission," and is a splendid piece of work on the mission of the poet in the broadest meaning of the term. Not merely a compiler of verse, he is "the master spirit of his age who is enabled from his observation of nature to form in his mind an ideal; an ideal which is not simply a fac simile of nature, but the embodiment of all that is contained in the perfectly beautiful."

The departments in the *Journal* are well gotten up, and the editors deserve credit for getting out such a creditable issue. The main drawback to the *Journal* is the absence of fiction. The sonnet on Jeremiah is splendid.

The *Carolinian*, of the South Carolina College, for April, is hardly up to its usual standard. "The Tide of Victory" is the same old story of an inconspicuous substitute on a football team making himself famous by star plays made in a game where one or two of the best players were laid out on account of injuries. Such a story is out of season, and if it had to be published at all in a spring number of the magazine, it should not have been placed first.

"Old Maids," a humorous treatise on a stale subject, is really the most interesting article in the April *Carolinian*. The writer shows keen analytical powers, and patient research, and he seems, moreover, to be in thorough sympathy with his subject. We commend the article to any one who is interested in the species under consideration. "The Littte Hunchback" is a beautiful translation from Leander's "Traumerin." "Polonius" is a fairly good essay on an unusual subject, but the writer's style is too choppy and stiff for a literary essayist. His selections, however, are good. The editorial and the exchange departments are strong.

The *Davidson College Magazine* is, as usual, one of the best

magazines that reaches our table. "The Man Behind the Plow" is an excellent article on the ideal farmer, and contends that instead of his being anything like the man with the hoe, the ideal educated farmer is the very safest and most important citizen in the country. "Vespa Maculata" is a well-written story, and has a charming atmosphere of college days about it. It is one of the very best stories we have seen. "The Growing Importance of Fiction" and "The Spirit of Chivalry" are admirable essays. They are solid reading in good readable form. "Popular Education and Religious Liberty" is a splendid speech. All the departments are well edited.

We notice in the Exchange department an accusation of plagiarism against one of our recent contributions entitled "How Brer Rabbit Lost His Tail." We have investigated the matter, re-read the story by Joel Chandler Harris referred to, and while we admit that there is the slightest similarity in the negro dialect, as there necessarily must be, we think the resemblance between the stories is so small as to entirely exonerate our contributor, Mr. Kornegay, from any charge of journalistic theft. His article is simply another version of Brer Rabbit's misfortune as told to the writer by a real Uncle Moses.

We would like to remark that editors of exchange departments should be very careful about accusing a man of so serious a crime. A slight similarity between two different articles on the same subject is certainly not sufficient ground for crying "Plagiarism."

We acknowledge receipt of the following: *Central University Cento*, *The Baylor Literary*, *The Criterion*, *The Guilford Collegian*, *The Georgia Tech*, *William Jewell Student*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, *State Normal Magazine*, *Emory and Henry Era*, *Red and White*, *The Trinity Archive*, *Limestone Star*, *Roanoke Collegian*, *Clemson College Chronicle*, *Wofford College Journal*, *Claremont College Herald*, *Winthrop College Journal*, *The Buff and Blue*.

CLIPPINGS.

In the State of Mass.
There lives a lass
I love to go N. C.;
No other Miss.,
Can e'er I Wis.,
Be half so dear to Me.

R. I. is blue,
And her cheeks the hue
Of shells where waters swash;
On her pink-white phiz
There Nev. Ariz.
The least complexion Wash.

La! could I win
The heart of Minn.,
I'd ask for nothing more,
But I only dream
Upon the theme
And Conn. it o'er and Ore.

Why is it, pray,
I can't Ala.
This love that makes me ill?
N. Y., O., Wy.,
Kan., Nev. Ver. I
Propose to her my will?

I shun the task
'Twould be to ask
This gentle maid to wed;
And so to press
My suit, I guess
Alaska, Pa., instead.—*Selected.*

A FULL EDITION.

May I print a kiss on your lips? I said,
And she nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press, and I rather guess
We printed a full edition.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Yes, he printed a kiss as lovers do,
While she nodded her sweet permission;
But he'd "hush a few" if he only knew
'Twas her twenty-second edition.

—*Bob Pierce, in Emory and Henry Era.*

THE POET AND THE MAN.

The Poet suug in lofty strain
Of April's gentle showers;
And tuned his harp to sing again
Of meadows sweet with flowers.

The poet sat him down to tea,
Ah, then we heard him mutter:
"God speed the day when there'll not be
Wild onions in the butter."

—*Davidson College Magazine.*

THE DEIGH IT SNEAUED.

KIT.

A Hall girl who had a new beau
Dressed up and went out in the sneau;
For she thought that the wind
Would a "fine color" lend
And give her pale cheeks quite a gleau.

It gaveher instead a bad cough
Which came near to taking her ough;
So she traded her beau—ah,
How nice!—for a boa;
And at love she now makes a great scough!—*Ex.*

COLLEGE FUN.

In the spring the college student
Deftly swings the baseball bat;
In the spring the college widow
Gets herself an Easter hat.

In the spring the pretty maiden
Wears her very sweetest smile;
But alas! the gentle springtime
Works its woe upon the bile.—*Ex.*

LOVE IS BEST.

He who would to fame attain
Seeks but for an empty name.
The bauble glitters in the light,
The fool's delight;
But the heart true to every test
Sings love—sweet love, is best.

He who would a world possess
Seeks his fellow to oppress.
The flickering light will pass away
'Mid earthly fray;
But the heart true to every test
Teaches men that love is best.

He who would a home possess
Seeks his fellow men to bless.
The jewel glitters day and night,
'Tis love's delight;
While the merry heart with merry zest
Sings love—sweet love, is best.

—*Davidson College Magazine.*

When his dear Anna said she'd be
His bride, he felt elated;
He couldn't help it, for, you see,
He then was Anna-mated.—*Ex.*

There once was a freshman named Greening,
Who fell down four flights without meaning,
The janitor swore as he struck the ground floor,
"'Twill take all the afternoon cleaning.—*Ex.*

A jolly young chemistry tough,
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Dropped a match in the vial,
And after a while—
They found his front teeth and one cuff.—*Ex.*

Whoever reads this verse
Will swear!
So, conscientious one,
Beware!
And if, perchance, you read
Too far
You'll find out what a fool
You are.
Still reading! still must you
Persist,
Though I have warned you of
Your risk?
Too late! you've thrown away
Your time.
Now hear the purpose of
My rhyme:
Since in your *brain* it finds
A place,
"'Twas written just to fill
Up *space.*"—*Ex.*

DINAH.

Dinah had a little can,
'Twas filled with kerosene,
And soon among the twinkling stars
Dynamite benzine.—*Ex.*

It was a music teacher bold,
Who loved a fair young maid,
And when to her his love he told,
Something like this he said:
"Light of my sol, my life's bright re,
I love you near or fa!"

The maiden turned her head away
And gently murmured, "La!
Such flighty nonsense doesn't do,
You're not the man for mi;
I want the man who has the do;
So you're not in it, Si?"—*Ex.*

FROM HERE AND THERE.

He put his arm around her,
And the color left her cheek;
But upon the shoulder of his coat
It showed up for a week.

"Dear father, should conditions
Be mine, next term," he wrote,
"Be kind; it's a failing
Of mine to flunk, you'll note."

Lives of flunkers all remind us,
We can throw a bluff as far,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Goose-eggs on the registrar.

Ping to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pong with mine;
We twain may win the Challenge cup,
If ping with pong combine.

The craze that in my soul doth rise,
Is doubtless keen in thine;
I'll take the role of pinger up,
If thou'lt be pongstress mine.—*Ex.*

DEAR HEART.

I strove to bury sorrow in a crowd,
And feared to sit with memory apart—
The world, I thought, should tutor us to feel
How light a thing it is to break one's heart.

But when I left the laughing, jesting throng,
Weary, embittered by the loneliness,
And sought the firelit silence—lo, Dear Heart,
Remembrance cheered me with your own caress!—*Ex.*

"O my, U R A J," said she,
"But Y U R is plain to C."
Said he, "Although A J I B,
I'm not A J like you, by G."—*Ex.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

ABNER C. GENTRY, Editor.

'84. Len. G. Broughton is taking a vacation tour in Europe.

'94–'95. G. A. Kittrell is a successful merchant at Kittrell, N. C.

'02. Law. P. W. Glidewell is meeting success in his chosen profession at Wentworth, N. C.

'74. H. R. Scott, a very successful attorney of Reidsville, was on the Hill recently on business.

'92. J. Paul Spence is very popular as one of the principals of the Graded Schools of New Bern, N. C.

'98. T. H. King has had an unprecedented session in charge of the Chase City High School of Virginia.

'84. Clinton College, Kentucky, has been very prosperous under the management of J. C. C. Dunford.

'96. J. D. Hufham, Jr., has accepted a position with the Seaboard Air Line in its offices at Henderson, N. C.

Wake Forest has eleven representatives at the Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, Kentucky.

'90–'91. E. J. Humphrey is a successful attorney in Indian Territory, having been mayor of his town for a number of years.

'92. J. C. Kittrell is practicing law in Henderson, N. C. He is also Superintendent of Education for his county.

'95. Dr. J. Y. Mangum is rapidly coming to the front in the practice of medicine. He now stands among the leading physicians in New York City.

'92. Rev. I. S. Boyles and his church, the Randolph street, are moving forward well. They have just completed a parsonage at a cost of $3,500.

'75. The whole State has occasion to be proud on account of the excellent management of the Blind Institution in Raleigh by J. E. Ray, who has national reputation in his field.

'88. The College is to be congratulated on the good fortune of the Law Department in securing the services of Hon. Claude Kitchin for the Monday evening address at Commencement.

'83. T. J. Simmons, President of Shorter College, Rome, Georgia, after attending the Conference in Richmond, Virginia, spent some days on the Hill with his mother.

'98. Harry Heck, of Knoxville, Tenn., is one of the Secretaries of the General Education Board. He stopped over in Raleigh a few days on his return from the Richmond Conference.

'87. D. A. Pittard has given up his work in Scottsburg Normal College of Virginia, and is spending some time in the mountains of North Carolina for his health.

'00. One of the leading lawyers of Greensboro is A. Wayland Cooke. He is highly esteemed by people in his own and other professions, and has taken a high stand both in church and State.

'99. R. C. Camp, after taking his degree at Wake Forest, spent some time in the University of Chicago and in a German University. He is now succeeding well with his father, engaged in phosphate mining at Albion, Florida.

Wake Forest has occasion to be proud of the records being made by her representatives in Richmond College Faculty, Dr. J. R. Hunter ('85) and Dr. W. L. Foushee ('92). They stand among the leaders.

'80. J. T. Alderman, the hustling Superintendent of Henderson's schools and a magnificent advocate of education "from the platform," is already in the field for the summer's campaign, having made three addresses.

'86. One of the best educators of the State, and one of the most stirring men is Prof. J. A. Campbell, of Buie's Creek. He publishes the *Little River Record*, which has just completed its fourth volume. The *Biblical Recorder* very aptly says: "One wonders that he does so many things and each so well. The *Record* shows that he would make a first-rate newspaper man."

'68. Mr. H. M. Cates, of Orange County, who died recently, left $1,000 to Wake Forest College, a similar sum to our Orphanage, and $600 or more to our Baptist Female University. He

was the first man to re-enter Wake Forest after the war. His long life was an honor to his College and to his church. The final acts of benevolence mentioned here fitly crown his good career as teacher, citizen and man of God.—*Biblical Recorder.*

'87. A unanimous call to become its pastor was extended to Rev. W. F. Watson last Sunday by the Monroe Baptist church. This is the church which recently sent a delegation to Gastonia to attend Mr. Watson's church service without his knowledge. The nature of the committee's report is indicated in the call extended. Gastonia Baptists are no longer feeling the best sort toward their Monroe brethren. Mr. Watson is in Monroe to-day looking over the field with a view to considering the call. Dr. A. M. Croxton, the present pastor at Monroe, will retire the first of June.—*Gastonia Gazette.*

'82-'5. Rev. Oscar Haywood has recently become pastor of the church at Waterbury, Conn. The *Baptist and Reflector* prints a picture of him and gives the following sketch: "Mr. Haywood was born in North Carolina. He is a relative of Judge Haywood, after whom Haywood County in North Carolina, and also Haywood County in Tennessee, was named. He was educated at Wake Forest College, North Carolina. His pastorates have been Morristown, Tenn.; Huntsville, Ala.; West Point, Miss., and Jackson, Tenn. At all these places he was very popular and had large audiences. He has just accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church, Waterbury, Conn. This is one of the foremost churches in Connecticut. It has about seven hundred members, a Sunday School of five hundred pupils and a beautiful house of worship. Mr. Haywood is a genial, social man and an eloquent speaker. He has many friends in this State and over the South who will wish him the most abundant success in his new field of labor."—*Biblical Recorder.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

EDWIN J. SHERWOOD, Editor.

FLINCH!!!!

ASK Senior C—— why he has recently been nicknamed Sir Walter Raleigh.

MISS RUBY REID, of Baptist University in Raleigh, spent Saturday and Sunday, April 25 and 26th, on the Hill with her mother.

PRESIDENT T. J. SIMMONS, of Shorter College, Rome, Ga., was on the Hill April 27.

MISS ADA LEE TIMBERLAKE, of Louisburg, visited her grandmother, Mrs. M. E. Simmons, in early April.

MRS. STONE, Professor of English in the Baptist University at Raleigh, was the guest of Professor and Mrs. Lanneau Sunday, March 29.

THE FOLLOWING dialogue was overheard on the campus not long since: Senior (hard pressed), Paul, you seem to have very easy work this year. What did you take your first year? Paul (truthfully), apparatus.

TO THE gratitude of the student body, the Faculty have, this spring, abandoned the three period examination and will go back to the old method of a three hour examination.

PROFESSORS W. L. POTEAT and J. B. Carlyle attended the Southern Educational Conference held in Richmond, Va., April 23d. Prof. Sledd was prevented from going on account of illness.

THE oratorical contest for the Junior medal, offered

annually by the Philomathesian Society, was held May 8th. The committee, composed of Prof. Lanneau, Dr. Paschal, and Dr. Gorrell, awarded the trophy to Mr. I. N. Loftin, of Jacksonville, Fla.

THE editorial staff of the STUDENT for 1903–'4 will be: Mr. C. P. Weaver, first editor, and Mr. Paul Crumpler, second editor, from the Phi. Society; Mr. G. S. Foote, first editor, and Mr. C. D. Meadows, second editor, from the Eu. Society.

A CERTAIN Senior was recently met with this question from a member of the Chemistry class: "On examination how do you distinguish between the chemical and physical properties of an element?" The answer was: "Put them in separate pockets."

PROF. J. B. CARLYLE, in response to a telegram from Superintendent Joyner, went to Fayetteville May 1st to address the people upon the subject of increased taxation for public schools, a great fight being had there to raise money for education.

REV. J. W. LYNCH, D.D., the College pastor, lectured April 30th in the Wingate Memorial Hall upon "Roughing it in Palestine." The speaker gave a review of his experiences of 1895 in traveling through Palestine in a small caravan, and by his eloquence, pathos and humor made it one of the best lectures ever heard on the Wake Forest platform.

PRESIDENT F. P. HOBGOOD, of Oxford Seminary, and Dr. W. C. Tyree, of Raleigh, a committee of the Board of Trustees of the College, spent several days in the College in early April, inspecting the departments and workings of the different professors, preparatory to making a report to the board at its next meeting, Commencement.

E. G. WILSON, Assistant State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was in College April 27th and 28th in the interest of the Southern Student's Conference at Asheville, which meets in June. While here he conducted the Monday night meeting of the College Y. M. C. A. and made a short talk, showing the necessity of the College Association sending a large delegation.

REV. E. M. STEVENSON, Secretary of the Divinity School, University of Chicago, stopped at Wake Forest, April 21st and 22d, in the interest of his school. While here he made a very interesting talk in the Wednesday night prayer meeting on "The Relation of the Sunday School to Church Work." And again at the morning chapel exercises he entertained the student body with a few minutes talk.

MR. J. W. BAILEY, of Raleigh, filled the pulpit of pastor Lynch Sunday morning April 25th, and on Sunday night gave a very instructive lecture on "Civic Questions of North Carolina." The speaker touched mainly on the liquor problem, and by his calm reasoning and statement of the conditions in North Carolina and in the Union, broke down every defense of the saloon and the business.

ANNIVERSARY officers for 1904 were elected by both Societies May 4th. The result in the Euzelian Society was as follows: Mr. J. W. Whisnant, orator; Mr. R. D. Marsh, first debater; Mr. A. L. Fletcher, second debater. In the Philomathesian Society Mr. B. A. Critcher was elected orator; Mr. D. H. Bland, first debater; Mr. J. H. Vernon, Jr., second debater. Mr. E. F. Ward, of the Phi. Society, was elected President, and Mr. W. W. Barnes, of the Eu. Society, Secretary of the debate.

AT A REGULAR meeting of the Wake Forest Missionary Society the first Sunday night in April, addresses were delivered by Mr. David Covington, of Monroe, on "The Origin and Development of Mormonism," and by Mr. Henry E. Craven, of Concord, on "Mission Work in Utah." If those in authority would take a suggestion, we would propose that such addresses be preserved among the records of the Society.

THE FOLLOWING delegates to the Southern Baptist Convention in Savannah, made a short visit to the College: Dr. Edwin M. Poteat, brother of Prof. W. L. Poteat, and now pastor of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia; Dr. J. H. Eager, of Baltimore, formerly a missionary to Italy; Rev. W. V. Savage, of Churchland, Va.; Mr. J. L. Camp, of Franklin, Va., and Rev. J. L. Lawless, also of Franklin, Va.

THE REGULAR meeting of the Scientific Society was held on the 20th of March. The paper of the evening was presented by Dr. Taylor. He had for his subject "The Cult of the Occult," discussing at some length trickery, hypnotism, etc., and while the lecture was very instructive and enjoyable, yet from the expression on the faces of some "Freshmen," while the speaker was speaking in psychological terms, we have reason to believe that there were those present "who having ears hear not."

CAPS AND GOWNS? of course. At a call meeting of the Senior class, April 2d, the photograph work was voted to photographer Michelow, of Raleigh. The clash, however, came when the annual "cap and gown" question was suggested, and from start to finish bitter was the onset of ye "no-gowners." But who should come

to the rescue but the great *pacificator* "O. My" Mull, with these words: "Such an intelligent body as we must never disagree," and a vote taken showed the "gowners" in the majority. Objection is, however, yet made on the ground that we "have bought a $10 suit for the occasion, and must prove it."

FORSOOTH Wake Forest is becoming quite a city. Since the building of the Royall Cotton Mill two years ago, many of the operatives have made their home in the northern suburbs of the town and new houses are constantly being erected, so that now the town extends continuously from the southern side to the mill, a distance of over a mile. The beautiful residence of Prof. Lanneau, on "Literature Street," is nearing completion, and the $10,000 home of Mr. W. C. Powell adds much to the appearance of the northern end of town.

SINCE THE contests in the two Literary Societies has been held for the improvement medal in oratory and debate offered annually by each, America will, no doubt, take on new life (?) The "Newish" of the Euzelian Society have decided the wisdom of a Panama Canal, a question yet undecided in the minds of some of our greatest statesmen. While the Philomathesian "Newish" have serious doubts for the life of North Carolina without the passage of the "Watts Bill." After a heated contest the medals were awarded to Messrs. J. C. Jones of the Euzelian Society, and J. B. Weatherspoon of the Philomathesian Society.

THE MOST recent happening to disturb the quiet of College life, was the marriage of one of our fellow students. On Sunday morning, April 19th, Mr. W. H. Whitehead, of Timmonsville, S. C., and Miss Maude

Ellis of Wake Forest, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. Mr. Whitehead is a young ministerial student, a member of the Junior class, and was second debater from the Euzelian Society at the last Anniversary exercises.

Miss Ellis, the daughter of Mrs. M. E. Ellis, Matron of the Euzelian club, has many friends on the Hill, who together with the STUDENT, give the young couple best wishes.

THE WAKE FOREST Commencement program has been completed and the exercises will be as follows: On Sunday, the 24th, at 8.30 o'clock p. m., the sermon before the Graduating Class will be preached by Dr. E. C. Dargan, of the Louisville Theological Seminary. On Monday at 8.30 p. m., the address before the Law Department will be delivered by Hon. Claude Kitchen, Congressman from the Third District, North Carolina. Tuesday, 11 a. m., the address before the Literary Societies will be delivered by Dr. R. P. Johnson, pastor of Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, of New York, and at 8.30 p. m. on Tuesday, Mr. J. W. Bailey, editor of *Biblical Recorder*, will deliver the address before the Alumni Association. The last day of Commencement, Wednesday, will be devoted to Commencement orations by members of the Senior Class, the presentation of diplomas and the closing exercises of the session. Music for this occasion will be furnished by the First Regiment Band of Richmond, Va.

ON THE NIGHT of April 2d, Prof. L. R. Mills, of the Chair of Mathematics, entertained a large audience in the Wingate Memorial Hall on the subject, "A Battle as seen by a Soldier." The speaker vividly described

the battle at Jordan's Point, noting, at length, the construction of rifle pits, plan of attack, etc., and his fine stories and thrilling description of personal encounters with men of the Federal side elicited close attention throughout the whole lecture. After describing the horrors of a battle and picturing the thinned ranks at the roll-call after a long hard day's fight, the speaker reached his climax in these words: "And what was it all for? What did they kill each other for? Was God still reigning and ruling, and here all day long I had been shooting at men who never did me any harm; what did it all mean? I'll tell you what it meant. Instead of statesmen in our country we had peanut politicians. Men who had by wire-pulling seated themselves where statesmen ought to have been. Excuse me if I am bitter, but if you had been through with what I have you would be bitter, too. Some people say there is no hell. Well, if there is not there ought to be, and the hottest corner in it ought to be reserved for peanut politicians, men who will bring war, terrible and dreadful, upon a peaceful country."

PROF. BENJ. F. SLEDD, Chair of English in Wake Forest, lectured in the College Auditorium April 16th. The lecture has since been published in the *Charlotte Observer*. The speaker said in part: "And what am I going to talk about? Verily, it is a deed without a name. Perhaps when I am done you will call it another example of 'Much Ado About Nothing;' perhaps when I get back to my own fireside I shall say it was a splendid illustration of 'Learning's Labors Lost.'" The lecture, besides being full of deep thought, was enlivened by flashes of wit and humor. After the statement that

"Poetry was the truest and most beautiful, expressing of religion itself, and the highest and noblest gift of man to God," the speaker closed with these words:

"To the young Southern man I would say with Emerson: 'Hitch your wagon to a star,' No matter whether your wagon be a donkey-cart or an automobile. There are stars enough for all. Then, too, in these hustling-bustling times, don't forget to keep close to the bosom of nature, for near to nature is near to God. The day of miracles is not over, and old Mother Nature stands ready to open her treasures to him who learns the master word. Then, too, remember it is not the hustlers, but the dreamers who have made the world, not indeed the idle, listless dilettante, but the worker, the doer, who amid the fitful stir and fever of the world, still holds to the dreamer's lofty ideals."

FIELD DAY, which has been postponed for several weeks on account of rain, was held on April the 27th. Despite the fact that the excessive rain this spring has prevented practice for the several events, many of last year's records were broken and the results show fairly good material for the intercollegiate contest between Trinity, A. and M., and Wake Forest, in Raleigh the latter part of May. The following men came out victorious and received handsome prizes for their excellency in each event: Marion, mile run, time 6 minutes; Segraves, 100-yards dash, time 10 3-5 seconds; Howard, S., putting 16-pound shot, distance 30 feet 7½ inches; Segraves, 220-yards dash, time 24 seconds; Howard, S., throwing hammer, distance 87 feet 8 inches; Marion, half-mile run, time 2 minutes 34 2-5 seconds; Bagley, pole vaulting, record 9 feet 3 inches; Segraves, 440-

yards run, time 1 minute 2 2-5 seconds; Howard, S., standing high jump, 4 feet ¼ inches; Parham, running high jump, 5 feet; Segraves, 220-yards hurdle, time 31 seconds; Powers, J., standing broad jump, distance 9 feet 6½ inches; Ray, B., running broad jump, distance 18 feet 11 inches; Hobgood, throwing base-ball, distance 100 yards. When these events had been concluded the hour was so late that other events, such as relay race, potato race, and others of less importance, were done away with. The all-round athlete medal was presented to S. C. Howard, who won the largest number of points, 28, of all the events entered.

While the day was enjoyed by every one, yet a gloom was cast over the whole performance by the death of Prof. C. C. Crittenden, whose great interest and untiring efforts in behalf of Wake Forest athletics had made field day possible.